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THE LONG INHERITANCE

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I

MY niece, Desire Withacre, wished to divorce her husband, Dr. Arnold Ackroyd — the young Dr. Arnold, you understand — to the end that she might marry a more interesting man.

Other men than I have noticed that in these latter days we really do not behave any better than other people when it comes to certain serious issues of life, notably the marital. 'We' means to me people of an heredity and a training like my own, — Americans of the old stock, with a normal Christian upbringing, who presumably inherit from their forbears a reasonable susceptibility to high ideals of living. I grew up with the impression that such a birth and rearing were a kind of moral insurance against the grosser human blunders and errors. Without vanity, I certainly did

Thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth had smiled.

It puzzled me for a long while, the light-hearted, careless way in which some of the younger Withacres, Greenings, Raynies, Fordhams, and so on (I name them out of many, because they are all kin to me) kicked over the traces of their family responsibilities. I could

understand it in others — but not in them.

It was little Desire Withacre who finally illuminated the problem for me. I am about to tell what I know of Desire's fling. If it seems to be a story with an undue amount of moral, I must refer the responsibility of that to Providence. The tale is of its making, not of mine.

I am afraid that, to get it all clearly before you, I shall have to prose for a while about the families involved.

I am Benjamin Stubbins Raynie, Desire's bachelor uncle, and almost the last of the big-nosed Raynies. My elder sister, Lucretia Stubbins Raynie, married Robert Withacre, one of the 'wild Withacres' in whose blood there is a streak of genius and its revolts. The Withacres all have talent — mostly ineffectual — and keen æsthetic sensibilities. All of them can talk like angels from Heaven. By no stretch of the imagination can they be called thrifty. We considered it a very poor match for Lucretia. The Raynies are quiet people, not showy, but substantial and sensible; with a certain sentimental streak out-cropping here and there, especially in the big-nosed branch; while the red-headed Raynies are the better money-makers.

I know now that Lucretia secretly believed her offspring were destined to unite Withacre talent and Raynie poise. She prayed in her heart that the world might be the richer by a man-child of her race who should be both gifted and sane. But her children proved to be twin-girls, Judith and Desire. Queer little codgers I thought them, big-eyed, curly-headed, subdued when on exhibition. Lucretia told long stories, to which I gave slight attention, intended to prove that Judith was a marvelous example of old-head-on-young-shoulders, and that Desire, demure, elfin Desire, was a miracle of cleverness and winning ways.

In view of Desire's career, I judge that these maternal prepossessions were not wholly misplaced. As a small child she captivated her Uncle Greening as well as her aunt (our sister, Mary Stubbins Raynie, married Adam Greening of the well-known banking firm of Greening, Bowers & Co.). The Greenings were childless, and Desire spent much of her early life and nearly all her girlhood under Mary Greening's care and chaperonage. I confess to fondness for a bit of repartee with Desire now and then, myself. Perhaps I had my share in spoiling her. I take it a human being is spoiled when he grows up believing himself practically incapable of wrong-doing. That is what happened to Desire. Approval had followed her all of her days. How should she know, poor, petted little scrap, anything about the predestined pitfalls of all flesh?

Of course the Robert Withacres were always as poor as poverty, and of course our family was always planning for and assisting them. Fortunately both the twins married early, and exceptionally well. Judith became engaged to a promising young civil engineer when visiting a school-friend in Chicago. He said she reminded him of the New

London girls. He was homesick, I think. At all events the engagement was speedy.

But our little Desire did better than that. She witched the heart out of young Arnold Ackroyd.

Do I need to explain the Ackroyds to any one? They are one of those exceptional families whose moral worth is so prominent that it even dims the lustre of their intellectual stability and their financial rating. They are so many other, better things that no one ever thinks or speaks of them as 'rich.' And in this day and generation that is real achievement.

Desire's marriage gratified me deeply, and for a wedding present I gave her the Queen Anne silver tea-set I inherited from Great-aunt Abby. I believe in the Ackroyds, root and branch. They have, somehow or other, accomplished what all the rest of us are striving for. They have actually lifted an entire family connection to a plane where ability, worth, accomplishment, are matters of course. Nobody has ever heard of a useless, incompetent Ackroyd. Their consequent social pre-eminence, which possibly meant something to Mary Greening and which certainly counted with Desire, is merely incidental to their substantial merit. They are prominent for the rare reason that they deserve to be. They are the Real Thing.

Unless you happen to be in touch with them intellectually, however, all this is not saying that you will always find all of them the liveliest of companions. The name connotes honor, ability, character; it does not necessarily imply humor, high spirits, the joy of life.

Desire herself told me of her engagement. I don't, somehow, forget how she looked when she came to tell me about it—shy, excited, radiant. She fluttered into my office and stood at

the end of my desk, looking down at me. Desire was very pretty at twenty-one, with her pointed face and big expressive eyes, her white forehead shadowed by a heap of cloudy, curling, dark hair. Palpitating with life, she looked like some kind of a marvelous human humming-bird. It did not surprise me that Arnold Ackroyd found her

All a wonder and a wild desire.

For all her excitement she spoke very softly.

'Uncle Ben, mother wants me to tell you something. I have n't told anybody else but her.'

'What is it, Desire?'

'I — why, Uncle Ben — I've promised to marry Arnold Ackroyd!'

'Well, well,' I said inadequately, 'this is news!'

Desire nodded wistfully.

'It seems a little curious, does n't it? We're not a bit alike,' she said. 'But he is splendid! I'm sure I shall never meet a finer man, nor one I trust more.'

'Very true, Desire, and I am glad you are going to marry such a man,' I observed, arising slowly to the occasion and to my feet, and offering a congratulatory hand.

'Mother says it's a wonderful thought for a young woman that her future is as secure as the cycle of the seasons,' returned Desire, with her hand in mine, 'and I suppose it is, but that is n't why I love him. Uncle Ben, he's really wonderful when you find out what he's thinking behind those quiet eyes. And then — do you know he's one of the few really meritorious persons I ever made like me. I've been afraid there was something queer about me, for freaks always take to me at once. But if Arnold Ackroyd likes me, I *must* be all right, must n't I? It's such a relief to be sure of it!'

I took this for a touch of flippancy,

having forgotten how long the young must grope and wonder, hopelessly, before they find and realize themselves. It was, I think, precisely because Arnold Ackroyd helped that vibrant temperament to feel itself resting on solid ground that he became so easily paramount in Desire's life at this time. However it may have been afterward, during their brief engagement he was all things to my niece, while she to him was a creature of enchantment. I shall always maintain that they knew young love at its best.

Desire was wedded with more pomp and circumstance than Lucretia and I really cared for. That was her Aunt Greening's affair. Mary Greening always did like an effect of pageantry, and was willing to pay for it. They went abroad afterwards, and I remember as significant that Desire enjoyed the Musée de Cluny more than the lectures they heard at the Sorbonne. On their return they lived in dignity and comfort. They had a couple of pretty, unusual-looking children, who were provided with a French nurse at twenty months, and other educational conveniences in due season, more in accordance with the standards of Grandmamma Ackroyd than with the demands of the Withacres and Raynies.

They were certainly as happy as most people. If Desire had any ungratified wishes, I never heard of them. I dined with them frequently, but now see that I knew absolutely nothing about them. I took it for granted that they would always walk, as they seemed to be doing, in ways of pleasantness and peace.

It never entered my head that anybody of my own blood and a decent bringing-up could do what Desire did presently. I had a simple-minded notion that we were above it. Which brings me back to my premise. After

all, we of a long inheritance of upright living do not always behave better than other people.

II

Lucretia was first to come.

The winter it all happened, I was house-bound with rheumatism and had no active part in the drama. By day I was wheeled into the little upstairs study and sat with my mind on chloroform liniment and flannels, while my family and friends came to me, bearing gifts. Sometimes they sought the house to amuse me, sometimes to relieve their minds.

Lucretia's burden was heaviest, so she was first.

The November morning was raw and hideous. There were flakes of snow on my sister's venerable and shabby seal-skin. She laid back the veil on the edge of her little black bonnet, — she had been a widow for two years, — brushed the snow from her slightly worn shopping-bag and sat down in front of the fire, pulling nervously at her gloves.

Lucretia is thin, sharp-featured, ivory-skinned. Her aspect is both fatigued and ardent. Nothing that Mary and I were ever able to do for her lifted in the least from her own spirit the weight of her poverty-stricken, troublesome, married life; and in her outer woman she persists in retaining that aspect of carefully-brushed, valiantly-borne adversity which is so trying to more prosperous and would-be-helpful kin.

I made a few comments on the weather, which Lucretia did not answer. Realizing suddenly that she was agitated, I became silent, hoping that the quiet, comfortable room, the snapping fire, and my own inertness, would act as a sedative. It did not occur to me that any really serious matter could be afoot. I had ceased to expect that life

would offer any of us anything worse than occasional physical discomfort.

Having regained her composure, my sister spoke without preface.

'I am in great trouble, Benjamin. Desire has made up her mind to leave her husband, and nothing I say has the slightest effect.'

'Good Heavens! Lucretia! What do you mean?'

'Just what I say. Desire declares she is n't "satisfied" as Arnold Ackroyd's wife. So she proposes to put an end to the relation. I judge she intends, later, to contract another marriage, though she is n't disposed to lay stress on that point.'

I continued to look at Lucretia wide-eyed, and possibly wide-mouthed. The things she was saying were so preposterous, so incredible, that I could not accept them. It was as if I had received a message that the full moon was not 'satisfied' to climb the evening sky.

'Lord! Lord! Little Desire!' I muttered.

'She is a woman of thirty, Benjamin.'

'What does she say?' I exploded. 'What is wrong in her married life? People don't do these things causelessly — not the people we are or know.'

'She says a great deal,' returned her mother dryly. 'Did you ever know a Withacre to be lacking in words, Benjamin? Desire is very fluent. I might say she is eloquent.'

'But what does it all amount to, anyhow?' I demanded impatiently. Dazed though I was, my consciousness of being the head of the family was returning.

Lucretia lifted her left hand, which was trembling, and checked off the items on her fingers. Her hands were shapely, though dark and shrunken, with swollen veins across the back. The firelight struck the worn gold of her wedding ring.

'She demands a less hampered life; a more variegated self-expression; a chance to help the world in her own way; an existence that shall be a daily development; the opportunity to give perpetual stimulus and refreshment to an utterly congenial mate. Oh! I know her reasons by heart,' said Lucretia. 'They sound like fine things, don't they, Benjamin?'

'Who is the other man?'

'Fortunately, none of us know him. He is a Westerner with one of those absurdly swollen fortunes. Desire would n't have thought it a wider life to marry a poorer man. Such women don't.'

'I wish you would n't put Desire in a class and call her "such women," Lucretia,' I protested irritably.

My sister looked at me strangely.

'You, too? Can money buy you too?' she said.

She rose and steadied her trembling arms upon the low mantel. She stood, a black-clad figure, between me and the glowing hearth, looking down into the heart of the fire as she spoke. I had begun to perceive, vaguely, that here was no sister I had ever known before. In a way she was beside, or rather beyond, herself.

We Raynies are self-controlled people. Lucretia had always been a silent woman, keeping her emotions to herself. But they say earthquakes, vast convulsions of regions beneath the lowest seas, will sometimes force up to light of day strange flotsam from the ocean-bed. Things that the eyes of men have never seen, nor their busy minds conceived, float up to face the sun. From Lucretia's shaken soul arose such unimagined things.

Her words came forth swiftly, almost with violence.

'Benjamin, my daughter proposes leaving for Reno, Nevada, next week to procure a divorce. — I'm not saying

that plenty of divorces are n't justified. I know they are. Plenty of remarriages too, I make no doubt. I've lived long enough to know that extremes are always wrong, and the middle course is almost always right. I will admit, if you like, that every case is a thing apart, and stands on its own merits, and that only God and a woman's conscience are the judges of what she should do. But Desire's case has no merits!

'I know Arnold, and I know Desire; he is a busy man and she is an indulged woman. She might have entered into his life and interests if she had chosen; the door was as much open as it can be between a man and a woman. I don't claim it is ever easy for them to see clearly into each other's worlds. But they do it, every day. Here is Arnold working himself to death, reducing fractures and removing appendixes, and trying to make the people who swarm to him into whole and healthy men and women. That's a good way to help the world if you do it with every ounce of conscience there is in you. Here is Desire, fiddling with art and literature and civics and economics, and wanting to "uplift the masses" with Scandinavian dramas and mediæval art and woman-suffrage. If she really wants to enrich life for others, and she says she does, why, in Heaven's name, does n't she hold up Arnold Ackroyd's hands? There is work that is worth while, and it would take more brains and ability than she owns to do it well! It is *her* work; she chose it; she dedicated herself to it. Now she repudiates it — for a whim.'

'How do you know it is just a whim, Lucretia?' I interrupted rather shamefacedly. 'Might n't it be — er — a very violent attachment?'

Lucretia shook her head.

'These women nowadays are simply crazy about themselves. Are self-

centred people ever capable of great passions?’

I made no protest, for I had thought the same thing myself.

‘When they have dethroned their God and repudiated their families, what is there left to worship and work for but themselves?’ she demanded grimly. ‘Half the women I meet are as mad for incense to their vanity as the men are mad for money.’

‘*Lucretia*,’ I said with all the firmness I could muster, ‘I do not think you ought to allow yourself to take this thing in this way. It is regrettable enough without working yourself up to such a pitch of agony.’

She looked into the fire as if she had not heard me, and went rapidly on: —

‘Sixty years ago such things were unheard-of; forty years ago they were a disgrace; twenty years ago, they were questioned; to-day they are accepted. And yet they say the world advances! With all my troubles, Benjamin, I am just learning why men call death gracious — and my daughter is my teacher. Desire is at the restless age. I have seen a good many women between thirty and forty try to wreck their lives and other people’s. You see, the dew is gone from the flowers. They have come to the heat and burden of the day. And they don’t like it.’

‘You mean,’ I said, laboriously trying to follow her glancing thought in my own fashion, ‘that they miss the drama of early romance, and resent the fact that it has been replaced by the larger drama of responsibility and action?’

‘That is a fine, sonorous way of putting it,’ she said bitterly, ‘but there are more forcible ways.’

She laughed unpleasantly. I could feel the cruel words trembling on her lips, but she checked herself.

‘Oh, what is the use of talking,’ she

cried, ‘or of casting stones at other women? It does n’t help me to bear Desire’s falling away. Benjamin, I would have known how to forgive a child who had sinned. I don’t know how to forgive one who has failed like this! Desire is throwing away a life, not because it is intolerable, not because it is hard, even; but just because it has ceased to be exciting and amusing enough. But it is *her* life that she throws away. She cannot make a new one that will be real and her very own. She says she has “ceased to love.” They always say that. But love comes and goes always. There is no such thing as perpetual joy. Love is the morning vision. We are meant to hide that vision in our hearts and serve it on our knees. Good women know this and do it. That is what it means to be a wife. The vision is the thing we cherish and live for to the end. Desire is no cheated woman. She had young love at its best; she has her children’s faces. There is such a thing as perpetual peace; life gives it to the loyally married. She might have had that too. But she throws it all away — for novelty, for new sensations. My daughter is a wanton!’

‘*Lucretia*!’

The energy of my ejaculation, the sight of my surprise, brought my sister back to her normal self. She dropped into her chair again, looking wan and shocked at her own violence of expression.

‘You see how it is,’ she said humbly. ‘I am not fit to trust myself to talk about it. I ought to apologize for my language, Benjamin — but that is the way I feel.’

I had regained somewhat of my poise and my authority.

‘See here, *Lucretia*, if this thing is to be, you must n’t be so bitter about it. Desire is your daughter. She belongs to us. She has always been a

pretty good girl. We must n't be too hard on her now, even if she does n't conform to our ideas. Everybody must live their own lives, you know.'

Lucretia threw back her head; her deep-set eyes were burning, and the color suffused her face again.

'No!' she said sharply. 'That must they not. Decent people accept some of the conclusions of their forbears and build upon the sure foundation reared by the convictions of their own people. You say she belongs to us. That is the worst of it! You childless man! Can't you guess what it would mean to bear, to nourish, to train — to endure and endure, to love and love — and then to have the flesh of your flesh turn on you and trample on all your sacredest things? It is the ultimate outrage. God knows whether I deserve it! God forgive me if I do!'

There was silence in the room. I had nothing more to say. I recognized at last how far Lucretia in her lonely agony was beyond any trite plaction of mine.

After what seemed an age, she spoke. She was herself again. The violently parted waves had closed over the life of those far gray depths, and she offered her accustomed surface to my observation.

'I did not sleep at all last night, Benjamin. Desire was with me during the afternoon and we talked this thing out. I ought not to have seen any one so soon, but I came here with the intention of asking you to reason with her. I see it would do no good if you did. Things are as they are, and I must accept them. I will go home now. I am better off there.'

She rose, put down her veil, drew on her gloves, and picked up the shabby shopping-bag, quietly putting aside my hesitating protestations and suggestions of luncheon.

At the door she turned and prof-

fered a last word of extenuation for herself. 'You ought to understand, for it is our blood in me that rebels. I never thought when I married a Withacre that I might bring into the world a child that was n't *dependable* — but I might have known!' she said.

III

Lucretia, departing, left me tremulous. The flame-like rush of her mind had scorched my consciousness; the great waves of her emotion had pounded and beaten me. I shared, and yet shrank from, her passionate apprehension of our little Desire's failure in the righteous life. For I was, and am, fond of Desire.

I spent a feverish and most miserable day. There were so many unhappy things to consider! The gossip that would rack the town apparently did not concern Lucretia at all. I am hide-bound, I dare say, and choked with convention. Certainly I shrank from the notoriety that would attach itself to us when young Mrs. Arnold Ackroyd took up her residence in Reno, as a first step toward the wider life. Then there was the disruption of old ties of friendship and esteem. It would be painful to lose the Ackroyds from among our intimates, yet impossible to retain them on the old footing. I already had that curious feeling of having done the united clan vicarious injury.

Toward five o'clock my sister Mary, Mrs. Greening, tapped on the door.

Mary Greening and I are good friends for brother and sister. As children we were chums; we abbreviated for each other the middle name we all bore, Mary calling me Stub, and I calling her Stubby. We meant this to express exceptional fraternal fealty. It was like a mystic rite that bound us together.

She came in almost breezily. For a woman in late middle life Mary Greening is comely. There is at the bottom of her nature an indomitable youthfulness, to which her complexion and movements bear happy witness.

'Well, Stub, has Lucretia been here?'

'Come and sit down, Mary. Yes, Lucretia has been here. Very much so,' I answered dejectedly.

Mary swept across the room almost majestically. Quite the type of a fine woman is Mary Greening, though perhaps a thought too plump. She threw back her sable stole and unfastened her braided violet coat; she prefers richly embellished garments, though they are thought garish by some of the matrons in her set.

'You keep it much too warm in here,' she said critically.

I made a grimace.

'Your hat is a little to one side, Stubby, as usual.'

She put her hand up tentatively to the confection of fur, yellow lace, and violet orchids.

'I don't think Lenore ballasts my hats properly,' she said plaintively. 'It can't be my fault that they slide about so. But I did n't come to talk about hats.'

I sighed. 'No, you came to talk about Desire. Mary, how long have you known about this deplorable affair?'

'Oh — ever since there has been anything to know! Desire has always talked to me more than to her mother. You know, Ben, one would n't choose Lucretia as a confidante in any kind of a heart-affair.'

'Don't put on that worldly air with me, Mary Greening,' I said crossly. 'Lucretia is a little austere, but it seems to me that austerity has its advantages. For instance, it keeps one out of the newspapers. Am I to infer that you sympathize with Desire?'

'Not at all,' she protested. 'You may not believe me, but I have suffered and suffered, over this thing. I can't count the nights I have lain awake thinking about it. At first it seemed to me I simply could not have it, and I thought I was going to influence Desire. But nobody ever influences people in matters of the heart. Of course this is an affair on the highest possible plane — so I thought they might be more reasonable. But I don't observe that they are.'

'On the highest possible plane,' I mused. 'Mary, be candid with me. I would like a good woman's point of view on this. If a game of hearts ends in the courts, breaking up a home and smashing the lives concerned to flinders, do you really think it matters whether that affair is on a high plane or a low one? Does it seem any better to you for being the finer variety?'

'Certainly it does,' returned Mary Greening promptly; 'though,' she added reflectively, 'judged by results, I see it is illogical to feel so.'

She cogitated a little longer.

'You put the thing too crudely. Here is the point, Ben. The devil never makes the mistake of offering the coarser temptation to persons of taste. You could n't have tempted Desire to break up her home with any temptation that did n't include her intellect, her spirit, and her æsthetic instincts. And when one gets up in that corner of one's nature, people like you or me or Desire are so used to regarding all the demands emanating from there as legitimate, as something to be proud of, to be satisfied at almost any cost, that it takes a very clear sense of right and wrong to prevent confusion. And nowadays, hardly anybody but old fogies and back numbers and people who have lived the kind of life Lucretia has, possesses a clear sense of right and wrong. It has gone out.'

'What became of Desire's married happiness, Mary? I thought there was so much of it and that it was of a durable variety.'

'Oh, it leaked away through small cracks, as happiness usually does. It is hard to explain to a man, but if Arnold were a woman, you might almost say that he nagged. He is too detailed, too exact, for Desire. If, for instance, she said in May, "I believe I will have a green cloth, embroidered, for a fall suit," about the first of November you might expect Arnold to remark, "I don't see that green cloth suit you said you were going to have. What made you change your mind?" Desire delights to say things she does n't mean and lay plans she does n't expect to carry out, so a constant repetition of such incidents was really pretty wearing. I have seen her when she reminded me of a captive balloon in a high wind.'

"A woman in your position ought not to make unconsidered speeches" was one of his pet remarks. He is scientific, she is temperamental — and each of them expected the other one to be born again, and born different by virtue of mutual affection and requirements. Arnold will go on wondering to the end of his life why Desire can't be more accurate, more purposeful. As if he did n't fall in love with her the way she is! And then along comes the Westerner —'

'Where did they meet?'

'Bessie Fleming introduced them — at some silly place like Atlantic City. It was after Desire had that nervous breakdown two years ago. I know they were both in wheeled chairs at the time, and they rode up and down together, talking, like long-separated twin souls, about the theory of æsthetics and kindred matters. They did n't require diagrams to see each other's jokes, and that is always a strong tie. He was a

man used to getting what he wanted, and when he became bewitched — can't you see how it would all work together? I know Lucretia thinks there is no excuse for Desire. But I see this excuse for her. None of us ever trained her to know she could n't have everything she wanted. Of course, we never expected her to want anything but the finest, the highest. But she is human, and when she found a most wonderful thing in her path that she wanted more than she had ever wanted anything before — she put out her hand to take it, as she has taken other things when we were all applauding her choice. And I will do her the justice to say that I don't believe she has the faintest notion Arnold will really fight to keep the children. You see, she still thinks the world is hers.'

'Perhaps it is,' I offered. The comfort of Mary's presence was beginning to rest and appease me, and I was a little less conscious of my aching conscience. 'The Westerner — is he — is he —'

'Perfectly presentable. Quite a scholar. Collects pictures. Has all kinds of notions. He and Desire are ideally congenial. Very properly he is keeping himself at long distance and entirely out of it. No one but ourselves surmises that he exists. And it really is an enormous fortune. I can imagine Desire doing all kinds of interesting things with it.'

'Do you know what Lucretia said to me, Mary?'

She shook her head.

'You too? Can money buy you too?'

I quoted. 'I shall never forget how Lucretia looked as she said it.'

'Stub — the world moves. It may be moving in the wrong direction, but if we don't move with it, we are bound to be left behind.'

'Mary Greening,' I retorted, 'do you really mean that you detect in yourself

a willingness to have an unjustified divorce and a huge, vulgar fortune in the family, just because they are up to date?’

‘Benjamin Raynie, if down at the bottom of my soul there is crawling and sneaking a microscopical acquiescence in the muddle Desire is making of life, it is probably due to the reason you mention. I am just as ashamed of it as I can be! I ought to be plunged in grief, like Lucretia. And I *am*—only—well, I want to help Desire, and I can’t help her if I let myself feel like that. I suppose you’ll think I’m an unmoral old thing, but I see it this way: if these affairs are going to happen in one’s very own family, one might as well put them through with a high hand. I intend to stand by Desire. Of course the Ackroyds will do the same by Arnold. Desire will never be received in this town again with their consent. They are entirely in the right. But I shall have to fight them for Desire’s sake, just the same.’

‘Stubby! Stubby! There is n’t a particle of logic as big as a pin-head about you, and I don’t approve of you at all—but I do like you tremendously!’

Mary Greening rose abruptly, crossed to the window, and stood looking out for a time. Then she came back and, dropping awkwardly beside my chair, buried her convulsed and quivering face in the woolly sleeve of my jacket, while the tears dripped fast from her overflowing eyes.

‘Stub,’ she brought out jerkily, between her sudden choking sobs, ‘I did n’t make a long face and tell Desire “whom God hath joined”—I—I tried to appeal to her common sense. Irreligious people often do have a great deal of common sense, you know. But—I am the child of our fathers, too. I wish—I *wish* she would n’t do it!’

IV

I certainly expected that Desire would come to me before she went away. I don’t know what good I thought it would do. But we had always (or I supposed so) been such friends, this niece and I, that I could not believe she would take such an important step without an effort to gain my approval—my toleration would be more accurate. I—well, I thought she cared for my approval. But it seemed she did n’t.

Of course, when one came to think it over, she could hardly enjoy such an interview. No doubt she was already sore in spirit from interviews she could not shirk,—with her mother, for instance, not to mention her husband. And my views on promiscuous divorce are as well known in the family as are those of South Carolina. They are simple, those views, and old-fashioned, but also, I may add, cosmic; they run about as follows: it is hard that John and Mary should be unhappy, but better their discomfort than that society should totter to a fall, since all civilization rests upon the single institution of the marriage-tie. I will admit that my bachelor state doubtless helps to keep my opinions uncomplicated.

When I came to think of it in the light of these convictions, it was n’t remarkable that Desire stayed away. And yet the foolish old uncle in me was hurt that she did so. I felt that she ought to come and take her medicine. Did n’t thirty years of affection and indulgence give me some rights in her life?

Perhaps Mary Greening told her how I felt. At all events, in place of a call I received a letter:—

DEAR UNCLE BEN, —

The reason I’m not coming to say good-by to you is that I think you’ll

love me better if I don't. My self-control is wearing quite thin in spots, and I'm so tired of explaining myself (when there's nothing to explain except that I am doing what seems right in my own eyes) that sometimes I think I shall just die before I get started.

Uncle Ben, did n't you ever long for a life that fitted you exactly, — a life that was the flexible, soft garment of your very Self? I am laying aside a life that is somewhat cumbrous for me, and going to one that fits me like a glove.

And it is n't as if my case were like other people's, or as if Arthur Markham was n't the finest of the fine. He is as good in his widely different way as Arnold is. I think myself a highly fortunate woman that two such lives are offered me to choose from — but I must choose the one that belongs to me. Temperament is destiny. I am following mine. I am doing what I wish to do. But I don't like the way people hinder me with arguments that have nothing to do with the real content of the matter. So I am saying good-by at arm's-length to the dearest old make-believe cynic of an uncle that ever lived. Because you know, Uncle Ben, that if you had me there you could n't help preaching to me, and I am tired of preaching. It does n't get one anywhere. And it does n't keep one away — from Reno, Nev.

I suppose it's a queer thing to say, but, really, you'll like Arthur just as well as you do Arnold — if only you can bring your mind to it!

I am always, even in Nevada,

Your loving niece,

DESIRE.

I turned this letter over curiously in my hands, half expecting it to impart to me the secret of how it was that people could think and feel as if the very universe wheeled, glittering, about

them and their desires. Also, how could Desire be so guiltless of all the thousand scruples and delicacies that were her birthright? How could she exhibit such poverty of spirit, bravely and unashamed? How did it happen that she, of all people, showed herself so ignorant of the things that cannot be learned?

V

That evening as I drowsed over the hearth after dinner, still holding Desire's letter in my hand and pondering over it, the card of young Dr. Arnold Ackroyd was brought up to me.

I awoke myself with a start. An interview with Desire's husband was the last thing in the world I wanted. The feeling that I had vicariously injured the Ackroyds was still strong upon me, and I shrank childishly from facing a man whom I could not think of otherwise than as a maimed and wantonly injured creature.

Feeling this, I naturally welcomed him with a mixture of embarrassment and effusion. Dr. Arnold smiled dryly, with perfect comprehension, and took his seat beside the fire in the same winged arm-chair that had sheltered Lucretia and Mary previously. A fancy seized me that the cumbersome, comfortable piece of mahogany and old brocade might indeed be a veritable witness-seat, a Chair of Truth, that in some fashion impelled its occupant to speak out from the heart the thing he really thought. An apprehensive glance at Arnold's grave, clear-cut, fallow face reassured me. It held no threat of hysteric protest. Whatever he might say, I need not fear that he would break the inmost silence of a deeply-humiliated man.

'It is a matter of business that I want to see you about, Mr. Raynie,' he said easily. 'There is no one but you who can manage it for me.'

I expressed my desire to serve him.

'You see, it is just this: if Desire insists upon divorcing me the enterprise must be properly financed. I prefer to pay her expenses myself. I am not going to have her hard up or—depending upon any one else.'

'Desire would never take money from any one but Mrs. Greening or me, Ackroyd.'

'No—I suppose not. Still, you never can tell how these confounded modern women are going to invert things in their minds. She'd not do it unless she could make it look high-minded and self-sacrificing, of course. But I would rather she ran no risk of doing it. And, if you don't mind my saying so, I would also prefer at present that even you and Mrs. Greening kept your hands out of your pockets. You see, Desire is my wife until she ceases to be so. It is unquestionably my right to provide for her, even in Reno, if I choose. Of course, she would say that, having left my bed and board, she had renounced her claim upon my bank-account—that is, she would say it if she thought about the matter at all. But she is so heedless she will probably not question the source of supplies, certainly not if they come through you. Will you do me this favor, Mr. Raynie?'

There was nothing for me to do but assent, but I did so a little irritably. It seemed to me at the moment that it would be excellent discipline to let the winds of heaven beat harshly upon Desire's delicately guarded head, for a short time at least. I intimated as much.

Arnold Ackroyd shook his head.

'It is too late for that kind of discipline to be effective,' he said. 'I have meant that Desire should have everything that a man can give, but there is one point I will never yield. She shall not have my children!'

He took out his check-book and his pen, and, writing on his knee, filled out a check rapidly and neatly. As he handed it to me I noted that the sum was surprisingly large,—enough for a divorce *de luxe*.

'Pardon me, but are n't you overdoing your generosity, Arnold?' I suggested.

He moved his shoulders very slightly, and I saw his fine, surgeon's fingers stir as though he were involuntarily washing his hands of the whole question of money.

'Desire is accustomed to beauty as well as to comfort,' he said. Then he dropped his head on his chest and stared gravely into the fire. 'Mr. Raynie, what do the women want? What do they expect in this world, anyhow? If the sun had dropped out of the sky, it would n't have surprised me more than this thing has.'

'Nor me,' I confessed.

'I have been wondering if I unconsciously neglected Desire? People say that sometimes causes them to fly the track. I am a busy man. I work hard in an exacting profession. But, as I understand the marriage-contract, my work is a part of what I endowed her with. It is my life, myself. We are not children. One does not marry for a playmate, does one? But perhaps women do. Do you think I can have been at fault in this matter?'

My only answer was an impatient snort of protest.

'I supposed she desired companionship with me as I am. Certainly that was what I thought I asked of her. She has such a way of making life seem vivid and interesting that her companionship was good to have,' he said.

Something clutched at my heart-strings as I saw the look of inextinguishable longing in his eyes.

'We spoiled her between us, I suspect,' he said. 'On our heads be it,

for it is spoiled that she is. Mr. Raynie, I think of Desire as undisciplined, wayward — not as wanton. — Well, I have a dozen patients yet to see to-night. I must say good-night, and thank you.'

As he closed the door, I spoke aloud to myself and the witness-chair.

'There goes a gentleman,' I said. 'It seems they still exist. Confound that niece of mine!'

VI

After Desire departed for Reno, the winter dragged along, heavy-footed.

Mary Greening heard from her often, and brought me the letters. She rented a cottage in Reno, and began house-keeping bravely, but, presently, the servant question drove her temporarily to a hotel.

Very shortly we saw in the papers an account of a fire in the same hotel. This was followed by a telegram from Desire to the effect that she was as right as possible, and had only suffered the loss of a few garments.

A week later as I sat in my usual place, the wheeled chair by the study-fire, I heard a carriage stop at my door. It was ten o'clock of a wild January night, furious with wind and snow. There were voices in the hall below; surprised ejaculations from Lena, the house-maid; at last a rap on my door, which swung inward to admit — Desire!

'Will you take me in, Uncle Ben?' she inquired cheerfully. 'It is such a frightful night! The cabman won't try to get me to Aunt Mary. He wanted to leave me at a hotel. But this was no farther — and I wanted to talk with you, anyhow.'

I said the appropriate things, consumed meanwhile with wonder as to what this reappearance meant. Desire threw off her long wrap and her furs,

vibrated about the room a little, then settled, like every one else, in the winged chair across the hearth, and smiled at me tremulously.

'Uncle Ben, something has happened to me.'

'I judge it is something important, Desire.'

'A big thing,' she said gravely. 'So big I don't understand it. I can only tell you how it is.'

I waited quietly, but there was that in her voice which made me catch my breath.

She seemed to find it hard to begin.

'I hated Reno,' she said at last, abruptly. 'The streets were so full of plump, self-satisfied blonde women, over-dressed and under-bred. The town was overrun with types one did n't like. It was — horrid! But it didn't concern me, so I stayed in the little house and wrote a great many letters to Aunt Mary and — Arthur Markham, and read, and amused myself as best I could. Then I lost my maids and moved to the hotel until I could arrange matters.'

'You heard about the fire? The hotel was a wooden building with two wings, and my room was in the wing that burned. It was all very exciting, but I got out with my valuables and most of my wardrobe, tied up in a sheet, and they put the fire out.'

'The rest of the building was unhurt, so the occupants opened their doors to the people who had been burned out. The manager asked me if I would accept the hospitality of a Mrs. Marshall, "a very nice lady from up north!" I said I would be thankful for shelter of any description, so he took me to her door and introduced us.'

Desire paused reflectively.

'I'd like to make it as clear as possible to you, Uncle Ben, if you don't mind my talking a lot. This Mrs. Marshall was just a girl, and very good-

looking indeed in a way. She had well-cut features, a strong chin, blue eyes under dark lashes, and a great deal of vitality. So far as looks went, I might have met her anywhere.

‘The big room was strewn with her things, for she had expected to be burned out too; but she began to put them away at once, offering me closet-room, and talking excitedly as she moved about.

‘The place was full of department-store luxury, if you know what I mean. Her toilet-table was loaded with silver in a pattern of flamboyant, curly cupids, — I’ve often wondered who bought such things, — and there were gorgeous, gaudy garments lying about. Her belongings, all but a few frocks, were expensive and tasteless to the last degree. So much extravagance and so little beauty! It seemed so strange to me that it was interesting.

‘She talked a good deal, showing me this and that. Her slangy speech had a certain piquancy, because she looked finer than her words. She was absolutely sure of herself, and at ease. I made out that this was because she was conscious of no standards save those of money, and there, as she would have said, she could “deliver the goods.” Were n’t the evidences of her worth right under my eyes?

‘I talked, too, as effusively as I knew how. I tried to meet her half-way. She was evidently a perfectly well-placed and admired person in her own world. I was excited and tired and lonely. It seemed good just to speak to some one.

‘Presently the room was cleared, and we began to think of sleeping. I have n’t forgotten a word of the conversation that followed.

“‘It’s very good of you to take me in. I hope I shan’t disturb you very much,” I said.

“‘Oh, I’m glad to have somebody

to talk to. I think this living in Reno is deadly, but it seems to be the easiest way to get results,” she answered. “How long you been here?”

‘I told her.

“‘Well, I’m a good deal nearer my freedom than you are. Don’t it seem perfectly ridiculous that when you want to shake a man you can’t just *shake* him, without all this to-do?” she said. “It makes me so mad to think I’ve got to stay down here six months by myself, just to get rid of Jim Marshall! Say, what does your husband do?”

‘What could I say, Uncle Ben? It seemed sacrilegious to mention Arnold in that room, but I was her guest and dependent upon her for shelter and a bed.

“‘He is a doctor,” I said.

“‘That so? Jim’s superintendent of a mine. Up in the mountains. It’s the loneliest place you ever saw. Twenty miles from nowhere, with just a little track running down to the railroad, and nothing worth mentioning when you get there.

“‘Jim was awfully gone on me. Put up a spiel that he could n’t live without me, and all that. That was two years ago, and I was young and tender-hearted. Father had just dropped a whole bunch of money, and I thought, “Well, if any man wants to pay my bills as bad as that, I guess I’ll let him.” It looked like easy meal-tickets to me. Say! There’s no such thing as a soft snap in married life. You got to work for your living, whoever he is. And I got so bored up in the mountains I did n’t know what to do. Any man’s a bore if you see too much of him. Jim’s awful soft — wants to be babied all the time. Thought I did n’t love him unless I looked just so and talked just so. Jerusalem! How can you love anybody when you’re a hundred miles from a *matinée*? People have got to have

what they're used to, even if they are married, and that's a cinch. I used to go down to the city by myself once in a while to visit Jim's sister, but there was n't anything in that. She and I did n't get on. She never took me to a show once all the time I was there. These in-laws are always looking at you through a microscope. Ain't it awful? I don't claim my complexion will stand that scrutiny. Did you have any in-laws?"

"A few," I said, thinking how Madam Ackroyd would look if she could hear this conversation.

"Well, anybody can have mine!" she said. "Gee! How I hate to be bored! I guess I'd be up on that mountain yet if it had n't been for that. Last spring the son of the man who owns the mine took to coming up to see about the output. I had him going in forty winks. I was just amusing myself, but Jim got frightfully jealous. "See here," I says, "I ain't going to let no mining man dictate to me, see? I'll tell you that right now!" I was sore. To think he could n't let me have a bit of fun, after the stupid winter I'd put in, frying his bacon. It seemed plain selfish. So things ran along, and I got huffier and huffier. Finally, when Joe volunteered he'd like to put up for me to take this trip to Reno, I packed my suit-case and came away. It served Jim right for being such an old grouch. What d' you think?"

"I just opened my mouth and gasped. I couldn't help it. Such callousness!"

"The girl looked at me queerly when I did n't answer. "What's got you that you did n't stay put?" she demanded. "Here I've had a rush of words to the mouth and told you all I know — and I don't know a thing about you."

"I found my voice sufficiently to tell her my case was very different.

"Huh!" she said, "I may n't know much, but I'm wise to this; the folks

that have real reasons for a smash-up don't have to come to Reno. They mostly can get their papers on the spot. I guess we're all in the same boat out here. We're just taking what we want."

"I felt as if I had been struck with a sledge-hammer when she said that, and her eyes seemed to be boring through me like gimlets. I thought I should scream if she said another word.

"Let's talk about it in the morning," I said, "if you'll excuse me. I'm so tired I simply can't keep my eyes open."

"That was n't true. She went to sleep almost instantly, and slept like a baby. I lay beside her, wide-awake for hours. What she was, and what she said, had turned a key in my brain. A host of thoughts I did n't know I had came trooping out of some hidden room, and they marched and counter-marched across my mind all night."

Desire got up and began to walk about the room restlessly in her absorption as she recalled all this.

"It was wonderful, Uncle Ben. I wish I could make you understand. First of all, I recognized that what she said was absolutely true. I said to myself, "Desire, you are a civilized, cultivated, mature, distinguished-looking person, well-born and well-reared — but what has it all done for you? It has, precisely, conducted you to Reno, Nevada. This girl beside you is uncivilized, uneducated, crude, young, clearly of very common clay. And what has it all done for her but conduct her to Reno, Nevada — where she finds you, daughter of the Pilgrims. Well met, sister!"

"It was very bitter to think that of myself," said my niece, stopping by my chair. "It may sound foolish, Uncle Ben, but my friends have always insisted I was a *schöne Seele*. I, a beautiful soul! I, a soul at all! A white

light that I could not shut my eyes against seemed to beat down into my brain. I saw that I was just like the girl beside me in her incredible callousness, — even like the fat, self-satisfied blonde women I had seen in the town. Oh, those common, common people! I had thought myself as fine as silk, as tempered as steel, yes, and as pure as flame! But, I, too, was a brute.

‘I thought and thought. I thought of Arnold, Arthur, and myself; we are all proud, we are all fastidious, yet we had come to this. We had drifted on the rocks. Pride had n’t saved us, nor training, nor intelligence. I had lived in and for these things, and they had not prevented my doing the commonest things like the commonest creatures. Uncle Ben, I seemed horrible to myself — I can’t tell you.

‘More doors opened in my mind, and I began to think of you, and mother, and Aunt Mary, and of all the stories you used to tell me of the good Raynies and the bad, the weak Withacres and the strong ones, and what good fighters there were among them. And it seemed to me that I could see and feel — like the flight of wings in the dark over my head — the passing of the struggling generations of my fathers, each one achieving a little more; going from decency to good repute, and from repute to renown, keeping faith with one another and with God, from father to son.

‘And all at once I saw that the dignity of my race did not consist in its honors, nor even in its character, but — forever and always — in its fight for character! It was the struggle that had made us. And I had never struggled — so — I was not made. I was still unformed, shapeless — and a cheaper thing with all my pretensions than the girl asleep beside me.

‘Then there came on me a great desire to be one with my own people. One

life is nothing — somehow I saw it very clearly. Families build righteousness as coral insects build a reef. I felt the yearning to be built into a structure of honesty and honor. Even as I wished this, I saw, in that fierce light beating down upon my brain, that there was something deep within me that forbade me to do the thing I had been planning. It lay at the core of being, dark and stern; it said *No* to my desires. And I knew it for the strength of every *No* my fathers ever uttered. It was my inheritance. • And as I looked, it seized my will. It shook me free from my longing for Arthur, free from my impatience with Arnold, free from my wish to have my way!

‘So — I have come back. It was strong enough to bring me back; it is strong enough to hold me here. I don’t care what happens to me after this. *I don’t care*. I may not be happy, but I don’t seem to want to be happy: I want to do the seemingly, fitting things, the decent things. I don’t care if they are stupid; I don’t care if I am bored! I wish just what I say. I want to be one with my race. It is they who have brought me back. They held up the torch. I let it fall. Uncle Ben, do you think it has gone out? Suppose one of my children’s children should stumble and then say, “It is not my fault. I inherited this. There was Grandmamma who went her willful way so long ago!” I know my dust would shiver in the ground. I can’t add any more to the weaknesses and follies that will crush them down. Having my own way costs too much when they must pay. That’s it. I have n’t the price. I refuse to let them pay. — Will you help me, Uncle Ben? Will you ask Arnold to let me try again? I will be good. I will be humble — almost! For I must have my children if only that I may pass this on. The thing is to abolish our complacency. Why — it’s

what the old religionists meant when they talked about getting down in the dust before their God! It really, really, is the thing we have to do. And — my children will never learn it here, among you, where everybody is so happy and self-satisfied. They will never learn it even from the righteous Arnold. If they know it, they will have to learn it from me — for I am the only repentant sinner of us all! So — I have come back.'

Desire's words stirred me strangely. I had sometimes suspected that I allowed my modest pride of descent to feed complacency rather than effort. As she talked, I, too, saw the long procession of the valiant men and women of my race moving forward through the years; I saw how I had lightly arrogated credit to myself for their hard-won excellencies, and reckoned myself a finer gentleman for the battles they had fought. Where were my battles? Where my victories?

Then — I remembered that the Withacres always could talk like angels from Heaven. But I looked into Desire's eyes, and that thought shriveled before the flame in them. They met mine exultantly, as steel meets steel.

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This was no lip eloquence. She was eager for her battles.

'So,' I said with wonder, 'you have capitulated — to Them.'

'Yes — to Them. Oh, it is n't needful, Uncle Ben, that to show my kinship I should work as they did, live as plainly, think as narrowly. It is all here just the same. I am their child. I will not go against their will. Before ever I was born, they wrote their desires in my flesh. They made the blood to flow in my veins after their ways. And — I am glad! For my children shall be their children. — Uncle Ben, will Arnold take me home?'

I looked at Desire's glowing face that seemed afire with aspiration for the life she had tossed aside. I thought of Arnold's grave lips, steady shoulders, and longing eyes. There fell upon me a vivid sense of the wonderful ingenuity and richness of life's long processes. This diverse pair had traveled devious ways to the end that, after all their married years, they might at last be not unequally mated. My elderly heart sang a canticle of rejoicing, but my speech was circumspect.

'I incline to believe that he will,' I admitted.

IN THE HANDS OF A RECEIVER

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

It sometimes happens that a business man who is in reality solvent becomes temporarily embarrassed. His assets are greater than his liabilities, but they are not quick enough to meet the situation. The liabilities have become mutinous and bear down upon him in a threatening mob. If he had time to deal with them one by one, all would be well; but he cannot on the instant mobilize his forces.

Under such circumstances the law allows him to surrender, not to the mob, but to a friendly power which shall protect the interests of all concerned. He goes into the hands of a receiver, who will straighten out his affairs for him. I can imagine the relief which would come to one who could thus get rid, for a while, of his harassing responsibilities, and let some one else do the worrying.

In these days some of the best people I know are in this predicament in regard to their moral and social affairs. These friends of mine have this peculiarity, that they are anxious to do their duty. Now, in all generations, there have been persons who did their duty, according to their lights. But in these days it happens that a new set of lights has been turned on suddenly, and we all see more duties than we had bargained for. In the glare we see an army of creditors, each with an overdue bill in hand. Each demands immediate payment, and shakes his head when we suggest that he call again next week. We realize that our moral cash in hand is not sufficient for the crisis.

If all our obligations must be met at once, there will be a panic in which most of our securities will be sacrificed.

We are accustomed to grumble over the increase in the cost of living. But the enhancement of price in the necessities of physical life is nothing compared to the increase in the cost of the higher life.

There are those now living who can remember when almost any one could have the satisfaction of being considered a good citizen and neighbor. All one had to do was to attend to one's own affairs and keep within the law. He would then be respected by all, and would deserve the most eulogistic epitaph when he came to die. By working for private profit he could have the satisfaction of knowing that all sorts of public benefits came as by-products of his activity.

But now all such satisfactions are denied. To be a good citizen you must put your mind on the job, and it is no easy one. You must be up and doing. And when you are doing one good thing there will be keen-eyed critics who will ask why you have not been doing other things which are much more important; and they will sternly demand of you, 'What do you mean by such criminal negligence?'

What we call the awakening of the social conscience marks an important step in progress. But, like all progress, it involves hardship to individuals. For the higher moral classes, the saints and the reformers, it is the occasion of whole-hearted rejoicing. It is just what

they have, all the while, been trying to bring about. But I confess to a sympathy for the middle class, morally considered, the plain people, who feel the pinch. They have invested their little all in the old-fashioned securities, and when these are depreciated they feel that there is nothing to keep the wolf from the door. After reading a few searching articles in the magazines they feel that, so far from being excellent citizens, they are little better than enemies of society. I am not pleading for the predatory rich, but only for the well-meaning persons in moderately comfortable circumstances, whose predatoriness has been suddenly revealed to them.

Many of the most conscientious persons go about with an habitually apologetic manner. They are rapidly acquiring the evasive air of the conscious criminal. It is only a very hardened philanthropist, or an unsophisticated beginner in good works, who can look a sociologist in the eye. Most persons, when they do one thing, begin to apologize for not doing something else. They are like a one-track railroad that has been congested with traffic. They are not sure which train has the right of way, and which should go on the siding. Progress is a series of rear-end collisions.

There is little opportunity for self-satisfaction. The old-fashioned private virtues which used to be exhibited with such innocent pride as family heirlooms are now scrutinized with suspicion. They are subjected to rigid tests to determine their value as public utilities.

Perhaps I may best illustrate the need of some receivership by drawing attention to the case of my friend the Reverend Augustus Bagster.

Bagster is not by nature a spiritual genius; he is only a modern man who is sincerely desirous of doing what is ex-

pected of him. I do not think that he is capable of inventing a duty, but he is morally impressionable, and recognizes one when it is pointed out to him. A generation ago such a man would have lived a useful and untroubled life in a round of parish duties. He would have been placidly contented with himself and his achievements. But when he came to a city pulpit he heard the Call of the Modern. The multitudinous life around him must be translated into immediate action. His conscience was not merely awakened; it soon reached a state of persistent insomnia.

When he told me that he had preached a sermon on the text, 'Let him that stole steal no more,' I was interested. But shortly after, he told me that he could not let go of that text. It was a live wire. He had expanded the sermon into a course on the different kinds of stealing. He found few things that did not come under the category of Theft. Spiritual goods as well as material might be stolen. If a person possessed a cheerful disposition, you should ask, 'How did he get it?'

'It seems to me,' I said, 'that a cheerful disposition is one of the things where possession is nine tenths of the law. I don't like to think of such spiritual wealth as ill-gotten.'

'I am sorry,' said Bagster, 'to see that your sympathies are with the privileged classes.'

Several weeks ago I received a letter which revealed his state of mind:—

'I believe that you are acquainted with the Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I suppose he means well, but persons in his situation are likely to cater to mere literature. I hope that I am not uncharitable, but I have a suspicion that our poets yield sometimes to the desire to please. They are perhaps unconscious of the subtle temptation. They are not sufficiently direct and specific in their charges. I have been

reading Walt Whitman's "Song of Joys." The subject does not attract me, but I like the way in which it is treated. There is no beating around the bush. The poet is perfectly fearless, and will not let any guilty man escape.

O the farmer's joys!

Ohioans, Illinoisans, Wisconsinese, Kanadians,
Iowans, Kansans, Oregonese joys.

'That is the way one should write if he expects to get results. He should point to each individual and say, "Thou art the man."

'I am no poet, — though I am painfully conscious that I ought to be one, — but I have written what I call, "The Song of Obligations." I think it may arouse the public. In such matters we ought to unite as good citizens. You might perhaps drop a postal card, just to show where you stand.'

THE SONG OF OBLIGATIONS

O the citizen's obligations.

The obligation of every American citizen to see that every other American citizen does his duty, and to be quick about it.

The janitor's duties, the Board of Health's duties, the milkman's duties, resting upon each one of us individually with the accumulated weight of every cubic foot of vitiated air, and multiplied by the number of bacteria in every cubic centimeter of milk.

The motorman's duties, and the duty of every spry citizen not to allow himself to be run over by the motorman.

The obligation of teachers in the public schools to supply their pupils with all the aptitudes and graces formerly supposed to be the result of heredity and environment.

The duty of each teacher to consult daily a card catalogue of duties, beginning with Apperception and Adenoids and going on to Vaccination, Ventilation, and the various vivacious variations on the three R's.

The obligation resting upon the well-to-do citizen not to leave for his country place, but to remain in the city in order to give the force of his example, in his own ward, to a safe and sane Fourth of July.

The obligation resting upon every citizen to write to his Congressman.

The obligation to speak to one's neighbor who

may think he is living a moral life, and who yet has never written to his Congressman.

The obligation to attend hearings at the State House.

The obligation to protest against the habit of employees at the State House of professing ignorance of the location of the committee-room where the hearings are to be held; also to protest against the habit of postponing the hearings after one has at great personal inconvenience come to the State House in order to protest.

The duty of doing your Christmas shopping early enough in July to allow the shop-girls to enjoy their summer vacation.

The duty of knowing what you are talking about, and of talking about all the things you ought to know about.

The obligation of feeling that it is a joy and a privilege to live in a country where eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and where even if you have the price you don't get all the liberty you pay for.

I was a little troubled over this effusion, as it seemed to indicate that Bagster had reached the limit of elasticity. A few days later I received a letter asking me to call upon him. I found him in a state of uncertainty over his own condition.

'I want you,' he said, 'to listen to the report my stenographer has handed me, of an address which I gave day before yesterday. I have been doing some of my most faithful work recently, going from one meeting to another and helping in every good cause. But at this meeting I had a rare sensation of freedom of utterance. I had the sense of liberation from the trammels of time and space. It was a realization of moral ubiquity. All the audiences I had been addressing seemed to flow together into one audience, and all the good causes into one good cause. Incidentally I seemed to have solved the Social Question. But now that I have the stenographic report I am not so certain.'

'Read it,' I said.

He began to read, but the confidence

of his pulpit tone, which was one of the secrets of his power, would now and then desert him, and he would look up to me as if waiting for an encouraging 'Amen.'

'Your secretary, when she called me up by telephone, explained to me the object of your meeting. It is an object with which I deeply sympathize. It is Rest. You stand for the idea of poise and tranquillity of spirit. You would have a place for tranquil meditation. The thought I would bring to you this afternoon is this: We are here not to be doing, but to be.

'But of course the thought at once occurs to us, How can we be considering the high cost of the necessities of life? It will be seen at once that the question is at bottom an economic one. You must have a living wage, and how can there be a living wage unless we admit the principle of collective bargaining. It is because I believe in the principle of collective bargaining that I have come here to-night to say to you workmen that I believe this strike is justifiable.

'I must leave to other speakers many interesting aspects of this subject, and confine myself to the aspect which the committee asked me to consider more in detail, namely, Juvenile Delinquency in its relation to Foreign Immigration. The relation is a real one. Statistics prove that among immigrants the proportion of the juvenile element is greater than among the native-born. This increase in juvenility gives opportunity for juvenile delinquency from which many of our American communities might otherwise be free. But is the remedy to be found in the restriction of immigration? My opinion is that the remedy is to be found only in education.

'It is our interest in education that has brought us together on this bright June morning. Your teacher tells me

that this is the largest class that has ever graduated from this High School. You may well be proud. Make your education practical. Learn to concentrate, that is the secret of success. There are those who will tell you to concentrate on a single point. I would go even further. Concentrate on every point.

'I admit, as the gentleman who has preceded me has pointed out, that concentration in cities is a great evil. It is an evil that should be counteracted. As I was saying last evening to the Colonial Dames, — Washington, if he had done nothing else, would be remembered to-day as the founder of the Order of the Cincinnati. The figure of Cincinnatus at the plough appeals powerfully to American manhood. Many a time in after years Cincinnatus wished that he had never left that plough. Often amid the din of battle he heard the voice saying to him, "Back to the Land!"

'It was the same voice I seemed to hear when I received the letter of your secretary asking me to address this grange. As I left the smoke of the city behind me and looked up at your granite hills, I said, "Here is where they make men!" As I have been partaking of the bountiful repast prepared by the ladies of the grange, your chairman has been telling me something about this community. It is a grand community to live in. Here are no swollen fortunes; here industry, frugality, and temperance reign. These are the qualities which have given New England its great place in the councils of the nation. I know there are those who say that it is the tariff that has given it that place; but they do not know New England. There are those at this table who can remember the time when eighty-two ruddy-cheeked boys and girls trooped merrily to the little red schoolhouse under the hill. In the light

of such facts as these, who can be a pessimist?

'But I must not dwell upon the past; the Boy Scouts of America prepare for the future. I am reminded that I am not at this moment addressing the Boy Scouts of America, — they come tomorrow at the same hour, — but the principle is the same. Even as the Boy Scouts of America look only at the future, so do you. We must not linger fondly on the days when cows grazed on Boston Common. The purpose of this society is to save Boston Common. That the Common has been saved many times before is true; but is that any reason why we should falter now? "New occasions teach new duties." Let us not be satisfied with a superficial view. While fresh loam is being scattered on the surface, commercial interests and the suburban greed to get home quick are striking at the vitals of the Common. Citizens of Boston, awake!

'Your pastor had expected to be with you this evening, but he has at the last moment discovered that he has two other engagements, each of them of long standing. He has therefore asked me to take his place in this interesting course of lectures on Church History. The subject of the lecture for this evening is — and if I am mistaken some one will please correct me — Ulphilas, or Christianity among the Goths. I cannot treat this subject from that wealth of historical information possessed by your pastor; but I can at least speak from the heart. I feel that it is well for us to turn aside from the questions of the day, for the quiet consideration of such a character as Ulphilas.

'Ulphilas seems to me to be one of those characters we ought all to know more about. I shall not weary you by discussing the theology of Ulphilas or the details of his career. It would seem

more fitting that these things should be left for another occasion. I shall proceed at once to the main lesson of his life. As briefly as possible let me state the historical situation that confronted him. It is immaterial for us to inquire where the Goths were at that time, or what they were doing. It is sufficient for us to know that the Goths at that time were pagans, mere heathen. Under those circumstances what did Ulphilas do? He went to the Goths. That one act reveals his character. If in the remaining moments of this lecture I can enforce the lesson for us of that one act, I shall feel that my coming here has not been in vain.

'But some one who has followed my argument thus far may say, "All that you have said is true, lamentably true; but what has it to do with the Advancement of Woman?" I answer, it is the Advancement of Woman.'

'How do you make that out?' I asked.

Bagster looked vaguely troubled. 'There is no such thing as an isolated moral phenomenon,' he said, as if he were repeating something from a former sermon; 'when you attempt to remedy one evil you find it related to a whole moral series. But perhaps I did not make the connection plain. My address does n't seem to be as closely reasoned as it did when I was delivering it. Does it seem to you to be cogent?'

'Cogent is not precisely the word I would use. But it seems earnest.'

'Thank you,' said Bagster. 'I always try to be earnest. It's hard to be earnest about so many things. I am always afraid that I may not give to all an equal emphasis.'

'And now that you have stopped for a moment,' I suggested, 'perhaps you would be willing to skip to the last page. When I read a story I am always anxious to get to the end. I should like

to know how your address comes out, — if it does come out.'

Bagster turned over a dozen pages and read in a more animated manner.

'Your chairman has the reputation of making the meetings over which he presides brisk and crisp. He has given me just a minute and a half in which to tell what the country expects of this Federation of Young People. I shall not take all the time. I ask you to remember two letters — E and N. *What* does the country expect this Federation to do? E — everything. *When* does the country expect you to do it? N — now. Remember these two letters — E and N. Young people, I thank you for your attention.

'The hour is late. You, my young brother, have listened to a charge in which your urgent duties have been fearlessly declared to you. When you have performed these duties, others will be presented to you. And now, in token of our confidence in you, I give you the right hand of fellowship.

'And do you know,' said Bagster, 'that when I reached to give him the right hand of fellowship, he was n't there.'

We sat in silence for some time. At last he asked, hesitatingly, 'What do you think of it? In your judgment is it organic or functional?'

'I do not think it is organic. I am afraid that your conscience has been over-functioning of late, and needs a rest. I know a nook in the woods of New Hampshire, under the shadow of Mount Chocorua, where you might go for six months while your affairs are in the hands of a receiver. I can't say that you would find everything satisfactory, even there. The mountain is not what it used to be. It is decadent, geologically speaking, and it suffered a good deal during the last glacial period. But you can't do much about it in six months. You might take it just as it

is, — some things have to be taken that way.

'You will start to-morrow morning and begin your life of temporary irresponsibility. You will have to give up your problems for six months, but you may rest assured that they will keep. You will go by Portsmouth, where you will have ten minutes for lunch. Take that occasion for a leisurely meal. A card will be handed to you assuring you that "The bell will ring one minute before the departure of the train. You can't get left." Hold that thought: you can't get left; the railroad authorities say so.'

'Did you ever try it,' asked Bagster.

'Once,' I answered.

'And did you get left?'

'Portsmouth,' I said, 'is a beautiful old town. I had always wanted to see it. You can see a good deal of Portsmouth in an afternoon.'

The predicament in which my friend Bagster finds himself is a very common one. It is no longer true that the good die young; they become prematurely middle-aged. In these days conscience doth make neurasthenics of us all. Now it will not do to flout conscience, and by shutting our eyes to the urgencies and complexities of life purchase for ourselves a selfish calm. Neither do we like the idea of neurasthenia.

My notion is that the twentieth-century man is morally solvent, though he is temporarily embarrassed. He will find himself if he is given sufficient time. In the mean time it is well for him to consider the nature of his embarrassment. He has discovered that the world is 'so full of a number of things,' and he is disappointed that he is not as 'happy as kings' — that is, as kings in the fairy books. Perhaps 'sure enough' kings are not as happy as the fairy-book royalties, and perhaps the modern man is only experiencing the anxieties that

belong to his new sovereignty over the world.

There are tribes which become confused when they try to keep in mind more than three or four numbers. It is the same kind of confusion which comes when we try to look out for more than Number One. We mean well, but we have not the facilities for doing it easily. In fact, we are not so civilized as we sometimes think.

For example, we have never carried out to its full extent the most important invention that mankind has ever made — money. Money is a device for simplifying life by providing a means of measuring our desires, and gratifying a number of them without confusion.

Money is a measure, not of commodities, but of states of mind. The man on the street expresses a profound philosophy when he says, 'I feel like thirty cents.' That is all that 'thirty cents' means. It is a certain amount of feeling.

You see an article marked \$1.50. You pass by unmoved. The next day you see it on the bargain counter marked 98 cents, and you say, 'Come to my arms,' and carry it home. You did not feel like a dollar and a half toward it, but you did feel exactly like ninety-eight cents.

It is because of this wonderful measure of value that we are able to deal with a multitude of diverse articles without mental confusion.

I am asked to stop at the department store and discover in that vast aggregation of goods a skein of silk of a specified shade, and having found it bring it safely home. Now, I am not fitted for such an adventure. Left to my own devices I should be helpless.

But the way is made easy for me. The floor-walker meets me graciously, and without chiding me for not buying the things I do not want, directs me to

the one thing which would gratify my modest desire. I find myself in a little place devoted to silk thread, and with no other articles to molest me or make me afraid. The world of commodities is simplified to fit my understanding. I feel all the gratitude of the shorn lamb for the tempered wind.

At the silken shrine stands a Minerva who imparts her wisdom and guides my choice. The silk thread she tells me is equivalent to five cents. Now, I have not five cents but only a five-dollar bill. She does not act on the principle of taking all that the traffic will bear. She sends the five-dollar bill through space, and in a minute or two she gives me the skein and four dollars and ninety-five cents, and I go out of the store a free man. I have no misgivings and no remorse because I did not buy all the things I might have bought. No one reproached me because I did not buy a four-hundred-dollar pianola. Thanks to the great invention, the transaction was complete in itself. Five cents represented one choice, and I had in my pocket ninety-nine choices which I might reserve for other occasions.

But there are some things which, as we say, money cannot buy. In all these things of the higher life we have no recognized medium of exchange. We are still in the stage of primitive barter. We must bring all our moral goods with us, and every transaction involves endless dickering. If we express an appreciation for one good thing, we are at once reproached by all the traffickers in similar articles for not taking over bodily their whole stock-in-trade.

For example, you have a desire for culture. You haven't the means to indulge in very much, but you would like a little. You are immediately beset by all the eager Matthew Arnolds who have heard of your desire, and they insist that you should at once devote yourself to the knowledge of the best

that has been known and said in the world. All this is very fine, but you don't see how you can afford it. Is n't there a little of a cheaper quality that they could show you? Perhaps the second best would serve your purpose. At once you are covered with reproaches for your philistinism.

You had been living a rather prosaic life and would like to brighten it up with a little poetry. What you would really like would be a modest James Whitcomb Riley's worth of poetry. But the moment you express the desire the University Extension lecturer insists that what you should take is a course of lectures on Dante. No wonder that you conclude that a person in your circumstances will have to go without any poetry at all.

It is the same way with efforts at social righteousness. You find it difficult to engage in one transaction without being involved in others that you are not ready for. You are interested in a social reform that involves collective action. At once you are told that it is socialistic. You do not feel that it is any worse for that, and you are quite willing to go on. But at once your socialistic friends present you with the whole programme of their party. It is all or nothing. When it is presented in that way you are likely to become discouraged and fall back on nothing.

Now, if we had a circulating medium you would express the exact state of your desires somewhat in this way: 'Here is my moral dollar. I think I will take a quarter's worth of Socialism, and twelve and a half cents' worth of old-time Republicanism, and twelve and a half cents of genuine Jeffersonian democracy, if there is any left, and a quarter's worth of miscellaneous insurgency. Let me see, I have a quarter left. Perhaps I may drop in to-morrow and see if you have anything more that I want.'

The sad state of my good friend Bagster arises from the fact that he can't do one good thing without being confused by a dozen other things which are equally good. He feels that he is a miserable sinner because his moral dollar is not enough to pay the national debt.

But though we have not yet been able adequately to extend the notion of money to the affairs of the higher life, there have been those who have worked on the problem.

That was what Socrates had in mind. The Sophists talked eloquently about the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; but they dealt in these things in the bulk. They had no way of dividing them into sizable pieces for everyday use. Socrates set up in Athens as a broker in ideas. He dealt on the curb. He measured one thing in terms of another, and tried to supply a sufficient amount of change for those who were not ashamed to engage in retail trade.

Socrates draws the attention of Phædrus to the fact that when we talk of iron and silver the same objects are present to our minds, 'but when any one speaks of justice and goodness, there is every sort of disagreement, and we are at odds with one another and with ourselves.'

What we need to do he says is to have an idea that is big enough to include all the particular actions or facts. Then, in order to do business, we must be able to divide this so that it may serve our convenience. This is what Socrates called Philosophy.

'I am a great lover,' he said, 'of the processes of division and generalization; they help me to speak and think. And if I find any man who is able to see unity and plurality in nature, him I follow, and walk in his steps as if he were a god.'

Even in the Forest of Arden life was

not so simple as at first it seemed. The shepherd's life which 'in respect of itself was a good life' was in other respects quite otherwise. Its unity seemed to break up into a confusing plurality. Honest Touchstone, in trying to recon-

cile the different points of view, blurted out the test question, 'Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?' After Bagster has communed with Chocorua for six months, I shall put that question to him.

HUMANIZING THE PRISONS

BY MORRISON I. SWIFT

THE State of Vermont contains a prison where the inmates are treated upon a novel plan. They are trusted and treated like other human beings; they come and go almost as freely as the members of the jailer's own family; so far as possible whatever suggests punishment or disgrace is banished; and they are made to feel that their imprisonment is designed to improve them as men, and to restore them to social life not only with full self-respect but with the cordial respect of the community.

To do all this in defiance of the powerful prejudice against 'criminals' will be called a large undertaking. Up to a certain point it has been done, and that point is so advanced that we may almost consider the whole victory gained. In Montpelier, where this prison stands, the inveterate prejudice against prisoners has been swept away. So great is the significance of this achievement, denoting as it does a reversal of popular sentiment toward the criminal, that only something approaching a revolution in the prison system itself could have produced it. What was this?

I visited the Montpelier jail, where

I spent the greater part of a day talking with the prisoners, first in company with the deputy sheriff and then alone, with full permission to discover opposition to the management if I could. In this way I made the personal acquaintance of the men. Later, on the main street of the city, whom should I meet but five or six of these very prisoners, walking along with smiling faces and a happy air, no more resembling the conventional criminal than did the merchants, workingmen, and lawyers with whom they mingled. Here was one of the keys to the mystery. No officer was about, keeping an eye on them; no peculiarity of clothing indicated who they were; they were free to walk off if they pleased, and no one at the jail was worrying about them; and, best of all, the citizens of Montpelier, who knew perfectly well that inmates of the county prison were at all times of the day and evening at large in their midst, were worrying no more about it than were the sheriff and his assistants themselves.

And yet, four years ago when the system was first put into operation, a very decided tremor convulsed these very citizens. They were animated by

all the righteous dread and abhorrence of the inhabitants of jails common to ordinary mankind. They believed that the men were dangerous, that they would run away, that it was treating them on wrong principles to give them such freedom, and that it was a disgrace to good people to have criminals going about unguarded on the same streets. But if you suggest these ancient and wholesome ideas to a Montpelier man now, he laughs at you; he is ashamed that four years ago he entertained such superstitions.

Nor was the sheriff himself much more confident when he inaugurated the change. As late as two or three years ago, when the men did not return promptly to the jail at the time appointed, he would become nervous and go out to walk the streets looking for them. That is all past now, not only because of the unsuspected traits of human nature that experience has unfolded, but because of the marvelous practical success of the system. During the four years, out of eight hundred prisoners treated upon the new plan only two attempted to escape, both of whom were recaptured and sentenced to long terms in the House of Correction for betraying the trust reposed in them. With such a record as this the sheriff no longer feels perturbed if his entire corps of prisoners is scattered in every direction during the day; and he is perfectly assured that at night they will reappear at the jail.

This great innovation in prison practice was made possible by a state law authorizing all sheriffs to set their prisoners at work either inside or outside the jails. The text of this law was as follows: 'A male prisoner imprisoned in a county jail for being found intoxicated, for a breach of the peace, or for being a tramp, may be required to perform not more than ten hours of manual labor within or without the

walls of such county jail each day of such imprisonment, except on Sundays or on legal holidays.' To promote the end in view a prison board was established, composed of the assistant judges, the sheriff, and county highway supervisor, who 'may require and compel said prisoners to work on the public highways within the county.'

In this law itself there was no particular advance; everything depended on the execution of it. Commercial and humanitarian motives blended to further the passage of the law; for on the one hand hundreds of prisoners were sitting idle in the county jails eating the state into debt, and many were being transported at great expense from all parts of the state to the House of Correction at Rutland; and on the other hand young and impressionable offenders were being carried off to Rutland with more hardened men, there to receive an education in lawlessness from their experienced associates.

It happened that the sheriff of Washington County, in which Montpelier is located, Frank H. Tracy, was moved to apply the law to large purpose, not merely to save money for the state, which at first was the best popular appeal, but to regenerate the prisoners who came under his care. I was interested to know what motive underneath all others had prompted him to attempt this innovation, and found it to be the influence of one of his parents, who, though dead, was now far more alive to him than when living. 'I thought of each prisoner,' he explained, 'as having a parent with the feelings and hopes for him that mine had had for me, and reflected that if the prisoners had grown up in the absence of such an influence they had been defrauded, and deserved only compassion, not blame, for sinking into the jail.' Such was the creed of a man, the greater part of whose mature life had been spent in dealing with

the so-called criminal classes. It might seem that one of this sensitive type could nowhere be more out of place than at the head of a jail, that he would be a weakling; but it is just this type, and this only, that ought to be at the head of jails; and as to this sheriff's ability and success, it is enough to say that no man in Washington County could be elected to the office against him. A dreamer he is, but one who has dreamed to practical purpose.

When the prison-labor law came into effect, his own ideas of what to do with it were crude. He went about town searching for people to hire the prisoners. No one would have them; the sane and safe business men were not to be taken in like that; they comforted him with assurances that he must fail — the same business men who now send regularly to him for workers when they want help, in preference to picking up men on the street. Another drawback was that the men were insufficiently clothed for going out to work in the cold of a Vermont winter.

Since nobody else would trust jailmen to work, the experiment had to begin on Tracy's own farm, where he set them to cutting bushes and wood, giving the state fifty cents a day for each and paying the men nothing. He got almost no return; only when he stood over them constantly could he extort even fifty cents' worth of work. Later, when a water main was being laid, because of the scarcity of labor a dollar a day was offered and accepted for the prisoners' services, all of it as before going to the state. Regular workmen were receiving \$1.75 daily. Dressed in distinguishing blue trousers and overalls and attended by guards, the prisoners did worse each day than the day before. The experiment was a grim failure.

One day, much discouraged, the sheriff called one of the group into his

office for a heart-to-heart talk, asking him to say frankly why he did not do more.

'I'm doing just as little as I can and not be punished, and I'm going to keep on. You would do the same,' answered the man.

This 'You would do the same' caused Tracy to imagine himself in the prisoner's place, and to see that the words were true. What incentive had the fellows to labor? They got nothing out of it.

'If you could have seventy-five cents for yourself from your work each day, what would you do?' asked the sheriff.

'Try me,' was the answer; and the next day he went out and worked as well as any free man in the entire gang — this incorrigibly obstinate idler while there was no incentive.

Such was the beginning of the system of paying the men all that they earn above a fixed amount, which goes to the state. One dollar a day is set aside from the wages of each for the state, while all in excess of that belongs to the earner. As it works out in figures, every man in ordinary health earns the full laborer's pay of \$1.75 a day, of which seventy-five cents is his, the sheriff acting as his banker and keeping the accumulation until he leaves the prison, when it is given to him in a lump sum.

The profits accruing to the state from the experiment have steadily increased. At the end of the first year they were \$200; of the second, \$500; of the third, \$1000; after having paid for all clothing, tools, and supervision in the form of keeping the books and other clerical work. At the close of the fourth year, in the latter part of 1910, the gross earnings for the state were over \$1800. Since an amount equal to three-fourths of this was retained by the men, their share was more than \$1350. Some had been allowed to pur-

chase necessities for their families out of their portion, thus lessening the deprivation of their wives and children due to their imprisonment. During the whole period their labor earned above \$6000, of which a total exceeding \$2600 was kept by themselves. As a rule the men have carefully saved their money, limiting permitted purchases for themselves, to send it home to those dependent on them.

Since of the thirteen counties in Vermont but three or four have attempted to follow the example so well worked out for them, in view of the above results it is not surprising that indignation should be felt in the state at their failure to do so. In fact, the inertia of county officials is responsible for their failure to adopt the new system in obedience to the law. Under the Montpelier system the sheriff has to be a good deal more than the mere old-fashioned jail-master. He must develop a combined labor bureau and labor exchange, which means that he cannot sit and wait for people to come after his workmen, but must go out and solicit places for them, until the habit of hiring them is well grounded in the community. And we shall see that this is but the beginning of his new responsibilities if he is a big-enough-minded man for his place.

Now, the financial side of the undertaking, brilliant as it has been, is but the smallest part of the good it accomplishes; its real value is to be measured by its effect upon the characters and lives of the prisoners. On this point only one view is possible, and when it is understood, there can be no excuse for perpetuating the old system anywhere.

To begin with, what does it do for the health of the men, on which character is primarily based? They leave the jail rugged and healthy from the sane and vigorous existence they have led

while there. Their habits have been regular, they have been daily in the open air when work could be had, their food has been substantial, the atmosphere in which they lived salutary. We can understand why many of them should go forth in a great deal better condition physically than they were when they entered.

Through having worked in this manner they have escaped the formation of the loafing diathesis. Among the many crimes prisons have to answer for, their creation of chronic loafers is one of the gravest. A prisoner isn't responsible for becoming a lazy loafer if he is n't allowed to work. He very probably goes out and remains what the state made him, a loafer; and gets a second term to punish him for it, and make him a worse loafer. The amazing system of American justice penalizes him for what it has made of him. But the Vermont plan not only does n't produce loafers, but by putting a double premium on good work goes far toward curing those already manufactured by society; for besides the pay for work there is the still more enticing reward of getting out of jail and being a practically free man the whole of each day. Furthermore, who would feel like physical work if his muscles had been softening for want of exercise in the stale atmosphere of a prison for from twenty to a hundred days or a year? The bare thought of enduring it is horrible, apart from its ineradicable effects.

Prison idleness breaks the current between the man and life, so that when he emerges it is hard for him to form connections again. If he had a job before, it is now lost. Who wants an ex-prisoner, anyway? He must begin to hunt work, and to hunt under suspicion; his nerve has probably weakened a little too; therefore, after a series of failures he gets well drunk and goes back to jail for another term at the

public expense. These obstacles to reformation are swept away when the prisoner preserves his connection with the community by working in it like any one else. In many cases when liberated he simply keeps right on at the same job, or his worth as a worker is known and he easily gets another. If he wants to go elsewhere he has money in his pocket to do it, not as a shame-faced pauper either; he has a good round sum to go on, an advantage which preserves many of these prison graduates from vagabondage.

And not only do others respect him even though he has slept behind bars, but he respects himself. Why prisons should be employed to break down men's self-respect remains for wiser people than exist to-day to explain. Those among whom and for whom he works see him every day behaving himself, and soon, practically forgetting that he is a 'criminal' or a 'convict,' treat him as if he were not one. Nevertheless he does not forget his actual position, and a state of contrast is created in his mind which stimulates him to reformation. That state of contrast is this. Having always been accustomed to stand on a level with his neighbors and associates, the imposition of a jail sentence brings soreness and humiliation; he believes that others despise him and wish to shun him; when he finds that they do not, and that they still treat him as a man, a feeling of mingled surprise, gratitude, elation, and pride awakes in him; he learns for the first time the value of social esteem and determines to deserve it. This is the psychology of reformation. It would be still better, however, if he were certain that no one would scorn him for his lapse.

The only adverse feeling justifiable toward a lawbreaker is that he is weak or deficient; and it is a sufficient humiliation for him to be considered so,

without an accompaniment of aversion or scorn. Would it not be well also to inquire with some care whether most criminals actually are deficient or weak? Many people go so far as to think that society imposes such hard conditions on the under half of the wage-earners that the commission of some of the lesser offenses is a saving evidence of strength and manhood, being the protest that a self-respecting man ought to make against the unrighteous conditions, — the only protest also that some of them have yet learned how to make.

In the Montpelier jail I noted a buoyancy and cheerfulness that I had never seen in any other prison. Other prisons have a sickening pall of gloom upon them, from which an inmate for even the briefest period takes permanent soul-poisoning. It is like going to a hospital to be cured of one disease and catching a worse one there which de-vitalizes the victim for life. Every ordinary jail reeks with this moral infection. Its germs pervade the place just as the most noxious physical germs filled the English prisons of the eighteenth century, killing the inmates, keepers, and magistrates by wholesale. Now, it is the deadly spiritual atmosphere corresponding to this that the Vermont system has conquered and expelled. It is no use to pulverize a man's soul with punishment; if you would make him better you must show him a better kind of happiness than he has been accustomed to, you must begin with small doses and increase them just as rapidly as you find his system can stand more, until he has contracted the higher-happiness habit so firmly that he cannot throw it off. That is what our prisons ought to do for men, and can do for them; the Montpelier prison is doing it as far as its resources allow.

It was typical of this revolution in

jail method that when a circus visited the city, Sheriff Tracy purchased tickets for as many of the prisoners as desired to go, and sent them off, unattended, to enjoy themselves. Eleven went, the others refusing because they preferred the money they would earn by helping the farmers, who were then under pressure in the hayfields. It was an excellent chance to run away, for the circus continued till after dark; yet every one of them was back at the jail fifteen minutes after the tent closed, although among the eleven were men with the incentive of a long term to tempt them to escape.

The system has succeeded because of the trust reposed in the prisoners and the freedom accorded them. Under the old law it was an honor to get out of the cage into the corridors, while now none are confined in the cage unless for exceptional reasons.

Vermont goes after visible drunkenness with a rod of iron. For the second offense the law punishes intoxication with ten to fifteen dollars fine and costs, or an alternative penalty of thirty days in jail, or, if the judge desires, both. The last of these sentences, the combination of fine and jail, gives the poor chap who cannot pay his fine ninety-six days in prison — thirty days of direct penalty, forty-five days to serve out the fifteen-dollar fine, and twenty-one days more to extinguish costs. It is difficult to see why the state does not punish itself much more than it punishes the drinker by this law, except where the labor system is applied.

The law is also unjust, for seldom is any one but a poor man caught in its net. One with money pays his fine and walks gayly off, while one chargeable with the sinister crime of empty pockets not only loses his liberty but receives a brand. Of course, this phase of the injustice is not peculiar to Vermont,

being still a widely prevailing barbarism of criminal procedure. The remedy is to let a man out on probation to earn his fine if he can't pay it, not detaining him in prison a day.

Doubtless the first question to occur to many will be how the working classes of the region have regarded this form of prison labor. It is a very pertinent inquiry, because Montpelier and the section about it are the stronghold of organized labor in Vermont. At first the innovation was viewed with suspicion in labor ranks, but all that has passed and given place to a feeling of grateful appreciation of the sheriff's efforts. Thus far the prisoners, although they may have learned a trade, have only been sent out to common work; but I was assured by one of the trade-union leaders that there would not be the slightest objection on the part of the unions to any man with a trade exercising it, provided he were given union wages, as for doing common labor he is paid current wages. No objection is made to the part of his earnings that goes to the state, which is considered a legitimate division.

This position is so entirely reasonable that it seems that, if applied at large, it would solve the prison-labor problem. Apparently, only, does the prisoner come into competition with the outside worker in a way disadvantageous to the latter, through the circumstance that the prisoner gets his board and lodging in the jail while the free man has to pay for his. If some of the prisoner's wage is withheld toward meeting the state expenses for his subsistence, however, he is doing the same as the outside laborer, except that his landlord is the state instead of a private boarding-house keeper. But if, on the other hand, the prisoner does not work to pay for his jail-keep, who does foot the bill? The taxpayers, of whom the working-classes are a large percent-

age. When prisoners are maintained in idleness the working people provide their full share of the prisoners' support, if not, through being unskillful tax-dodgers, a good deal more than their share. The portion of the prisoner's wage reserved by the state cuts down these taxes, thereby enlarging outside laborers' incomes; what is sent to the prisoner's family often saves it from requiring aid from the town, thus again reducing taxes.

As to the inmate's competition with other laborers: if he were out of jail he would be competing just as much and no fault would be found. What element of difference is added by his being confined for wrong-doing? His being disciplined for breaking a law has no relation at all to his right and duty to earn his living exactly as if he were free.

Injustice would arise if the prison were to send skilled men out to toil for less than union wages, for the reason that this would be state discrimination against the unions in their struggle to improve the standard of life. To avoid this it will be sound policy for prison authorities to place out at ordinary work all skilled laborers who are declared incompetent by employers to earn union rates at their trade. No employer would then be tempted purposely to cheapen a prisoner's value in the hope of getting his services for less pay.

The general prison-labor problem can be met with justice to all parties by extending this system to all prisons, wholly abolishing the objectionable contract-labor plan. For men who cannot be trusted to go outside to work on the terms described, various forms of productive labor should be provided within the jail walls by the state authorities, every species of exploitation being excluded and the men receiving their proper quota as wages. The pro-

duct could be sold on the market at market rates with entire fairness, since the men would be in every sense precisely like other productive laborers, except that they would be working inside one walled space instead of another. Men who would otherwise be working and competing for work in private factories would as prisoners merely be transferred to another factory, owned by the community. The work and competition would remain the same as before.

There is impropriety in permitting a private firm to conduct a prison shop, even on the most favorable commercial terms for the state, because for many of the prisoners the work should be a form of treatment and upbuilding, which necessitates favoring the weak and deficient. To accustom prisoners to think of themselves as fully reinstated members of industrial society, between whom and others there is no break, is the best way to cure the criminal habits of most of them.

On the question of applying the honor method to long-term penitentiary men, I think the conclusion is fair that it could safely be extended to a great number. Its advantages to them would first need to be made clear to their minds: they would have to be shown in how many ways their lives would be made happier if they proved trustworthy, and that most of the hardships commonly incident to imprisonment would be removed, reducing the gain from escape, even if successful, to a very small sum.

And it seems to me that this is the real secret of the honor system. Jail life can be made so decent, so humane, so upbuilding, interesting, and even inspiring, that for the average convict it will be superior to the existence he leads in the outer world. Why should he run away from it then? What would he gain? But is this not a negation of the

true prison purpose? Is n't it rewarding a man for crime? Will it not fill up the prisons with men who will commit light crimes in order to break into jail and enjoy themselves as in a secure home?

What if it does, if they are evolved into better men there, fitted to live in general society afterward on their own feet? If that can be done for them by jails, we ought to found other such institutions for men to reside in for improvement, free from the ordeal of entrance examinations on the crimes to their credit, with exclusion as the penalty for having abstained from crime. They would pay their way by their work. But if they did not pay their way in immediate cash, in the long run they would remunerate society with compound interest by becoming better-grade human beings.

There is nothing so costly to human society as the criminal. He supports the policemen, the detectives, the sheriffs, the lawyers, the judges, the jail-builders, the providers of prisoners' food and clothes. Not, of course, bearing all these massive fees of 'justice' out of his own pocket, but out of the pockets of the community, which he forces to pay the bills. Think of the criminal's power to bleed society, like war and disease, without a scintilla of gain. Would it not be worth while to plant a few institutions, to be mostly supported by the criminal himself, to cure the criminal? Would it not be socially cheaper, in something like the ratio of infinity to one? Until these regenerative institutions are devised, I see no objection to making the jails so attractive that criminals will voluntarily stay in them until cured.

Crime is a disease that usually exists in the body, of different entity from the person committing the crime. It is a disease of society, which merely breaks out in open manifestation in this and

that individual in whom the social circulation particularly concentrates the poison. And the jail, properly understood, is a hospital for these exceptionally infected persons. That is, it should be so, and it is illegitimate as anything else.

In the earlier stages of the honor period, before the convict completely realizes the benefits of the prison cure, other very potent incentives not to take flight when trusted can be brought into play. A heavy penalty in the form of a much lengthened sentence, with deprivation of many privileges, will act as a strong deterrent; pursuit with such vigor as to render final freedom almost an impossibility will increase the restraint; and the formation of a prison public-opinion among the better inmates, resting upon an appreciation of the treatment accorded them, would erect a barrier to the escape of others which would be almost equal to complete prevention.

These propositions are, happily, not mere theory. The Montpelier experiment has, in its field, demonstrated them. The inmates enter the lists as coöperating reformers of their weaker brothers. Or if, as may be, the rebellious are the more high-spirited and daring, the majority help to curb them in order to establish firmly a *régime* in which prison life in its whole extent will be redeemed from its contaminating sordidness and degradation.

There is no reason why this state of mind cannot be generated in the majority of penitentiary inmates. Convince them that society is not bent upon revenging itself on them for their crimes, and the work is three-fourths done. If this is doubted we have only to consider the results of the parole system, which is a kindred branch of criminal reform. How profoundly prison practice is being transformed by the growth of parole may be seen from

an event which not very long ago would have dumfounded society. It is related in a dispatch to eastern newspapers from Los Angeles:¹ —

'A murderer, four highwaymen, five burglars, two forgers, and three ordinary citizens sat down last night at a banquet in a prominent hotel as the guests of Leonard Mordaunt, himself an ex-convict, who is now at the head of the Prison Parole fund of the Union Rescue Mission.

'It was largely through the efforts of Mordaunt that twelve of the guests were released from San Quentin on parole, and the particular purpose of the meeting was to have them meet Frank Mulford, State Parole Officer. The banquet was such a success that it was decided to hold another, to which all paroled men in Los Angeles will be invited. There are about forty-five here. Mordaunt believes such gatherings will serve as a moral support to former criminals.'

How far society should press its activities to prove its freedom from motives of revenge toward the criminal and its will to raise him to the highest level of manhood, does not fall within the scope of this paper. Sheriff Tracy believes that each prison should have an officer exempted from all the ordinary duties of a sheriff, to devote his whole time to developing personal relations with the men, to studying them individually, to learning what forces have shaped their lives, and to thinking out ways to counteract the tendencies that have been produced in each to offend against society. Such work would be extremely arduous, and would require a man of high intellectual grade and character. Nevertheless the saving to the people would be great. The deeper causes of crimes would be unearthed and published in reports to the community, supplying the first essen-

¹ February 5, 1911.

tials for the prevention of crime. It might be found, for example, that the chief root of crime is irregular or insufficient employment, when the first duty of the state, in order to empty the prisons, would be to organize demand for labor so that no one would be idle. Nothing should be easier to do if society realized its importance. The wealth created by the labor of the men would support them and pay all the costs of organizing the work they might do.

Not to understand the sense of injustice over their imprisonment which rankles in many of the prison group, would be to fail to grasp one of the principal threads of reformation. The unfortunate fact, as Sheriff Tracy illustrated from his own knowledge, is that they are often justified in their resentment. 'The rich,' said he, 'escape by process of law, because they can buy legal skill. They press their case farther in the courts than the poor man can do, and get out on technicalities.'

The principle carried so far in Vermont is beginning to work elsewhere. Deputy Sheriff Richardson, of the jail in Worcester County, Massachusetts, is introducing music into that institution, for the moral development as well as the entertainment of the prisoners, believing that the monotony of prison life has a ruinous effect on the natures of the men.

Probation officer James P. Ramsey, of Lowell, Massachusetts, who receives about twenty-five per cent of all the cases convicted in Middlesex County, affirms that the records of his work show that 'sixty-seven per cent of those he has helped have reformed permanently and gone back to industrious and respectable life.'

Prisoners in the Rhode Island State Prison and in the Providence County jail are about to be given a share of the profits of those institutions.

Another incitement to the adoption of a new penal system is the awakening to the cruel ravages of consumption in the jails. Dr. J. B. Ransom, of Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y., finds that from forty to sixty per cent of all deaths in the prisons of the world are due to tuberculosis, and that at times the mortality from this cause has reached eighty per cent. 'Of the five thousand prisoners in New York State alone, one thousand are tubercular. 'There is no greater error,' he declares, 'than to imagine that tuberculosis in prisons, because of the isolation of the institutions, does not constitute a great danger to society at large. There are twenty thousand tubercular prisoners in the penal institutions of the United States, and the overwhelming majority of these, when let loose, return to the very classes of people — indigent dwellers in congested districts and stuffy tenements — where the disease is most quickly and most virulently spread. Tuberculosis is a disease that invariably spreads from the lower strata of society upward.'

Dr. Ransom's proposed remedies are 'a systematic campaign for the treatment of tubercular inmates of prisons, jails, detention institutions, and charity institutions, the most important features of such a campaign being the establishment of special institutions

for treatment and *the providing of outdoor work*.¹

These campaigns would obviously be needless if the prisons were made sanitary and a healthful regimen of outdoor work were provided *before* the inmates contract the disease. The writer was informed that a remarkable improvement in the health of the prisoners in the Vermont State Prison had followed from the introduction of a proper ventilating plant by the present management.

Finally, a new and just form of prison sentence, which will displace the punitive system, is already beginning to find acceptance. Five thousand dollars was embezzled from a Los Angeles theatre and dissipated in high living by a man twenty-one years old. He confessed and received this sentence from the judge: —

'You shall stay at home nights. You shall remain within the limits of this county. You shall not play billiards or pool, frequent cafés or drink intoxicating liquor, and you shall go immediately to work and keep at it until you have paid back every dollar you stole. Violate these terms and you go to prison.'

¹ From the report of an address by Dr. Ransom before the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, at the New York Academy of Medicine, February 13, 1911.

MISS ALCOTT'S NEW ENGLAND

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I REMEMBER being very much impressed — and not a little shocked — when a friend of mine told me that she had never, in her childhood, been able to get any real pleasure out of Louisa Alcott's stories. It had never occurred to me that being brought up in New York instead of in New England, or even being of Southern instead of Pilgrim stock, could make all that difference. Miss Alcott seemed the safe inheritance, the absolutely inevitable delight, of childhood. *Little Women* was as universal as *Hamlet*. I remembered perfectly that French playmates of mine in Paris had loved *Les Quatre Filles du Docteur March* (though the French version was probably somewhat expurgated). If children of a Latin — moreover, of a Royalist and Catholic — tradition could find no flaw in Miss Alcott's presentment of young life, I could not see why any free-born American child should fail to find it sympathetic.

I questioned my friend more closely. Her answer set me thinking; and it is probably to her that I owe my later appreciation of Miss Alcott's special quality and special documentary value. For what my friend said was simply that the people in the books were too underbred for her to get any pleasure out of reading about them. My friend was not, when I knew her, a snob; and I took it that she had made the criticism originally at a much earlier age. All children are as snobbish as they know how to be; and I fancy that the child's perennial delight in fairy-tales is not

due solely to the epic instinct. One is interested in princes and princesses, when one is eight, simply because they are princes and princesses. Of royalty, one is perfectly sure. I have never known a child who did not prefer the goose-girl to be a princess in disguise, or who felt any real sympathy with the princess who was only a disguised goose-girl. You do not have to expound the Divine Right to any one under twelve. Peasants are an acquired taste; and Socialism is an illusion of age.

Out of such axioms as these, I made my explanation of my friend's heterodoxy. I remembered my own reaction, when very young, on a story that centred in a masked ball to which all the inhabitants of the kingdom were bidden. All the milkmaids went as court ladies, and all the court ladies went as milkmaids — a mere rounding out of the Petit Trianon episode. The moral was obvious; and I recall being frightfully disturbed by my own absolute certainty that, if I had been going to a masked ball, I should, without hesitation, have gone as grandly as I possibly could. I should never have gone as a milkmaid, so long as the costumer had a court train left. Did it perhaps mean that I was, on the whole, nearer to the milkmaid than to the court lady? I did not like the story, but I have never, to this day, forgotten it. Perhaps my friend had been of the same age when she discriminated against Miss Alcott. But then, I and my contemporaries had made no such discrimination. As I say, it set me to thinking. Since then,

I have read Miss Alcott over, not once, but many times, and I think I understand.

The astounding result of rereading Miss Alcott at a mature age is a conviction that she probably gives a better impression of mid-century New England than any of the more laborious reconstructions, either in fiction or in essay. The youth of her characters does not hinder her in this; for childhood, supremely, takes life ready-made. Mr. Howells's range is wider, and he is at once more serious and more detached. Technically, he and Miss Alcott can be compared as little as *Madame Bovary* and the *Bibliothèque Rose*. Yet, although their testimonies often agree, his world does not 'compose' as hers does. It may be his very realism — his wealth of differentiating detail, his fidelity to the passing moment — that makes his early descriptions of New England so out of date, so unrecognizable. Miss Alcott is content to be typical. All her people have the same background, live in the same atmosphere, profess the same ideals. Moreover, they were ideals and an atmosphere that imposed themselves widely during their period. Mr. Howells gives us modern instances in plenty, but nowhere does he give us clearly the quintessential New England village. It is precisely the familiar experiences of life in that quintessential village that Miss Alcott gives us, with careless accuracy, without *arrière-pensée*. And it must be remembered that, in spite of Dr. Holmes's brave and appropriating definitions of aristocracy, and the urbanity which the descendants of our great New Englanders would fain persuade us their ancestors possessed, our great New Englanders were essentially villagers, and that the very best thing to be said of them is that they wrought out village life to an almost Platonic perfection of type.

'Town' will not do to express the Boston, the Cambridge, the Salem, the Concord, of an earlier time: it smacks too much of London — and freedom. The Puritans founded villages; and, spiritually speaking, the villages that they founded are villages still. The village that Miss Alcott knew best was Concord; and if, for our present purpose, we find it convenient to call Concord typical of New England, we shall certainly not be doing New England any injustice.

As I say, what strikes one on first rereading her, is the extraordinary success with which she has given us our typical New England. Some of her books, obviously, are less successful in this way than others — *Under the Lilacs*, for example, or *Jack and Jill*, where (one cannot but agree with her severer critics) there is an inexcusable amount of love-making. There is an equally inexcusable amount of love-making, it is interesting to remember, in much of the earlier Howells. But for contemporary record of manners and morals, you will go far before you match her masterpiece, *Little Women*. What Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy, and Laurie do not teach us about life in New England at a certain time, we shall never learn from any collected edition of the letters of Emerson, Thoreau, or Hawthorne.

The next — and equally astounding — result of rereading Miss Alcott was, for me, the unexpected and not wholly pleasant corroboration of what my friend had said about her characters. They were, in some ways, underbred. Bronson Alcott (or shall we say Mr. March?) quotes Plato in his family circle; but his family uses inveterately bad grammar. 'Don't talk about "labelling" Pa, as if he was a pickle-bottle!' — thus Jo chides her little sister for a Malapropism. Bad grammar we might expect from Jo, as a willful freak;

but should we expect the exquisite Amy (any little girl will tell you how exquisite Amy is supposed to be) to write to her father from Europe, about buying gloves in Paris, 'Don't that sound sort of elegant and rich?'

The bad grammar, in all the books, is constant. And yet, I know of no other young people's stories, anywhere, wherein the background is so unbrokenly and sincerely 'literary.' Cheap literature is unsparingly satirized; Plato and Goethe are quoted quite as everyday matters; and 'a metaphysical streak had unconsciously got into' Jo's first novel. In *The Rose in Bloom*, Miss Alcott misquotes Swinburne, to be sure, but she does it in the interest of morality; and elsewhere Mac quotes other lines from the same poet correctly. Of course, we all remember that Emerson's *Essays* helped on, largely, Mac's wooing — if, indeed, they did not do the whole trick. And has there ever been an 'abode of learning' — to slip, for a moment, into the very style of *Jo's Boys* — like unto Plumfield, crowned by 'Parnassus'? After all, too, we must remember how familiarly even those madcaps, Ted and Josie, bandied about the names of Greek gods. The boys and girls who scoff at the simple amusements of Miss Alcott's young heroes and heroines are, alack! not so much at home with classical mythology as the young people they despise. Yet, as I say, the bad grammar is everywhere — even in the mouths of the educators.

Breeding is, of course, not merely a matter of speech; and I fancy that my friend referred even more specifically to their manners — their morals being unimpeachable. Miss Alcott's people are, as the author herself says of them, unworldly. They are even magnificently so; and they score the worldly at every turn. You remember Mrs. March's strictures on the Moffats, and

Polly's justifiable criticisms of Fanny Shaw's friends? and Rose's utter lack of snobbishness about Phœbe, the little scullery-maid, who eventually was brought up with her? Of course, Archie's mother objects, at first, to his marrying Phœbe, but she is soon reconciled — and apologetic.

Granted their unworldliness, their high scale of moral values, where, then, is the trace of vulgarity that is needed to make breeding bad? They pride themselves on their separation from all vulgarity. 'My mother is a lady,' Polly reflects, 'even if' — even if she is not rich, like the Shaws. The March girls are always consoling themselves for their vicissitudes by the fact that their parents are gentlefolk. Well, they are underbred in precisely the way in which, one fancies, the contemporaries of Emerson in Concord may well have been underbred. It is the 'plain-living' side of the 'high thinking.' They despised externals, and, in the end, externals had their revenge. Breeding, as such, is simply not a product of the independent village. (Some one may mention Cranford; but you cannot call Cranford independent, with its slavish adherence to the etiquette of the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson, its constant awed reference to Sir Peter Arley and the 'county families.') The villagers have not — and who supposes that Bronson Alcott and Thoreau had it? — the gift of civilized contacts. A contact, be it remembered, is not quite the same thing as a relation. Manners are a natural growth of courts. Recall any mediæval dwelling of royalty; then imagine life lived in those cramped chambers, in the perpetual presence of superiors and inferiors alike — and lived informally!

In Miss Alcott's world, all that is changed. According to the older tradition, a totally unchaperoned youth would mean lack of breeding. Here, on

the contrary, all the heroines are unchaperoned, while the match-making mamma is anathema. We did not cut off King Charles's head for nothing. The reward of the unchaperoned daughter is to make a good match. In that rigid school, conventions are judged — and nobly enough, Heaven knows! — from the point of view of morals alone (of absolute, not of historic or evolutionary morals) and many conventions are thereby damned. The result is a little like what one has heard of contemporary Norway. 'Underbred' is very likely too strong a word; yet one does see how the social state described in *Little Women* might easily shock any one brought up in a less provincial tradition. There is too much love-making, for example. Though sweethearting between five-year-olds is frowned on, sweethearting between fifteen-year olds is quite the thing. In real life, it would not always be safe to marry, very young, your first playmate. Any one who has lived in the more modern New England village knows perfectly well that people still marry, very young, their first playmates, and that disaster often results. Nor can Una always depend on the protection of a lion that is necessarily invisible. Granted that Jo's precocious sense was right, and that it would have been a mistake for her to marry Laurie; which of us believes that, in real life, she would not have made the mistake? You cannot depend on young things in their teens to foresee the future of their temperaments accurately. One cannot but feel that if Mrs. March really saw the complete unfitness of those two for each other, it was her duty to put a few conventional obstacles in their path.

Perhaps all this was part of what my friend meant by lack of breeding in the traditional sense: the social *laissez-aller* in extraordinary (and perhaps not eternally maintainable?) combination with

moral purity. But I suspect that she referred, as well, to another aspect of Miss Alcott's environment: to the unmistakable lack of the greater and lesser amenities of life. The plain living is quite as prominent as the high thinking. The whole tissue of the March girls' lives is a very commonplace fabric. You know that their furniture was bad — and that they did not know it; that their æsthetic sense was untrained and crude — and that they did not care; that the simplicity of their meals, their household service, their dress, their everyday manners (in spite of the myth about Amy) was simplicity of the common, not of the intelligent, kind. You really would not want to spend a week in the house of any one of them. Nor has their simplicity in any wise the quality of austerity. Remember the pies that the older March girls carried for muffs (the management whereof was one of the ever-unsolved riddles of my childhood).

No: in so far as breeding is a matter of externals, one must admit that there is some sense in calling Miss Alcott's people underbred. Perhaps we do not choose to call breeding a matter of externals. In that, we should perfectly agree with Miss Alcott's people themselves; and to that we shall presently come. For what is incontrovertible is that Miss Alcott's work is a genuine document.

I have spoken of the unimpeachable morality of Miss Alcott's world. Charlie lost Rose for having drunk one glass of champagne too much. That is the worst sin committed in any of the books, so far as I remember. Of course, the black sheep, Dan, had been in prison; but he had killed his man inevitably, almost helplessly, in self-defense; and, besides, the treatment of Dan is purely snobbish, from start to finish. Even Mrs. Jo, while she stands by him, is acutely conscious of the social differ-

ence between him and her own kin. The moment he lifts his eyes to Bess —! No: the books are quite snobbish enough, in their way. Nat, foundling and fiddler, is permitted to marry Daisy in the end (though, really, anybody might have married Daisy!). But Nat, though a *parvenu*, is a milksop, and is quite able to say that he has never done anything really disgraceful. The fact is that their social distinctions, while they operate socially, are yet all moral in origin. And this is a very 'special' note: the bequest, it may well be, of Calvin.

We're the elect, and you'll be damned;
Hell, like a wallet, shall be crammed
With God's own reprobates.

The transcendental Mr. March would never have sung it; but he and his knew something akin to those resolute discriminations.

Another point is perhaps even more interesting. There are not, I believe, any other books in the world so blatantly full of morality — of moral issues, and moral tests, and morals passionately abided by — and at the same time so empty of religion. The Bible is never quoted; almost no one goes to church; and they pray only when very young and in extreme cases. The only religious allusion, so far as I know, in *Little Women*, is the patronizing mention of the Madonna provided for Amy by Aunt March's Catholic maid. And even then, you can see how broad-minded Mrs. March considers herself, to permit Amy the quasi-oratory; and Amy does not attempt to disguise the fact that she admires the picture chiefly for its artistic quality. Yet it is only fair to remember that, in Miss Alcott's day, people were reading, without so much as one grain of salt, the confessions of 'escaped' nuns, and the novels of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright — and that Elsie Dinsmore developed brain fever when her father

threatened to send her to a convent school. Perhaps Mrs. March had a right to flatter herself. Again, as I say, these are documents.

There are many other straws to show which way the wind blows. Would any one but Miss Alcott, for example, have allowed her chief heroine to marry a Professor Bhaer? No modern child ever quite recovers from the shock of it. But we must remember that, in Miss Alcott's time, German metaphysicians were not without honor in Concord. The breath of reform, too, is hot upon the pages. 'Temperance' — remember Charlie's unlucky glass of champagne, and Laurie's promise to Meg on her wedding-day; the festivals of the virtuous are a perpetual bath of lemonade. 'Woman Suffrage' — recall the discussions alluded to in 'The Pickwick Portfolio,' and the fate of the few scoffers in coeducational Plumfield. The children are all passionate little Abolitionists; and the youths are patriotic with a fervid, unfamiliar patriotism, which touches, at its dim source, emotions that to us are almost more prehistoric than historic.

In the minds of Miss Alcott's world, there is still a lively distrust of the British. They are wont to oppress their colonies, and they cheat at croquet. Indeed, Miss Alcott's characters look a little askance at all foreigners — except German professors. There is no prophecy of the Celtic Revival in their condescending charity to poor Irish-women. The only people, not themselves, whom they wholly respect, are the Negroes. The rich men are nearly all East India merchants, and their money goes eventually to endow educational institutions. The young heroes have a precocious antipathy to acquiring wealth for its own sake. Demi would rather, he says, sweep door-mats in a publishing-house than go into business, like 'Stuff' and his kind. 'I

would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord,' — it would hardly over-emphasize Demi's so typical feeling for the sanctity of the printed page; for the utter desirability of the publisher's own office, where, as he says, great men go in and out, with respect. And — to complete the evidence — the books do not lack the note of New English austerity, though they come by it indirectly enough. The New English literary tradition seems to be fairly clear: either passion must be public, or, if it is private, it must be thwarted. There is a good deal of public passion — for philanthropy, for education, and what-not — in the books, after all. There is no private passion at all: though the books brim with sentiment, — sentiment, which is eternally manifest, being perhaps a safer guess for the outsider, — Miss Alcott writes as one who had never loved. It would be difficult to find, anywhere, stories so full of love-making and so empty of emotion.

Straws show which way the wind blows; and these straws are all borne in the same direction. Is not this the New England on which, if not in which, we were all brought up? Any honest New Englander — a New Englander of the villages, I mean — will admit that the New English are singularly ungifted for social life and manners. We suspected that long ago, when we first read Miss Alcott, if we happened to turn, after *Little Women*, to any one of Mrs. Ewing's or Mrs. Molesworth's stories. Imagine Jo dressed, as Mrs. Molesworth's heroines all were, by Walter Crane! The real 'old-fashioned girl' was not Polly Milton, but Griselda, in *The Cuckoo Clock*. Polly was simply of no fashion at all. There was some (wistful?) sense of this in us, even then. Yet of course we admitted that, in comparison, Mrs. Molesworth lacked plot — as Heaven

knows she did! Any New Englander of the villages is familiar, too, with the passion for 'education'; a passion that, I suspect, you can match now only in the Middle West. We all know that bigoted scholarliness, in combination, precisely, with nasal and ungrammatical speech, which there is no special point in flattering with the term 'idiomatic.' One or two of Mr. Churchill's later novels have preserved to us instances of it. We are fortunate if we have come off quite free of the superstition, so prevalent through the March family, that a book — 'any old' book — is sacred. We scoff heartily at the *parvenu* whose books are bound without first being printed; but I am not sure that any pure-bred villager would not rather have sham books than no books at all. We cannot help it. No other furniture seems to us quite so good.

We have all been brought up, too, to be moral snobs. New England mothers must often be put to it to find purely moral grounds for discriminating against some of the playmates their children would ignorantly bring home. They must often yearn to say, without indirection, 'I do not wish you to play with the butcher's little girl, and her being in your Sunday-school class makes no difference whatever.' But the real New England mother never does. She must manage it otherwise; since the only legitimate basis for her discriminations would be some sort of proof that butchers' little girls were apt to be naughty. The respective fates of Nat and Dan are, I dare to say, as accurate as if they had been recorded by the official investigators of the Eugenics Society. The lack of religion, some one may object, is anything but typically New English. Perhaps, a hundred years ago, it would not have been. And we have not, to be sure, been transcendental with impunity:

we have the Calvinistic Unitarian. But the average New England conscience has always had a more natural turn for ethics than for pure piety. Children in Miss Alcott's books were brought up, like ourselves, to obey their parents. It was Elsie Dinsmore, on her Southern plantation, who (like a Presbyterian St. Rose of Lima) defied her father for religion's sake. Of course we all had to read about Elsie surreptitiously. We knew that without asking. There was a good deal of plain thinking, as well as of high thinking, in our and Miss Alcott's world. As for our unworldliness: we have come a long way since Miss Alcott; yet I verily believe that, even now, almost any bounder can take us in if he poses as a philosopher. So many have done it!

I have not done more than indicate Miss Alcott's exceeding fidelity. Begin recalling her for yourself, and you will agree that she gives us social life as New Englanders, for decades, have, on the whole, known it. The relations of parent and child, brother and sister, community and individual, of playmates, of lovers, of citizens, are all such as we know them. They are familiar to us, if not positively our own experience. Life has grown more complicated everywhere. Yet I doubt if, even now, any New English child would instinctively call Miss Alcott's people underbred. We still understand their code, if we do not practice it. New England is still something more than a convenient term for map-makers. These be our own villages.

THE USES OF THE COMIC SPIRIT IN RELIGION

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

THE author of *Sandra Belloni*, in one of his delightful moments of taking his readers into his philosophic confidence, remarks: —

'Man is a laughing animal, and at the end of infinite search the philosopher finds himself clinging to laughter as the best of human fruit, purely human and sane and comforting.'

Certainly we are all of us more real if, in laughing with the author through his charming pages of 'unreason and sentimentalism exposed,' we have heard his sermon aright. Who, after the *Egoist*, can attitudinize before life without a blush at finding the Comic Muse looking over his shoulder

with a quizzical smile on her sparkling countenance.

If laughter be among the lesser spiritual graces as compared with faith, it is none the less of honorable lineage as an instrument of reform. Not till a ripple of 'thoughtful laughter' has been evoked, can any reform get far along its healing way. New epochs have always been ushered in in the tingling atmosphere of wit. Cervantes, Erasmus, Rabelais, each has laughed at his generation to its lasting benefit. The age of sluggish wit is likely to be an age of shallow religion, sentimentalism, and sham.

It has been remarked that the gods

of the Romans were eminently respectable but very dull and prosaic persons. It might at the risk of irreverence be said that in general the gods of the world have been made to appear too austere. We have tried to endow Divinity with our own best behavior, and in our solemn moments of defining Deity, have quite overlooked that cosiest corner of the heart, into which the oblique rays of the Comic, slanting over our high altars, come freighted with matter for laughter. Because we are very grave of countenance when we speak of God, we imagine that there can be nothing about us that may seem comic to Him. But the omniscient heart in which the reverent have found, blended with pity and love, the eloquent scorn of the Gospels, must see in us queer beings, along with the tears and the tragedy: comic incongruities upon which humor may beneficently flash and play. The ominous thought that God may laugh, would, had it occurred to us, have long since added an infinite touch of reverence to our prayers, and have purged us of our egoism. The moment that an age suspects that its manners may seem a bit ridiculous to God, an epoch hails its end.

Reformers are skilled in using every other weapon except the nimble one which the Comic Muse graciously offers. We have had irony and satire, burning indignation and withering contempt. We have had humor with velvet touch coddling the offender, and graciously apologetic for venturing within detached and holy precincts. But keen laughter, straight from the brain, at the sheer drollness of our little unreasons and sentimentalisms, — the intelligence quivering to discern our absurdities and pretensions, our hypocrisies and affectations, our pomposities and acquired solemnities, — this, alas, only too rarely.

The true religious liberal has this

distinction of spirit, — a gift of the comic intelligence; he keeps his temper in controversy. Any man who loses his temper over religion has at once become helplessly orthodox. In his fervor of defense he has pitched backward into the enemy's camp, and has forfeited his usefulness as a member of the society for the prevention of bigotry. There is something tragically ludicrous in two religions hating each other for the love of God.

When Kingsley lost his temper over the devious progress of Newman's faith, Newman with calculated restraint wrote the *Apologia*. Tyrrell's well-tempered reply to the ponderous rebuke of Cardinal Mercier is the *Medievalism*. Scorn is best answered in the civil vein. Had Kingsley set the Comic Muse on the trail of Tract 90 we might have been the poorer without our *Apologia*, but the confusion would not have been Kingsley's. The amenities of religious controversy must be dictated by the Comic Muse. Only kindly, illuminating laughter can keep order when impassioned convictions contend for the mastery.

Every piece of religious bigotry or sham has its comic side. Reality in its 'shapeliness and honesty' precludes laughter. Unreality limps, squints, or drawls, wears cap and bells, without knowing it. We may make up our minds that we have not found the essence of unreality till we have found something which excites merriment, solemn merriment though it be. Reform moves at so laggard a pace because a sense of the ridiculous is not one of the common graces. Outworn, dilapidated formulas or articles of religion are the meekest combatants. They crumble and shrink before a discerning smile. The Comic Spirit has argued down Calvin by mere refusal to attend, and by nodding during his harangues. Logic is no match for an

awakened sense of the ludicrous. Cervantes never could have persuaded his generation by denunciation and tears that its literature was getting ridiculous, but the idea translated into terms of Don Quixote and his Squire made an admirable campaign document. One must have noted that by and by the season of argument in reform movements is past. The Comic has done her cleansing work, and with quizzical smile the combatants renounce the battle. Boredom has discredited many a false god.

Here is the joy of Erasmus, — an efficient type of the religious reformer. He widened measurably the capacity of his age for the comic perception. When Erasmus, or an anonymous disciple, proposed to enlighten the Papacy touching its shortcomings, he let St. Peter and the Pope in for a dialogue at the gate of heaven, and the showers of ridicule upon current controversy were tonic, like Alpine breezes.

When we read *The Praise of Folly*, we perceive what well-tempered weapon the sixteenth century brought into the service of reform, and in what a bracing intellectual climate controversy moved. The Comic Muse ushered in modernity with a smile. 'Ritualism and ceremony, dogmatic theology and philosophy and personal character,' were all thrown into the crucible of Erasmus's keen comic intelligence. His edition of the New Testament became the 'best seller' of the week, with one hundred thousand copies hot from the press, going through the heart of Europe like a 'polished rapier.' The ponderous solemnities winced, and the audience held its sides. The joy of it was — the Holy Father gave his blessing, and members of the Sacred College were Erasmus's patrons. And he never lost his temper. He was as much at his ease exposing priestly foibles and hypocrisy as when writing

those delightful letters to his patron Warham, or nudging some illustrious friend for a benefice or pension for his distinguished talents to repose upon. We shall not understand the processes of the Protestant Reformation, or of any reformation, till we have considered the function of the Comic in the battle for spiritual directness and honesty. Wit seizes on sham as birds on prey.

Perhaps no vocations need the vigilant eye of the Comic Muse more than those which have undertaken the weighty business of administering the solemnities of life, for sentimentality hovers with claw and beak to do them injury. 'Our souls must be on fire when we wear solemnity,' says the writer on Comedy, 'if we would not press upon his shrewdest nerve.' Every Divinity School might well have in its senior year, along with courses in systematic divinity and homiletics, a course in the great masters of comedy; and, to arouse our sluggish wits and keep us on our guard, it might not be amiss to carve upon our pulpits, side by side with the lean Gothic saints, the figure of Aristophanes or Molière with warning finger. How one loves those laughing, indecorous imps one spies in Gothic cathedrals, — safety valves of the comic perception of those bohemian journeymen-builders, signaling to posterity their conviction that piety at high Gothic tension needs always the vigilant eye of the Comic Muse. Close beside the tragic and the sublime there is ever lurking in the affairs of men such stuff as comedy is made of.

Children are never ridiculous. The Comic finds in them no vulnerable point; which may help us to understand why Christ chose them as the favorite symbol of Christian attainment. The child thinks himself neither good nor bad. The false solemnities of his elders, their egoisms and pre-

tensions, are foreign matters to him. He must become full grown before he would hide his poverty or expose his wealth. His grief is real and thoroughgoing, and he weeps without affectation.

The Comic is ever sensitive about giving the devil his due, and is a firm believer in the democratic doctrine that even fools have their rights. Few of us are really converted to the evil opinion of ourselves to which the liturgy commits us upon our solemn feasts and fasts. The Comic Muse understands the situation perfectly. While she outstrips even the clergy in probing our weaknesses and 'pinking' us when we are off guard, she secretly admires us for being as good as we are. Some of our most disturbing faults require no heavier charge than laughter to wing them in their flight.

Where the Comic becomes an innovator in morals and religion is in her mellow conviction that men need not so much the prophet as the comedian; not to be scolded so much as to be laughed into a state of grace. Religion, now, is usually pitched at too high a key to undertake these humbler spiritual tasks. It takes us so seriously upon all occasions that we are likely to reflect its solemn visage and take ourselves more seriously than we ought. Even the more intimate concerns of the heart, our joys and sorrows, need the chastening of the comic presence.

Here are meaner offices for the Comic Muse. She begs to be allowed 'to straighten up' our minds a bit before we open our weighty controversies over religion. Without becoming personal — she is too sophisticated for that — she attempts some preliminary repairs on manners and morals, by pointing out our egoisms, vanities, and self-delusions, revealing beneath a respectable veneer our weak underpinnings of character and the rotten rafters in our

dispositions. She even intrudes upon some of the 'hazy regions' of religion, and is impudent enough to ask just *what* we mean, confessing her obtuseness in such lofty matters, yet stubbornly claiming the right to police the precinct just the same.

She is fond of probing our exalted moods, and is merciless in touching the quick of any unreality or sham, — courteously begging our pardon for interrupting our confession of faith. To have received her absolution before we venture to expose our souls to a more searching Presence, is no mean preparation for the reception of higher benefits. The chamber is swept and garnished, but not empty.

Not that the Comic Spirit may not find a vocation, humbler though it may be, in the mundane region of science and philosophy. The pursuit of TRUTH is a serious calling, and when, like that of religion, it threads its perilous path circumspectly, it soars into the empyrean well out of reach of the Comic; but when, presuming upon his high calling, the truth-keeper becomes arrogant, Comedy is hot on the trail. The late 'scientific era' was solemn as an owl and pompous as a prelate. The ages when men have 'pursued truth' have generally been too self-conscious to be keen of wit. It requires exquisite modulation of soul to walk with truth 'unostentatiously, and choose to whisper not shout our creeds.'

Hitherto it has been supposed that orthodoxy had monopolized complacent assurance, but of late heterodoxy and liberalism have been imitating their opponent's least admirable mood. The Comic is the only safe medium in which to apply 'pure reason' to religion, for the reason needs constantly to be laughed out of its placid pretensions. Alone it is the bluntest weapon of reform. The most flagrant fault of the heretic is his lack of humor. He takes

his intellect too seriously. Often heresy is truth merely *under-exposed*, and it is the function of common sense to perceive just when it is developed sufficiently to be presentable. We should do well to take on the Comic Muse, if we would pilot a safe course between orthodoxy and heresy.

The clergy and the whole company of idealists have always been easy prey for the Comic, because they handle explosive matter, — the eternal discrepancy between 'the aspirations and the occupations of men.' In the collision of incompatible ideals—for civilization and the Gospel are in perpetual clash — fire is struck which may illumine for us, if we possess comic appreciation, many a sentimentalism and moral incongruity. We are most vulnerable when we soar, for then we cut loose from our base of supplies, — common sense. The land of enthusiasm is always uncharted, and we venture there at the risk of making fools of ourselves.

Religion pays for her idealism in ever bordering perilously upon the comic. Her most resourceful but dangerous gift is to touch the brain of man with a heavenly madness. It was not 'much learning' which made Paul mad, but much Christianity. But the chasm between the glorious madness of Paul and that of Don Quixote is partly a question of comic perception. The Knight of La Mancha went forth with the vision unalloyed, spear in hand, only to have the windmills get the better of him. Paul contrived while earning a living to write a volume of immortal letters, make a missionary tour of the world, upset the Roman Empire, and 'to do good unto all men.'

The facile moods of sanity, balance, and common sense, are not the idealist's most efficient capital, but somewhere in his train, if he shall get on at all with the existing order, he needs his Sancho Panza and the Comic Muse.

One of the sacred uses of Comedy is to relieve the tension in this highly charged atmosphere, where the earthly and transcendent orders overlap, and where religion and the other sublimities thrive.

To see the vision and yet to be patient with imperfection; to feel the tragic breach between the City of God and the cities in which we live, and still to go on as hopeful workers with our awkward tools; to have our 'conversation in heaven,' and yet contrive to speak a dialect understood of men; to know that common sense is only common, of the earth, earthy, with no jurisdiction in heaven, and yet not to despise its use; to accept, without emasculating religion or despairing of culture, the blazing paradox of the Gospels, which seek while despising civilization to regenerate the world, — to thread these perilous paths between earth and sky, one needs, along with glowing convictions, the lambent light of the Comic to guide his feet.

The founders of systems have for the most part succeeded in keeping their balance on these giddy heights while their followers have floundered helplessly in the absurd. Brook Farm was comic, but Emerson, who set going the spiritual impulse, was the first to see the joke. Tolstoi, with all reverence, was at times tragically, sublimely comic; but Jesus, whom he sought to pattern, carved his path through contemporary Judæa so graciously as to open among us, age by age, new mines of awe and reverence for his attainment. God's idealism, we suspect, is patient.

There are infinite depths of comic appreciation in the Master's retort to the Pharisee regarding Cæsar's image on the coin. That was one of the tense moments in history in which enthusiasm and necessity conflict, the encounter bordering upon the tragic. Jesus relieved the pressure by opening the

comic valve. Throwing logic and consistency to the winds, He fell back on civilization as offering just then the more amiable solution of a gratuitous problem. A grain less of humor would have entangled Him in noxious particulars, — a constitution and a platform. A typical reformer similarly involved might have risked a pamphlet on Christian currency. Many a delicate but profitless issue can be avoided by the comic perception.

But by no means does the Comic preclude our reverence for the glorious failures in this tragic struggle, our John the Baptists and our Tolstoïs. They are punctuation-marks in progress, interpretative pauses in civilization, to bring out the meaning of life. Without these austere symbols of the irreconcilable conflict between the world and the Gospel, life would be measurably meaner. But the minor prophets, whose souls are not on fire, may be grateful while pursuing the higher and more audacious loyalties, if the Comic Spirit, testing their exalted moods, puts them on their guard. It is the eternal wonder of the character of Jesus, that He undertook the tragic task of living by the Gospels and yet gave no cause for pity or for laughter.

We have narrowly interpreted the office of the Comic Muse if we think her cynically indifferent to zeal and impassioned prayer; supercilious with the crude, impervious to pathos, tragedy, and grandeur in life. All this she reverently leaves untouched. It is charmed ground, before which she stands with finger on lips and masks the eye. She is ever keen to recognize the heroic vein, and is genially indulgent of superstitions, if rooted in the heart. There is nothing comic in the rude peasant kneeling before a shrine at the cross-roads, or awestruck before a Madonna in Spain. Millet found it sublime. But there is something in-

expressibly funny in the American mother refusing to teach her child the Lord's Prayer before he should 'be old enough to choose for himself.' There is nothing comic in superstition, when, like a peasant or a cardinal, one is to the manor born; but as an acquired taste among Protestant reactionaries it is likely to be ludicrous. The recent convert from Puritanism must not tell his beads ostentatiously. The luxuriant faith of a Saint Theresa is not comic, but a militant or languid liberalism subsisting on spiritual essences made in Germany and warranted pure, in its complacency gives matter often for laughter. One does not laugh at the ancient Publican beating his breast outside the Temple, but the modern Pharisee, boasting that he is too intelligent to go in, is a bit ridiculous.

Man is least reverent when 'mined with conceit, over-blown,' affected, or spiritually fantastic. We can well be laughed out of our egoism if we live in a zone where the Comic Spirit thrives. But religion in its spiritual loftiness is fitted to neglect these humbler tasks relating to the mind. It is the proper office of Comedy, as she flashes and plays upon the surface of life, to reveal in her lucent medium false values which cripple the efficiency of institutions and mar the loveliness of men.

It is an awful affirmation of faith that God sees all. If the conviction be thorough-going it ought to sharpen our comic perception and put us on the alert. That the Soul at the heart of things may laugh need not keep us on our good behavior, — for *that* we must remember that He loves, — but certainly it may accomplish the meaner task of informing us wherein life ceases to ring quite true. There is a state of grace which is an affair of the comic intelligence. Religion needs this 'sunlight of the mind' to keep her enthusiasms fruitful and the heart sweet.

DARWIN AT AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

BY RICHARD C. MACLAURIN

COULD Darwin be produced in an American university to-day? is a question recently discussed in academic circles. Put in this form the question is easily answered. Such men are not *produced* in any university. They are God's favorite children; and of the education of his favorites He is in no wise particular. Like the poets, they are born, not made; or as Professor Osborn of Columbia puts it, 'The first secret of greatness is to be born great — unfortunately a difficult task.' No one, however, even professes to be so much in the secrets of Providence, or to have penetrated so far into the mysteries of heredity, as to suggest that the difficulty of being born great is more formidable in America than elsewhere.

Yet one may be born for great things and fail to perform them through adverse circumstances. And so it is suggested that, had Darwin's experiences of a university been like those afforded in America to-day, his development would have been retarded if not entirely checked. It is submitted, by way of rebuttal, that Darwin survived the influences of the British universities. At Edinburgh, he found the lectures incredibly dull, 'as dull as the lecturers themselves.' His language with regard to these lecturers is in striking contrast to his references to sport at the same period. 'How I did enjoy shooting!' When he went from Edinburgh to Cambridge, things did not mend much so far as lectures were concerned, although here, too, there were compensations: — 'Upon the whole, the three

years that I spent at Cambridge were the most joyful in my happy life.'

It is not suggested by the severest critics of our institutions that Darwin would have brought the same charges against our lecturers that he brought against those of his own country. Lectures, however, are but a part, and for a man like Darwin, a small part, of academic life. Are the other influences at work favorable or unfavorable to the development of a man with native power to advance the bounds of knowledge? Many of those who have taken part in the discussion of this question have adopted a despondent tone. Let us look at the matter calmly.

We are bound to recognize the fact that, in spite of the splendid provision for research that is so marked a feature of this country, there is much misgiving as to the future. Indeed no one can fail to be impressed with the striking contrast that is presented between the prevailing pessimism with regard to culture, and the prevailing optimism with regard to material advancement. If we put aside the jibes of those who speak as if success in anything obtained by honorable means may be a proper subject for a sneer, we find little serious criticism of our business methods (apart from the moral issues that they raise). When our visitors have overcome their first surprise at the height of our buildings and the size of the headlines in our newspapers, then, if the music of praise be in them at all, they point to our wonderful material successes and sing pæans over our

time-saving devices and other evidences of skill in 'practical' affairs. Soon, however, they begin to shake their heads (and too often we shake ours in stupid unison) over the outlook on the side of culture. They say that we cannot create literature, or advance science, or paint pictures. My own view is that all this is nonsense. I agree neither with the pessimists nor with the optimists. Not with the optimists, for although there is much that is admirable in the conduct of our business, vast improvements could be effected almost everywhere by the adoption of more scientific methods. What we do, we do on a great scale, but we often do it very badly; and it is mainly owing to our exceptional opportunities that we have had exceptional success. Nor am I on the side of the pessimists. I do not merely *think* that we can produce first-rate men of science, I *know* that we do produce them. The deplorable fact is that, as a rule, we have not the grace to recognize them. Let me cite a few examples, out of many that might be adduced, from the field of my own special interests.

Take first the case of J. Willard Gibbs of Yale. Of him Sir Joseph Larmor, addressing the Royal Society of London, and doubtless weighing his words before such an audience, said, 'The nineteenth century will be remembered as much for the establishment of the dynamical theory of heat at the very foundation of general physics, as for the unravelment of the nature of radiation and of electricity, or the advance of molecular science. In the first of these subjects the name of Carnot has a place by itself; in the completion of its earlier physical stage the names of Joule and Clausius and Kelvin stand out by common consent; and it is not too much to say that, by the final adaptation of its ideas to all reversible natural operations, the

name of Gibbs takes a place alongside theirs.

Gibbs's chief achievement was the development of the fundamental principles that regulate the trend of transformation in chemical and physical processes. In science, to know is to predict; and when one can predict changes in physical state one must be near the root of the matter. And so all competent authorities recognize that Gibbs rendered the greatest service to chemistry by definitely marking out the channels within which a scheme of reactions can proceed. In spite of this he was hardly known in this country at the time when he was making these great advances. He was discovered by a foreigner, Maxwell, who in 1876 contributed an enthusiastic exposition of Gibbs's work to the Cambridge Philosophical Society in England. This introduced Gibbs to Europe, and particularly to the great physical chemists of the Dutch school, who quickly recognized the importance of his work and developed it experimentally. After this, of course, Gibbs was honored by scientific societies at home as well as abroad, but even now few, outside a very limited scientific circle, have ever heard of him.

Think next of G. W. Hill, a graduate of Rutgers College, one of the most original characters in the history of American science. He is happily still with us, living apart from the rushing tide that surges in the neighborhood of New York, on his peaceful farm in the valley of the Hudson. What proportion of the graduates of American colleges know anything of Hill, although the most famous of French mathematical physicists, Poincaré, says, 'His theory of the moon will make his name immortal. In that work he proves himself not only a skilled artist and persistent investigator, but a profound and original inventor.'

These two men belonged to an earlier generation, and it may be suggested that things have changed of late. Let us take then a thoroughly modern instance. George E. Hale graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1890. The thesis for his degree was entitled *Photography of the Solar Prominences*, and in his hands it quickly led to developments which in the opinion of the highest authorities mark the beginning of a new era in astronomy. He has taught us a selective method of photography by means of which we can obtain a picture of the clouds of hydrogen in the sun, another of the clouds of calcium vapor, and so of other elements. From this he has gone on from strength to strength, and since the resources of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, supported by the Carnegie Institution, have been at his disposal, he has unraveled many of the mysteries of the sun-spots and made possible not only the detection, but the measurement, of the magnetic forces that play around the sun. For such work he has been crowned with honor abroad, and warmly acclaimed by a small band of scientists at home. Outside this band, however, his name is scarcely known, even where one might expect otherwise.

Some few months ago Mr. Carnegie announced that he had added ten million dollars to his splendid endowment of research. In making this gift, he remarked that all that he had done for the advancement of science had been fully justified by the work of one genius, — Professor Hale, the director of the Mt. Wilson Observatory; — and he added, ‘All the world will listen to the wizard on the top of Mt. Wilson.’

Such praise from such a source naturally attracted attention. All the newspapers had much to say of Mr. Carnegie, and some of them referred

to Mr. Hale. The latter’s name, however, was evidently new to most of them, and in Boston itself I saw no immediate recognition of the fact that this ‘wizard’ was trained at one of the great educational institutions of that city and did epoch-making work there twenty years ago. Had he been an equally distinguished foreigner, the very details of his domestic life would have been displayed for our edification.

This comparative neglect of our fellows is all the more surprising in view of Mr. Bryce’s statement that we have ‘enthusiasm for anything that can be called genius, and an over-readiness to discover it.’ Our newspapers, even the best, are conspicuously ill-informed on matters of science; but for the real explanation of the constant heaping of honors on the wrong man, we should have to search much deeper. That, however, would lead us astray, for the main purpose of the citations that have been given is to prove that as a matter of fact we do produce front-rank men. Whether, having regard to the general level of intelligence and to the special educational opportunities that are presented, we produce as many great names as should be expected, is another question. It is, however, idle to discuss it, for the only practical question is this: can anything be done to improve our condition, whether it be good or bad?

There can be little doubt that there are many forces at work here that are adverse to the scholarly life. The influence in this direction that is most commonly discussed is our devotion to material success. Men are probably just as keen to grow rich in other lands, but their chances of success are smaller. Here almost every man of brains is made to feel that there is nothing but self that can permanently exclude him from the circle of the rich. The bait is placed so temptingly before so many that it is not surprising that many

swallow it. It is a bait, too, that attracts men of large vision, for the scale of business is unusually great and many of its larger problems are of a character that appeals to the imaginative mind. And so it comes about quite naturally that an unusually large percentage of the best brains go into the business of America.

Then it must be admitted that the rewards of the scholar are smaller here than in older lands. This may not be true of the scholar who becomes famous, but it is true of the larger body that are never heard of. There is not the same respect here as elsewhere for the scholar as such, whether he be successful or not. After all, fame is the last infirmity of noble minds, and it does not help a man very much in his dark days to know that he will be appreciated if he become famous. He is not made to feel that he is on the right track, whether he win success or not, and that his mere efforts to succeed in the scholarly calling will win him respect. And so he often loses heart before success crowns his efforts.

A strong force making against first-rate work is the lack of repose that characterizes our people. If we are not always in a hurry we are nearly always restless. This restlessness shows itself clearly in the field of science. Darwin was a young man when his great theory of the origin of species was clearly conceived, and yet he waited and worked until he was fifty before giving his theory to the world. 'I gained much by the delay,' he says. Our young men rarely stick long to a special line of research. They are too ready to plunge into new fields, into any region, indeed, that happens to be prominent at the moment, in forgetfulness of Darwin's favorite maxim, 'It's dogged that does it.'

Perhaps it is true that too many of our universities are in, or near, great

cities, which present too many distractions — social and political. Of course great work has been done in London, Paris, and Berlin, but almost invariably by men strong enough to keep out of the rush. Darwin found the social life of Cambridge 'too pleasant' for work, and although he made some progress in the metropolis, it was only because 'if one is quiet in London, there is nothing like its quietness.' However, apart altogether from the throbbing life of a great city, there are usually more than enough distractions within an American university itself. We hear complaints on all hands of the multiplication of machinery, the endless reports that are called for, the crushing load of committee meetings that must be borne. Perhaps our scholars are too ready to assume such burdens, or devote themselves with needless seriousness to such interests. It must be admitted, however, that here and elsewhere men have done great things while burdened with the routine duties of administrative office. Adams, who discovered Neptune, was the bursar of a Cambridge college, and many similar examples might be cited from the leading men of to-day. The strong and determined override all obstacles, and yet we should not forget that Darwin doubted whether he would have achieved much in science had he not had ample leisure from not having to earn his bread.

A serious source of danger lurks in an otherwise excellent thing — our peculiar devotion to *institutions*. Practically in all cases the institution overshadows the man. That this should be the case with the mass of students is not at all surprising; but it is surprising with the few who make mastery of some subject the object of their ambition. It is almost incredible that these should fail to recognize the importance of coming into close personal contact

with the greatest in their chosen field. In the realm of physics an Englishman who has selected his life-work does not go to Cambridge, but to J. J. Thomson or to Larmor, just as a Scotsman did not go to Glasgow, but to Kelvin, nor a German to Berlin, but to Helmholtz. Our men are learning this lesson slowly, but they still go far too much to Harvard, or to Yale, or to Columbia.

I fear that the character of our teaching must be included among the forces making for the triumph of mediocrity. The fact is that we teach too much, that we spoon-feed our students and do not throw the better ones upon their own resources nearly enough. Darwin learned little from the professors at Edinburgh, but much from the undergraduate members of the Plinian Society. At Cambridge at least he had liberty, and 'no pursuit was followed with so much eagerness as collecting beetles.' He got nothing of importance from direct teaching, but his social intercourse with leading scientists, and in particular his historic 'walks with Henslow' were among the great formative influences of his life. It is hard to realize that he did not aspire to 'honors,' and consequently that he knew nothing by actual experience of the honor system at Cambridge. Would he have accounted it good or bad, had he tried it? It would seem absurd to suggest that good teaching can fail to be helpful or that bad teaching can be good, and yet perhaps Darwin might have found some grain of truth in the suggestion that a peculiar merit of the Oxford and Cambridge 'honor' system is the 'badness' of the teaching. The students are brought face to face with really eminent men; these guide them more or less haphazardly into the mine and let them learn as best they may to recognize real gold when they see it. The system, or lack of system, may be hard on the average student, but it

may have its merits for the bright ones. Here, unfortunately, we run some danger of sacrificing everything to the average.

It is sometimes said that we have too many facilities for research, and certainly Darwin's equipment was remarkably modest. 'With us,' says President Jordan, 'every usable drug and every usable instrument is on tap. A button brings the investigator all the books of all the ages, all the records of past experience, carrying knowledge far ahead of his present requirements.' Of course this is not meant to be taken literally, such facilities being all for good in the saving of valuable time. The danger lies in attaching undue importance to the mere equipment for research, and in paying more attention to the machinery than to the man that makes use of it.

Some say that we encourage research too much, and stimulate it artificially. Talk of this kind is, for the most part, nonsense. There is certainly much that goes by the name of research that might well be dispensed with. The *Atlantic Monthly* has satirized researches to discover 'the prefixes in P to be found in Plautus, the terminations in T of Terence, and so forth.' Such work ought never to be dignified by the name of research, its only use being to keep men out of mischief. Some, who have more serious efforts in mind, complain that much of our research is mediocre in quality and that from the tons of theses that our young graduates produce, nothing of any real value ever comes. This is doubtless an exaggeration, but we miss the whole point of all 'research' of this class if we fail to see that the effort to be productive is an all-important part of genuine education. As Osborn has recently reminded us, 'One can not too often quote the rugged insistence of Carlyle: "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifulest infini-

tesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee, out with it, then!'

In this field it is certainly 'better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.' One may easily get a better grasp of what learning really means, one may get far more insight into real culture, if he honestly tries to advance the bounds of knowledge and fails, than if he spends his days in reading of the efforts of those who have been conspicuously successful as pioneers of learning. It is the failure to recognize the fact that it is the *giving out* rather than the *taking in* that, more than all else, makes an educated man or woman, that lies at the base of most that is really disquieting in the popular criticisms of education.

After all, however, most of these drawbacks that have been mentioned — materialism, lack of repose, bad teaching, and the like — are external, and can be overcome. If we fail, the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves. Too often, while professing to be scholars, we do not take the scholarly calling with sufficient zeal. A religious friend, to whom I had commended the life of Wesley for its literary merits, remarked after reading the book, 'The religious men of to-day are not like Wesley, and *they do not want to be like him.*' If we are not like the great scholars of other lands and other days, do we really want to be like them? Is scholarship with us a consuming passion, and does all else seem comparatively trifling? Can we say with Darwin, 'My love of science is not only steadfast, but *ardent*'? I often doubt it. Last year I met in Europe a group of young physicists. They talked of little else than recent theories of the ether, and recent speculations as to the nature of electricity and of matter. Everything else seemed to them trivial. Returning to this country, I met a similar group, or rather

a group professing similar interests. They too were ready to discuss such matters *if they were encouraged to do so*; but other thoughts were evidently more in their minds. They had a dozen interests quite as strong as that in physics.

Science and art are in spirit the same, and they must be pursued with the same ardor. The scientist, like the artist, must be ready to do anything and to go anywhere to get in touch with masters in his chosen field. He must deem no sacrifice of time or money too great to secure a real mastery of the *technique* of his profession, and should take warning from the fact that it is through weakness in technique that much of our science presents so amateurish an appearance.

We must recognize our shortcomings; but, after all, the outlook for research is distinctly encouraging. There has been much to complain of in some of our universities, but in others the conditions for research have been almost ideal. It is to be expected that they will improve everywhere under the competition between the universities and the institutions that are now richly endowed for research alone; and it is certainly to be hoped that there will be no unnecessary divorce between teaching and research. Here, as in every field, the great desideratum is men.

Of the older men, it would be an impertinence to say anything save by way of reminder that the conquests they have already achieved have won them honor throughout the world. There is much too that is promising among the young men — they are keen, energetic, and full of hope. And they have ground for hopefulness, for they live in stirring times. 'The new discoveries,' said J. J. Thomson recently, 'made in physics during the last few years, and the ideas and potentialities suggested by them, have had

an effect upon workers in that field akin to that produced by the Renaissance. Enthusiasm has been quickened, and there is a hopeful, youthful, perhaps exuberant, spirit abroad which leads men to make with confidence experiments that would have been thought fantastic twenty years ago. It has quite dispelled the pessimistic feeling not uncommon at that time, that all the interesting things had been discovered, and all that was left was to alter a decimal or two in some physical constant. There never was any justification for this feeling, there never were any signs of an approach to finality in

science. As we conquer peak after peak, we see regions in front of us full of interest and beauty, but we do not see our goal, we do not see the horizon; in the distance tower still higher peaks, which will yield to those who ascend them still wider prospects.'

My examples have been taken mainly from physics, because it is there that my special interests lie, but I do not mean to suggest for a moment that that region has a monopoly of the alluring peaks of human knowledge. There are doubtless equally fascinating ranges for exploration in other lands where the spirit of hope is also abroad.

WHY I CAME TO AMERICA

BY NATHAN KRAUS

A GLOOMY cloud was lowering over the Jewish community. Men walked with their eyes cast down. Women and children shunned the streets. Rumors were flying in the air, fixing different dates for riots to break out against the Jews; and the slightest quarrel between Jew and Gentile in the marketplace, a sight by no means unusual, was sufficient cause for a panic to break out in the adjacent streets, and sometimes even to sweep the entire city.

Representatives of the community called first on the chief of police, and then on the governor; but the answer they received, judging by their sad looks, was not at all satisfactory. Then the more active element of the young people called a secret meeting. The situation was discussed from all points of view. Stirring speeches were made

by different speakers, and attention was called to the fact that the government could not be relied on. The massacre of Kishinev was recalled, and analogies drawn. Finally the formation of a league of self-defense was agreed upon, and an appeal for such a union was thereupon made to the younger people.

The appeal met with hearty response. Young men from different classes of society rushed with enthusiasm to enlist in the league. Three companies were then formed, almost all of whose members were supplied with some kind of weapon from a special fund raised for that purpose. The city was divided into districts and sections, and plans were laid out to provide for common and uniform activity of the different companies.

The Jews were now beginning to regain their self-confidence. Almost all believed that some form of remedy had been found against the Russian 'pogrom.' Many of them, believing that the 'Black Hundred' would give up their plans as soon as they learned of the considerable risk involved in their contemplated attack upon the Jews, even argued that a collision could possibly be avoided. In short, the Jews of our city were determined, by an example of bold resistance and self-sacrifice, to point out to their brethren throughout the country a new way leading to their security.

In the jubilant choir of confident voices the only unharmonious note was that of the old and pious. These, watching the activity of the younger generation, only doubtfully nodded their heads, and repeatedly quoted, 'Unless the Lord guard the city, in vain is the watchman wakeful.'

One of these was the father of my dear friend, David. I well remember one summer evening, when David and I had just returned from a meeting of the league. We were all sitting at the table in his house. The kerosene lamp spread a gloomy light throughout the room. Dead silence prevailed, and no one, it seemed, dared to say the first word.

Suddenly David's father rose from his seat, casting a shadow on the wall. He was a man of about fifty years of age. He was tall and erect, but his hair and beard were as white as snow, and his brow, high and impressive, was covered with deep wrinkles. He began to pace up and down the room. His steps, like those of a belated passer-by on a deserted street, broke sadly on the quiet of the room.

I do not know how long he kept up his walking, but I suddenly perceived him as he stood right before David, as if he were trying to penetrate him

with his sad look. At last he broke the silence.

'Were you there again, David?'

David understood perfectly well what his father meant by 'there,' but did not reply. His father waited a few seconds and then continued, —

'You were there again, David. Your father's words and your mother's tears do not seem to carry any weight with you. You young people believe yourselves wiser than your old-fashioned parents, — yes, and better, too. What is it, David, that draws you into the society of those heretics? Is it your love and devotion to our people? But were not your ancestors equally devoted to their people? And have they not always been treated as step-sons, nay, as outlaws? Has not their property always been exposed, and have not their lives been unprotected? Has not this been the case ever since they have come to this bloody land? Have they ever attempted to protect their lives by such fatal means as you wise folks do nowadays? They knew they were in a strange land, — do not start, David, this land never has been our fatherland, and never will be, — and to suffer was the lot that fell to strangers. But, above all, they remembered that their only hope was in God. Now, David, have you lost what was most noble in the character of our ancestors? Have you lost faith in God?'

It was not the first time David had heard such a speech, but I could see the tremendous impression his father's words made upon him. He could not, however, refrain from answering. He spoke of changes in time and conditions, of the rôle of activity in forging man's fate, of one great common cause, and all the rest.

His father listened gravely to his words, looked once more into his face and then began again: —

'My boy, you have no experience in

this world; you are only eighteen years old. I am fifty-one. Do you see my gray hair and the wrinkles on my forehead? My head was once covered with locks as black as yours, and my brow was as smooth as calm water. But it was experience that turned the first gray, and covered the latter with deep wrinkles. Now mark my words. Your labor is futile, and your sacrifices are in vain. For we live in a land of strangers, where there is no soil for the seeds of our activity to find roots. Remember, David, we are strangers!'

He was almost shouting. A wild fire was burning in his eyes. His pathetic figure was like that of an ancient prophet. For a minute or so he remained near David. Then he turned quickly and left the room. I also departed, and went home in a most depressed mood.

The 'pogrom' took place sooner than had been expected. At first the bands of tramps, of whom the rioters were composed, were driven back by the league. But when, beyond the hooligans, appeared the police, followed by a company of soldiers, every hope of a successful resistance was gone. The soldiers for the first time in the history of recent pogroms, openly joined the rioters, and one of the bloodiest mas-

sacres followed. A large part of the city was burned down, most of the Jewish stores were robbed, synagogues were destroyed, the holy scrolls defiled, hundreds of Jews were wounded, and the number of dead reached scores. Among the latter was David.

Two days later, I stood at his grave. It was one in a long row of graves consecrated to the victims of the events of the last two days. Near me stood David's father. His tall figure was bent and broken down. His lips were as mute as those of his dead son. Only his upper lip convulsively trembled every few seconds. Around us, women were bewailing their husbands, mothers their children, and children their parents. Here and there, a woman lost consciousness and was carried away from the bodies of her beloved ones. Heart-rending cries filled the air with agony. And in that chaos of agony I could distinguish but one clear voice, — it was that of David's father. 'This country has never been our fatherland and never will be! We are strangers!' And heaven and earth seemed to reply in one sounding echo, 'Strangers! Strangers!' And for the first time it dawned upon me that my fate was no longer connected with that of the country in which I was born.

NEW JERSEY

BY J. E. RICHARDSON

THE fierce white sun; the stinging water-smells;
The odor of magnolias, drowsing-sweet;
The pipe of noonday frogs; the tweet-tweet-tweet
Of lesser birds like mingling silver bells;
The hothouse air of dripping sphagnum-dells,
The crumbling roots beneath one's crushing feet;
The disappearing snake's tail; through the heat,
The crow's note overhead that scolds and yells;
The click of axes where tall cedars throng;
The wind that roars like some wild railway train
Above the pines, yet spins to gnatlike song
Beside some sleeper's ear, the loose, clean sand;
For your sole sake, before they pass again,
I set them down, — misprized, beloved land!

OUR NATIONAL DEBT-HABIT

BY W. MARTIN SWIFT

RALPH GORDON was standing in the directors' room of the Commercial Trust Company of Beaver, intently watching the quotations of Union Pacific. He was not a speculator, had never been in a stock-broker's office, and, indeed, rather prided himself on his unusual frugality and industry. Yet here he was in the unfortunate position of dependence on the stability of the price of this stock. A further considerable decline might threaten his solvency, or

embarrass the Beaver Mills, in the management of which he had fallen into this predicament, or force his resignation from the directorate of the Commercial Trust Company. And yet, as the history of his management of the Beaver Mills passed rapidly before his mental vision, he was unable to detect any unwise course of action.

His position had come to him by inheritance. Ever since the Beaver Mills, located in the little town of Beaver,

near Newburyport, Massachusetts, had grown out of the sewing-room used by Elizabeth Gordon, Ralph's great-grandmother, during the War of 1812, they had been in the Gordon family. In 1812 Elizabeth Gordon had supported herself and her two children by spinning cotton upon an imported spinning-jenny, and weaving it into coarse garments. The death of her husband at the Battle of the Thames in 1813 made it necessary for her to continue the work, and in due course her children succeeded her as primitive cotton-manufacturers.

The Gordons' cotton business gradually expanded from room to room until it occupied nearly the whole house; and at last, the prosperity of our cotton-manufacturing business, which became so marked in 1875, resulted in the building of a cotton mill on the site of the old homestead. Ralph Gordon therefore felt a family pride in the mill, and managed it as a family institution, rather than with a view to great expansion or wealth. Moreover, he had succeeded his father, by courtesy of the other officers, as a director of the Commercial Trust Company, notwithstanding the fact that the family had long ago sold practically all its stock in the company.

Gordon's position as head of the Beaver Mills thus carried with it some of the honors most valued in a small town, and for this reason he felt his present predicament the more keenly. He brought to his work all the frugal instincts of his New England ancestry, and when it became necessary — as it usually does in the conduct of a modern business — to contract debts, he did so only with reluctance and conservatism. Our modern debts, however, are so entirely different from the debts of his great-grandmother Elizabeth's time, that Gordon found it not always easy to distinguish between the wise

use of capital accumulated by others, and the over-expansion of credit.

Elizabeth had purchased her spinning-jenny partly on credit; but the debt had soon been paid from the results of a short period of exceptional effort. Ralph Gordon, however, was competing with mills conducted by modern financial methods, and the modern or corporation method of buying that spinning-jenny would have been to pay for it out of a 'capital account'; issue bonds to obtain this fund account or capital; establish a 'sinking fund,' into which should be paid yearly sums to provide for the ultimate purchase and retirement of these bonds; and establish also a 'depreciation account,' into which should be paid out of net earnings each year enough to keep the spinning-jenny in repair.

Gordon did not question the wisdom and utility of this modern method of providing plants and equipment with which to do business, but he found constant study necessary to distinguish between earnings and borrowed funds. If the funds in the capital account were not all applied to the purchase of equipment or permanent improvements; or if the sinking fund were not increased rapidly enough to purchase and retire the bonds as soon as the equipment bought with the proceeds of these bonds was worn out; or if the depreciation account were not large enough to maintain the plant and equipment in good repair — in any of these events, capital or borrowed funds would appear as earnings.

Modern financial methods had been first introduced into the Beaver Mills by Samuel Gordon, Ralph's father, in 1902, under pressure of necessity. For two years the price of raw cotton had risen so much more rapidly than the prices of cotton goods, that the antiquated machinery in the Beaver Mills could no longer produce at a profit.

The purchase of new machinery required a large outlay of new capital, and in order to secure the latter, the Beaver Mills had been incorporated for \$300,000, and stock of that amount issued. The Gordon family at first retained a majority of the stock; but the equipment of the mill, and its enlargement from eight thousand to fifteen thousand spindles cost more than was anticipated, and four hundred and fifty shares, or \$45,000 worth, were sold to James McConnell, the faithful old Scots superintendent, who had been in the service of the Gordons for a quarter of a century, and by wise investments had accumulated a small fortune.

Even this sale did not suffice to provide the necessary capital; and by the time Ralph was through college and ready to enter his father's office, the Gordon family held less than \$130,000 worth of the stock of the Beaver Mills, while McConnell and the Commercial Trust Company together held nearly \$170,000 worth. Ralph did not share his father's assurance that the control of the mill rested in the Gordon family; for while McConnell always respectfully obeyed the elder Gordon, he regarded the son as an impractical student full of 'new-fangled book notions of business.' Young Gordon, on the other hand, regarded McConnell as not merely conservative, but stupidly old-fashioned; and in 1905, when Samuel Gordon's health was failing, and his son more and more occupied his desk and represented his interests at the mill, this ill-concealed antagonism grew rather than diminished.

The difference between Ralph Gordon and McConnell represented the struggle between the new business methods and the old; and this struggle in the summer of 1907 was embittered by difficulties arising out of the rapid

advance in the price of raw cotton. It had always been the practice of the Beaver Mills to purchase by far the larger part of its cotton in November or December, when large amounts are thrown upon the market by the Southern planters somewhat at the expense of prices. In November, 1906, however, the price of middling uplands cotton at New York had ruled at eleven cents per pound — a price above the average of any year since 1883, with but three exceptions; and of those three exceptions, 1904, the year of the Sully corner, was the only one when the Beaver Mills, by a little waiting, had been unable to buy cotton on the basis of eleven cents or better.

For these reasons McConnell insisted upon a waiting policy; but in the spring of 1907, the prices of cotton goods rose enough to compensate for the higher price of raw cotton, and in view of the prospect of a large volume of orders, it was finally decided to lay in nearly a year's supply of cotton — even on the basis of nearly twelve cents per pound for middling uplands. This supply of more than forty-three hundred bales having been contracted for, at a cost of about two hundred and forty thousand dollars, Gordon wanted to protect the mill against any loss consequent upon a possible decline in price by the modern method of 'hedging,' or in other words, by selling cotton for future delivery, on the New York Cotton Exchange; and in July, when the price of 'spot,' or cotton ready for immediate delivery to the purchaser, rose to 13.55 cents, the highest price in decades, he became especially anxious to do so.

He reasoned with McConnell that by thus selling 'options' or 'futures' on the Cotton Exchange, the Beaver Mills would be fully protected against loss, since, if the price declined, the profits on the options would offset the

loss in the value of the actual cotton owned; whereas if the price should rise, — which was quite improbable, — the profit on the actual cotton would offset the loss on the options, this profit of course being usually obtained by cotton mills through the sympathetic rise in the prices of cotton goods, rather than through the sale of the actual cotton held. By the middle of July the November option — namely, the option either to deliver cotton the succeeding November, or else buy in and cancel the contract to do so — was selling on the Cotton Exchange on the basis of twelve cents per pound; and Gordon argued that since this option would mature just as a large supply of cotton would be thrown on the market, its sale would be a particularly good protection against loss.

Gordon and his modern methods were right, for during the first week of November, the November option sold at ten cents, this being two cents per pound below its price the previous July, and representing a possible profit of nearly \$43,000 on forty-three hundred bales. The Beaver Mills, however, had not sold the option, because McConnell would not listen to it. He maintained that selling cotton for future delivery was speculation pure and simple. Gordon replied that since they already owned the cotton, selling for future delivery was not speculation, whereas carrying a large supply of cotton without any insurance against depreciation in price was mere gambling; and there the argument ended.

In the subsequent drop of cotton prices, the supply held by the Beaver Mills depreciated in value to the extent of nearly \$43,000, — a sum exceeding the company's annual surplus earnings; and while this convinced Gordon that the Beaver Mills could not succeed unless more modern methods were adopted, it served only to

convince McConnell that in years of high prices cotton should be bought as needed, as had been done in 1904 and in some other instances. It was clear to both men, however, that in the event of Samuel Gordon's death, Ralph and McConnell could not possibly do business together.

In the early months of 1908, Samuel Gordon's health failed steadily, and Ralph fully realized that he must soon be prepared either to buy out McConnell's interest in the mill, or to face humiliation and perhaps failure. In this crisis, his knowledge of finance, acquired largely while in college, and his ability to distinguish between sound and unsound indebtedness, served him well. The country was then undergoing the trade depression following the panic of 1907, and Gordon well remembered how our greatest financiers staked their fortunes on the growth of the country, and especially on its ability to recover from the shrunken trade and low values and prices of trade depressions.

He recalled from his study of history how E. H. Harriman had built up the Union Pacific out of bankrupt railroads in 1897, and later, through the growth of our country, developed it into a rich and magnificent property; he reflected that there are in the United States \$3,375,000,000 in railway stocks and bonds, earning and paying from three to seven per cent, or an average of about four per cent, and all representing railroads which were sold under foreclosure in 1896; and he concluded that he must buy an interest in his country and its future prosperity, and buy it at once while the trade depression lasted and the abnormally low values obtained.

After a careful study, in which he made the best use of his knowledge of finance, he decided that this could be best accomplished by the purchase of

a railway stock; for cotton might be further depressed by an increase in production, while bank stocks were selling too high, and industrial and mining stocks were too speculative. Next he carefully analyzed the values and prospects of several leading stocks whose prices had declined enormously, and finally decided upon Union Pacific common. He found that the physical assets underlying this stock greatly exceeded its market price, that its surplus earnings amounted to about 16.5 per cent on its par value, or 13.7 per cent on its current price of \$120; that the company was free from serious competition; that its freight and passenger rates were high enough to insure low operating cost and large earnings in the future, and that its geographical position, its location in states whose wealth and population were growing very rapidly, insured a large increase in gross revenues.

This scientific analysis led Gordon to the conclusion that there was no better way to secure an interest in the country's future prosperity, and thus prepare himself for the coming struggle with McConnell, than by buying Union Pacific. Accordingly he went into debt, as Mr. Harriman and many another financier had done in the last business depression, and staked his success upon his country's future. He mortgaged the Gordon estate, which included his father's residence, for \$75,000 and bought outright, through the Commercial Trust Company, six hundred shares of Union Pacific.

Not many months elapsed before the expected crisis came. As Gordon at his desk in the mill acted more and more upon his own initiative, and less upon his father's instructions, the friction with McConnell increased; and when in the late summer of 1909 Samuel Gordon passed away, the crape had scarcely been removed from the door

before McConnell delivered to Ralph a practical ultimatum to the effect that he must sell his interest in the mill, or buy McConnell's, or fight for the control of the business.

McConnell had secretly hoped, with the backing of friends, forcibly to get control of the mill; but this attempt had been given up on account of the discovery that Gordon still held a 'call' on, or option to buy, three hundred shares of the Beaver Mills stock, owned by the Commercial Trust Company. This 'call' Gordon had bought while still in college early in 1903, on learning that the shrewd old Scotsman had purchased a considerable interest in the mill. Nevertheless, McConnell still confidently expected to obtain virtual control of the mill, since he had the best of reasons for believing that Gordon was financially unable either to buy him out, or to endure a fight for control.

The latter, however, thanks to his foresight in buying the call on the mill stock and in making the investment in Union Pacific, was now in a position to buy McConnell out without difficulty. The only question was whether he should sell his Union Pacific, which, at \$200 per share, now showed him a net profit of \$48,000, or use it as collateral for a loan. After consultation with President Vernon of the Commercial Trust Company, he decided upon the latter course, his own feeling being that Union Pacific, even at \$200, was still a good investment in the future of the country.

Moreover, he recalled from his economic studies, that the great declines in security prices, such as occurred in 1873, 1893, 1902, and 1907, had invariably been preceded by excessively high interest rates, denoting a great dearth of new capital and loanable funds, as well as by a general congestion of freight traffic, and of orders for

manufactured goods, denoting an inflated condition of general trade. Now, however, both interest rates and the volume of trade were moderate, and the head of a leading bond house whom Mr. Vernon had consulted, advised that standard railroad shares be held, since railroad earnings were steadily improving, money cheap, and confidence stimulated by the final disposition of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill.

The day when Gordon received from the Commercial Trust Company a loan of \$96,000 on his Union Pacific stock, and handed McConnell a check for \$60,000 in exchange for his four hundred and fifty shares of Beaver Mills stock was indeed a happy one. It was a master stroke — the culmination of years of industry and stratagem. Now at last Gordon felt secure in his control of the mill and his sound financial position. He felt that his energy was quite sufficient for managing the mill with the help of his able assistants; he would now receive practically the entire income, which formerly went to McConnell; and he now resolved to apply the entire increase in his income to the liquidation of his loan at the Commercial Trust Company. He would then own outright, not only his Union Pacific stock, but also the controlling interest in the Beaver Mills.

More than a year previous, when he had mortgaged the family estate in order to invest in Union Pacific, and in the future of the country, he had signed the mortgage note with a trembling hand; but the wisdom of that step had been demonstrated, and this new debt, entered into for the purpose of buying McConnell out, he now reasoned was perfectly sound, even had it not been necessary. He reflected that the debts which had resulted disastrously in the past, were those which anticipated earning-power; in other words, they were debts entered into with the

expectation of developing an earning power which did not exist at the time the debt was contracted.

The excessive canal-building, for example, which was one of the contributory causes of the financial panic of 1837, represented an unsound form of debt, because these canals were built through virgin territory, where traffic enough to make them profitable was sure to be many years in developing. Likewise, the excessive railroad-building, which did much to bring on the panic of 1857, represented an outlay of capital, which, owing to the sparseness of population, did not even promise to pay its interest. There were more miles of railway built in the single year 1856 than in the decade ended with 1841, and more built during the five years ended with 1856 than in the entire two preceding decades of railway-building.

Gordon's debts, however, represented investments in properties having actual and highly developed earning powers. His Beaver Mills stock in 1909 paid 12.5 per cent, and his Union Pacific 10, while his net income from the two was nearly 8 per cent on the capital represented, even after deducting from his gross dividends the amount of the interest on his mortgage and his loan at the Commercial Trust Company. The canal and railway builders had invested wildly in the remote future of their country, whereas Gordon had invested scientifically in the immediate future; and yet, reason as he would that his debts were sound, he still believed that he must have made some blunder, for here he was standing helplessly by the ticker and watching the approach of disaster.

Should Union Pacific go below \$170, the Commercial Trust Company would call upon him either to take up a part of his loan, or furnish additional security, both of which were utterly

impossible. The credit of the Beaver Mills had already been pledged in the purchase of raw cotton, and in the attempt to keep the mill running, maintain its good standing, and fill its contracts in face of rising prices for raw cotton and falling prices for the finished goods. It was now May, and since December, 1909, the price of the goods Gordon manufactured had fallen a cent a yard, notwithstanding that the price of cotton itself had risen nearly a cent a pound. The mill was barely paying its operating expenses, and unless the tide soon turned, it would have to close its doors.

On the third of June, Gordon was again standing over the ticker. Before ten o'clock he had been calculating how long he could operate the mill with his present resources, pending a rise in the price either of cotton goods, or of Union Pacific. It was now one o'clock, and the quotations of Union Pacific came out '100 shares at \$170 $\frac{3}{4}$, 500 at \$170 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2000 at \$170, and 1000 at \$169 $\frac{7}{8}$.' Gordon threw the paper in the waste-basket and left the room. This meant his resignation as director of the Commercial Trust Company; and he well knew that McConnell, who had invested his \$60,000 in one hundred and twenty shares of the trust company stock, would succeed him. It meant also a receivership for the Beaver Mills, as he could neither meet his weekly pay-roll, nor pay for five hundred bales of cotton, a bill for which had come in the morning's mail.

It was no longer a question whether he had made a mistake, but how he could undo the mistake which he now fully realized and understood. He had miscalculated in one point only — the same point in which probably a majority of our corporations, bankers, and municipalities have miscalculated. His own debts, considered in themselves, were indeed sound. In his three

properties, the mill, the Union Pacific stock, and his home, he had owned an equity of 45 per cent, whereas the stockholders of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad and of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company own equities of only 36 per cent in their respective properties, and control is frequently held through much smaller equities.

Gordon's blunder, however, lay in his failure to observe that millions of others, like himself, were investing in the future of their country. It was not his own debts merely, but the debts of the people of the United States, which ruined him. This it was which caused the decline in the cotton goods in face of great seeming prosperity, and the decline of Union Pacific in face of easy money and large earnings. Our per capita consumption of cotton, after increasing from twelve pounds in 1875 to nineteen pounds in 1897, and twenty-three pounds in 1900, made a further increase to thirty pounds in 1905, and continued almost undiminished at this high rate for four years. This increase of 58 per cent from 1897 to 1905 in the quantity of cotton consumed occurred in face of an average increase of 17 per cent in the prices of cotton goods, and involved an increased expense of 85 per cent per capita, notwithstanding the growth of only about 14 per cent in wages.

What wonder that the over-consumption of cotton goods was followed by falling prices? Gordon saw it all very clearly now. That 58 per cent increase in cotton consumption represented in part the purchase of clothing on credit, and in part the expenditures, by wage-earners, for cotton goods, of portions of the immense sums borrowed by corporations, firms, and municipalities, and paid out largely as wages. Gordon reflected that of the \$2,350,000,000 borrowed the past three years

by our railways, fully half was ultimately paid out in wages either by the railways themselves, or by those from whom the railways bought their materials and equipment, and that about 13.5 per cent of these wage-payments, or nearly \$160,000,000, of this borrowed money, was finally spent by wage-earners for clothing.

Adding to this huge sum borrowed by our railroads in the three years ending with 1909, the still more excessive amounts of money put into building operations, the two billion dollars borrowed by industrial and manufacturing companies, the two-billion-dollar increase in bank loans, and the billion-dollar increase in municipal indebtedness, Gordon discovered that the nation's capitalization or debts during those three years had increased fully ten billion dollars — a sum larger than was the entire wealth of the United States in 1852.

Of this ten billion dollars of added indebtedness, fully \$675,000,000 was presumably spent for clothing — and hence the over-consumption of cotton! Moreover, the debts of the people of the United States, according to Gordon's careful estimate, increased fully four billion dollars in the single year 1909, whereas the amount of new capital saved out of earnings in an average year, and therefore made available for borrowing or for investment, scarcely exceeds one billion and a half. What wonder that Union Pacific went down, with borrowers clamoring for four billion dollars per annum, and the earners producing only a billion and a half to loan?

The debt-habit had outgrown our production of wealth, and the prices of both cotton goods and securities fell because the debtors were forced to curtail purchases, sell goods and securities, and reduce debts. That this great increase of indebtedness was

perfectly natural, Gordon could now see clearly from his own experience. The rise in the prices of cotton goods had made it profitable to increase the capacity of the Beaver Mills by the use of borrowed funds; and the rise in the prices of all other products had likewise made it generally profitable to go into debt. Indeed, ever since 1897, when this general rise began, money had been the poorest thing in the world to own, since its purchasing power had steadily decreased, while the values of practically all other kinds of property had steadily increased.

Hence the debt-habit, which prior to Elizabeth Gordon's time arose out of the necessity of borrowing from the old world money, machinery, and supplies with which to develop our natural resources, was greatly over-stimulated during the past decade and a half. Indebtedness increased with the rise in the prices of commodities and merchandise, because this rise made it profitable; and hence began an endless spiral of higher prices — greater earnings — more capitalization or indebtedness — greater production and volume of business — larger wage-payments — more demand for goods — higher prices — and so on without any limit, until in 1909 the growth of indebtedness so over-reached the production of wealth that general liquidation became inevitable.

Gordon made the common mistake of accepting the valuations at the top of the spiral without discount. He had paid McConnell \$60,000 for four hundred and fifty shares of stock in the Beaver Mills, which McConnell had bought in 1902 for \$45,000,— notwithstanding that no physical improvements had been made in the mill in the mean time. Yet the price McConnell demanded seemed reasonable, since the mill was earning 12.5 per cent on its stock, as compared with 8 per

cent in 1902. Gordon well knew that, although the mill was capitalized at \$300,000, it could be replaced for \$240,000, but he felt that its capitalization was justified by its earning power. Here was \$60,000 of 'unearned increment' — of wealth produced by no effort of the Beaver Mills, but solely by the greater demand for cotton goods and the higher prices.

This \$60,000 represented wealth made out of no materials, out of no effort, and indeed out of nothing. It was *fiat wealth*, created by the dictum of the people that cotton goods should rule at high prices, and that their over-consumption should proceed at a high rate. This fiat wealth depended wholly upon this dictum, and was bound to vanish whenever the dictum should be repealed. But was there not fiat wealth in everything? Was not Gordon justified in regarding \$300,000 as the real value of the mill, and \$200 per share as the real value of Union Pacific? Even the stock of the Commercial Trust Company was selling at \$500 per share, although the company's combined capital, surplus, and undivided profits amounted to only \$343 per share. This premium or fiat wealth of \$157 arose out of the large deposits and the high earning power of the company.

Gordon had been caught with a typical pyramid of equities upon his hands. Even his Union Pacific Railway stock, which had been selected for its exceptional merits, had behind it only about \$175 per share of actual assets. Hence, at \$200 per share, there was \$15,000 of fiat wealth in his six hundred shares of Union Pacific; and this, added to the \$60,000 of wealth of a similar kind in his mill, and \$15,000 in his estate, made a total of \$90,000 of fiat wealth, or unearned increment, which was subject to almost instantaneous abolition — whereas his

total equities amounted to only a little more than \$195,000.

Nor was his situation materially different from that of millions of other people. The total debts of the people of the United States, including our net foreign debt, our municipal and other government debts, and our bank loans, amount to about \$623 per capita, as compared with wealth of \$1,430 per capita. In brief, at the values of 1909, Gordon owned average equities of 45 per cent in the properties in which he was interested, whereas the people of this country own an average equity of only about 56.4 per cent in their average per capita wealth, as compared with about 61 per cent in 1890.

Gordon felt a distinct sense of injustice in his failure and humiliation; for had the Beaver Mills been a great corporation, with widely scattered plants, and with assets which could not be definitely calculated, it might have survived its difficulties by an issue of notes, as has been done by many another corporation having a smaller proportion of assets to liabilities. Moreover, Gordon could not but feel that the appointment of McConnell as receiver for the Beaver Mills at the request of the Commercial Trust Company was an unkindness of fate; for why this good fortune should come to McConnell, who had had the audacity to buy stock of the trust company at a price 45 per cent in excess of its asset value, he could not reason out.

Gordon, however, was not the only sufferer, nor even the keenest sufferer, from the failure of the Beaver Mills; for the receiver found it necessary to close the mill for a time, awaiting a better condition of the cotton-goods market. Thus the mill employees were thrown out of work at the very time when it was practically impossible to obtain other positions; and, as is usually the case, it was the laborer who ul-

timately paid the chief penalty for the over-expansion of indebtedness. The capital invested in the mill remained intact, notwithstanding its change of ownership, and the income on this capital was only temporarily suspended. The employees of the mill, however, suffered more or less permanent injury — being subjected to actual want for a period of months, and obliged to accept inferior positions wherever they could be obtained.

When the Beaver Mills again opened their doors, and Gordon returned to work, it was not as treasurer and principal stockholder, but as superintendent, and his desk was that so long occupied by McConnell. Nor were his case and that of the Beaver Mills unusual, except in degree. He found some poor consolation in the thought that it was the growth of the debt-habit principally, rather than his own mismanagement, which had resulted in his humiliation. As he reflected that the average increase in the production of real wealth, namely, commodities and merchandise, was only about 20.4 per cent per capita from 1890 to 1909, as compared with a growth of 37 per cent per capita in 'wealth' as measured by market valuations, and with an increase of about 54.2 per cent per capita in debts, it seemed almost strange that he had not realized the situation in time to save himself.

In this error, however, he represented a general tendency, for he accepted the valuations at the top of the spiral of rising prices and growing indebtedness at par. Moreover, he reflected that our foreign debt, which already amounts to about \$3,500,000,000, is increasing at the rate of more than \$160,000,000 per annum; and that the growth of

our municipal indebtedness has so far exceeded that of municipal revenues, that last year these revenues amounted to less than twenty-six cents per dollar of debt, as compared with more than thirty-nine cents in 1904. Our railways, in the past four years, have increased their indebtedness nearly 27 per cent, as compared with a growth of only 17 per cent in the tonnage carried.

Gordon, however, is not dismayed by his failure. As he mingles with his associates and fellow employees, he insistently advocates the accumulation of savings or 'capital' for future investment. He reasons that the spiral of rising prices, growing incomes, great extravagance, and increasing indebtedness has again reached a climax similar to those of 1808 and 1864. He is not a pessimist, but believes that the declines of the current year in the prices of cotton goods, commodities, and securities, occurring almost wholly from very excess of indebtedness, foreshadow a slower pace in both our manner of living and the expansion of our trade and commerce. His fixed business purpose is to accumulate savings for the day which he maintains is ultimately certain to come, when the pendulum will swing to the other extreme, and the market quotations of commodities, merchandise, securities, and other forms of property will fall low enough to more than wipe out the fiat wealth of 1909. It is his plan of recovery, upon that day, again to invest in the future of our country to the fullest extent which his resources will permit; but upon the next rising tide of prosperity, optimism, and extravagance, he will realize upon his investments before the debt-habit again outstrips the production of wealth.

IN THE CAVE

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

Why are the mountains dark, and the hills all
woe-begone?
Is it the wind at war there, or the rain that
blots the sun? — FOLK-SONG.

I

THE fountain stood quite near the sea. Behind it rose the houses almost up to the old mill on top of the hill. Two marble dolphins twisted their tails round a trident on the one side of it; on the other was an inscription, half-effaced by the waves which splashed against it in the winter, when the *po-nente* blew. Round the fountain, on the broad stone ledge, the red earthen pitchers were waiting their turn to be filled, while the women stood below, chattering and gesticulating.

It was chilly already, though only mid-October, and their thin cotton skirts flapped in the wind. Some of the older ones had little black shawls thrown over their head and shoulders. It had rained two or three times in the last week, and was preparing to rain again; Barba Stathi, who had just passed with his donkey, going up to the hills for thyme, had looked at the clouds over the Sleeper and told them so.

There was always plenty to talk over at the fountain, but this morning the women seemed occupied with some specially engrossing subject. The heads were close together, and the piercing Porioté voices rose high and shrill, Kyra Marina's above all the others, notwithstanding her seventy years.

'Patience, patience!' she repeated

as they crowded round her. 'Patience! let me tell you — let me breathe — but you are choking me, my poor ones. Yes, yes, they are here: with my own eyes I saw them, four of them, sitting just inside Sotiro's coffee-house. Sotiro was trying to block the doorway with his fat body, but I saw the gleam of their swords between his legs. Eh, eh, I am old, but my eyes are good yet. I see most things that are to be seen.'

'And many that are not,' put in Kyra Sophoula quietly, as she placed her pitcher under the running water to be filled.

'You, Kyra Sophoula,' cried the old woman furiously, 'measure your words better, will you? What I saw is there to be seen by all, and if any one says the contrary, I'll make him eat his tongue before I have done with him. Besides, who are you, pray, to set up for disbelieving me? If you do not know me yet, you had better find out. I am a house-keeping woman, I am; ask whom you will. What do you take me for? Am I a worker for strange folks? Have I ever scrubbed floors for a drachma a day and my food? Has any one ever seen *me* gadding about from door to door with rotten old herbs to sell?'

These biting allusions referred to various narrow straits to which Kyra Sophoula's necessities had sometimes reduced her.

Kyra Marina would have continued long in the same strain, but she was interrupted by a wheezing cough, and when she recovered her breath the others had no mind to let her waste it

in an altercation such as they might hear every day and twice a day, if they were so minded, but brought her back to the point of interest.

'Don't you mind her, Kyra Marina; every one knows you here,' interposed Krinio soothingly. 'Tell us what you heard. Is it for him the soldiers are here, think you? or for Yanni, perhaps, who stole old Ghika's sacks of flour? He said he would get him sent to prison for it.'

'Yanni, indeed!' snorted Kyra Marina contemptuously. 'Would four soldiers be coming after Yanni? Does an eagle catch flies? No, no, they are after Stamati sure enough; and if he be not on the island, well, he is not very far away from it.'

'Why all this fuss about him, I wonder,' asked Moska, the baker's wife, settling her pitcher on her shoulder. 'It is neither the first nor the last time there has been a knife-thrust or a row between the prisoners at Ægina.'

'As you say, neighbor, neither the first nor the last, but then you see it was not another prisoner Stamati stuck his knife into this time; that would have been soon forgotten; it was the chief warder, and he never lived to say a word after it, either, poor man!'

There were voices raised and there was a general uplifting of arms, some old women adding, —

'God rest his soul!'

'And how could he get out of the prison, once he had done the evil?' asked Krinio; 'and how came he here?'

'They say down on the quay,' and Kyra Marina lowered her voice, 'that he was brought over by night in Capetan Leftheri's boat — he that was cousin to Stamati's father, you know. As for getting out, well, a prison has windows, though they may be high up, and a file and a rope can be bought if they are a bit dear. Besides it was night, so I have heard, and the poor warder was

fast asleep when the knife was stuck into him.'

'Then you have heard a lie!' cried Kyra Sophoula. 'Stamati got into prison for stabbing a man who insulted him, and he was always wild enough, as all know; but he comes of good blood and he would never kill a sleeping man!'

'I know what I know,' said Kyra Marina shrilly, 'and good blood or bad blood, he will do well to keep safe hidden now the soldiers are here, for it will go ill with him if they catch him.'

Her granddaughter Youla, who stood close to her, turned rather pale. She was a handsome black-haired girl, and sweet words had been exchanged between her and Stamati some time before his trouble, though they had ended in nothing.

'What will they do to him if they catch him, Yiayia?'

'They will shorten him, my lass, they will shorten him by a head, certain sure; aye, by a head they will shorten him.' She repeated it again and again, shaking her wicked old head, and cackling with delight over her grim joke.

As they were speaking, a young woman came down one of the rockystreets that led from the village above to the fountain, with her empty pitcher in her hands. She had a sallow skin, dull brown hair parted under a white kerchief, and walked with a limp.

Moska saw her first; she gave a nudge to Krinio's elbow, Krinio whispered to Panayota, Panayota to Kyra Marina, and all faces were turned toward her. Somehow no one had expected her at the fountain that morning.

She limped down slowly, and putting her pitcher in a line with the others, sat down on the ledge to wait her turn. Around her was dead silence. Some few shouldered their pitchers and walked away, but the greater part stood still, looking at her curiously.

Suddenly the unusual silence reached her senses. She started up and faced them.

'Why do you look at me? and what has silenced your tongues? Are you struck dumb, all of you? You were talking fast enough as I came down the street. Of what were you talking?'

Kyra Sophoula laid a hand on her arm.

'Nothing, Chryssi my girl, nothing; it was only that —'

But Kyra Marina interrupted her viciously.

'If you *must* know, we were talking of your precious lover Stamati, whom the soldiers have come after. Eh, but he will look fine going to Athens in the steamer with the irons on his legs!'

'If he has fled from prison,' said Chryssi sullenly, 'they will take him back to it. What need of Athens?'

'He goes to be judged again,' put in Moska; 'it seems he has killed another man.'

A dull red flush covered the girl's sallow cheeks.

'Another!' she shouted angrily, 'who says another? — who dares say that the man he stabbed three years ago was killed? that he has not been enjoying his life all these years, drinking and guzzling all day long, stretched at his ease on three chairs, the great fat pig, while my lad was pining in prison. And if he has killed a man now? the great affair! It must have been some one who insulted his honor and deserved his fate.'

'Ah, but this time,' said Kyra Marina triumphantly, 'he has done for himself. I thank the Holy Virgin that Youla here was afraid of your curses when he turned from your yellow face to her pink one, and let him go. I thought her a white-livered fool at the time, but now I see it was God who enlightened her, God Himself who enlightened her. If Vangheli be a bit

shorter and weaker than your Stamati, at any rate no one will ever see him dragged away from her in irons; and if his head be not as handsome, at least he will never get it chopped off for stabbing a defenseless Christian in his sleep.'

The girl caught up her empty pitcher and flew wildly at the old woman, and had it not been for Moska and Kyra Sophoula, who seized hold of her promptly, one on each side, it might have gone badly with Kyra Marina.

Chryssi struggled violently for freedom, and the words tumbled over one another so that her utterance was thick and indistinct.

'You ugly fool!' she cried out furiously, 'you wicked old liar! May your legs shrivel and wither up; may your lying tongue choke you! *My* Stamati kill a sleeping man! *He* to touch any one who did not stand up against him with another knife in his hand! A bad year to you for such evil words, — a bad year to you! Say it again if you dare. You filthy old hag, say it again!'

But Kyra Marina had no desire to repeat her words; she had said what she meant to say; besides which, the girl looked like one possessed of a demon, and capable of any violence; so the old woman hobbled off in a hurry, followed by Youla who kept casting frightened glances behind her.

The others dispersed in silence, and Kyra Sophoula, who stayed behind, placed Chryssi's pitcher under the fountain and stood beside it waiting. The girl, her fury spent, sank down again on the step, her head in her hands.

The water ran into the pitcher in an ascending scale of liquid sound, filled it, gurgled, and overflowed.

'The jar is full, my child; the water trickles over.'

'Let it be; I want no water.'

'Nay, come what may to us, we shall

want bread and water till we close our eyes. Come, take up your jar and walk with me to my house. Maroussa has something she would show you.'

'I thank you, but I will go to no house where that evil thing is believed of my Stamati. Kyra Sophoula, you are a good woman; it is not true, say it is not true?'

'It is not like the lad as I knew him, but one can never tell. They meet so many bad men in those prisons and it is three years he has been there. But listen, Chryssi,'—and she lowered her voice,—'true or not, still the soldiers are here; that is true enough; but they are from Athens, they do not know the country, and it may be some time before they find him. Would you not wish, perhaps, to send him word, or let him know—'

The girl started up, all the blood left her face, and she clutched hold of the old woman's arm.

'Then you know! you can tell me! Is it near? Good God, is it near?'

'Sh, sh! not so loud, not so loud! Come to the house with me. Barba Stathi said a word in my ear when I brought him out a crust for his beast. He knows the hills well.'

The wind had risen, and as they trudged up the street, the lame girl hardly keeping up with the wiry little old woman, the heavy clouds were lowering and a few drops fell.

II

Chryssi stayed some time in Kyra Sophoula's little house with the covered terrace, and about an hour after she had entered it, Maroussa, Kyra Sophoula's pretty black-haired granddaughter, might have been seen hurrying back to the house with one of the boys from Capetan Leftheri's boat. It was after the big clock in the tower of the Naval School had struck two

that Chryssi, holding a small bottle of yellow wine in her hand, came down the wooden stairs that led from the terrace to the little narrow courtyard full of the small orange chrysanthemums, 'Saint Dimitri's flowers,' that were in full bloom just then.

She never gave them a glance though; being a Poriote woman she was fond of flowers, but she brushed past them, limped down the street, under the dark arch, and climbed up some steps cut in the rock, with a painful upheaval of one side of her body at the mounting of each step, till she reached the door of her own little blue-washed house. She stopped a moment before entering, raised her head and passed her hand over her eyes. The heavy black clouds effaced the Sleeper entirely from the horizon, and as she stood there watching, the sea turned leaden and looked almost solid. A pale metallic light was over all the bay; after a few seconds of stillness, of waiting, a cold rush of air raised whirlwinds of leaves and dust before it, and then the whole heavens seemed to open in one sheet of water.

She pushed open the door, and closing it after her turned the big key in the lock with both her hands, for she was not very strong. There was a bare comfortless kitchen, flagged with rough gray stones. The girl closed the wooden shutters of the two windows, fastening the window-panes inside them. The rain pattered against the shutters, and the light in the room was dim. Quickly she took off her white kerchief and covered her head and shoulders with a little black shawl; over her cotton skirt she put on a heavier one of rough gray homespun wool, and slipped her feet into a pair of yellow leather shoes that had once been her father's. She stole across the room and knelt down before her mother's dower chest. It was not a highly polished one, such as most of the Poriote women possessed, but a rough

wooden one painted a bright blue: they had always been poor. From under a pile of coarse towels neatly marked in red, she drew out a checked handkerchief tightly knotted up. Its contents cracked as she thrust it into the bosom of her gown.

Taking up the bottle of wine which she had left on the table, she put it with a good half of a big brownish loaf into a deep hanging pocket which she tied carefully round her waist. Then she limped to the door and listened; nothing but the steady downpour of the rain — no passing steps. She turned the key gently and looked out.

'The waterfalls of heaven have opened,' she muttered; 'so much the better, so much the better; what Christian will venture up the hills on such a day?'

She stepped resolutely over the threshold. The rain poured down with tropical violence. It came in blinding sheets, poured countless streams tinged with the red earth of the hills into the bay, changing its color to a muddy brown, and turning all the island into a mist of watery gray.

Chryssi held her shawl on tightly over her bent head with both hands, and ran down, as fast as her lameness would let her, to the water's edge.

A little boat was stationed under the low sea-wall and a lad was standing up in it, clinging to the rough stones of the wall with his hands as there were no iron rings in that part of it. Close by was a confused shape of mingled man and beast, scarcely discernible in the driving rain.

'Barba Stathi, is it you?'

'It is I. Come; the lad waits and the waves lift the boat; it is hard to hold.'

'You have seen no one pass?'

'Not a soul.'

'Where are they now, think you?'

The old man stroked the donkey's wet ears as he answered in a low voice,

'At the tavern still. Nasso here heard them say they must be moving, but Sotiro was just bringing out another *oke* of *retsinato*, and it will not be just yet that they will start.'

'Oh, my God! an *oke* is soon drunk, and they are four.'

'They have to find the road, remember; and where there are four men there are four minds. Do not fear, you will be there long before them.'

'You said the little path above the third ravine, right over the old chapel?'

'Yes; the *koumara* are red on the bushes all about the path and almost close up the entrance to the cave; you will find it easily.'

'I thank you again, and may God rest your dead, Barba Stathi, for this that you have done for me.'

'It is nothing. Go; and may the Holy Virgin be with you.'

The girl wrapped the shawl more tightly round her, stepped down into the boat, and the boy rowed rapidly away towards the mainland.

III

Far up above the village of Galata, beyond the olive grove that rises behind it, the mountain is scored by long-forgotten torrents into a series of deep ravines. The district is almost entirely uninhabited, and though there are no great heights to climb, there are some narrow passes and steep descents. The vegetation is richer and more varied than on the island, and myrtle, oleander, and arbutus close up the narrow goat-tracks. Clinging plants encircle the trunks of the tallest trees and hang in festoons from one to the other. Here and there, half way up the gorges, there are shallow caves, often only to be reached by steep passes, so hidden in the tangled vegetation that very few know of them. In the old days these were the hiding-places of the *klephts*,

but now they only serve in the colder months to shelter some belated shepherd searching for a lost kid, or now and again some fugitive from justice, or a stray deserter.

Two hours after Chryssi had stepped out of the boat in the pouring rain at Galata, where no one had been out of doors or even on a terrace or at a window to inquire curiously about her errand, she was climbing down a steep goat-track leading to one of these small caves. The storm was over, though the air was still very chilly. The leaves glistened, and the trunks of the trees were darker. Far below, a thin line of smoke from the chimney of the highest inhabited hut above the village was the only sign of living humanity.

The girl moved very cautiously, holding aside the red-berried branches of the arbutus which blocked her way. She bent almost double as she advanced, so that the shrubs should hide her, and kept constantly throwing back glances along the way she had come. Her limp was painfully evident, for the way had been long and the paths stony. Suddenly the track turned abruptly to the left and faced a low dark opening in the rock, half hidden by dwarf oak trees and tall white oleanders. Chryssi dragged herself up the remaining rocks, and pushing aside the arbutus branches, bent her head and entered the cave.

Inside, it was dim and chilly. A man was lying on a heap of dry pine branches,—a man about thirty, worn and haggard-looking. He had a fine head, broad-browed and straight-featured, but three years of prison life had replaced the sunburn by a sickly pallor, and had bent the eyebrows into a continual scowl. His left arm, in a sort of extemporized sling, was fastened to his waist; his right hand, bound in blood-stained rags, lay stretched out before him. The rags were soiled and

had been tied on some time, but there were fresh blood-stains among the old ones.

He was not asleep, and started up wildly as the girl darkened the light by standing before the opening.

'You!' he cried, 'you! how did you come? Are you alone? Is all safe?' Then he leaned against the rock with a suppressed groan, for he had helped himself up by his wounded hand.

'I am alone; have no fear.' She came nearer, half timidly. 'Your hand is hurt?'

'Yes; both of them, curse them.'

'How did it happen?'

'This one was scalded with boiling water when I helped to move the big washing cauldrons, there at Ægina; the other I caught between two stones of a wall.'

'When you got away?'

'Yes.'

'Do they pain much?'

'That would not matter, but the fingers are all smashed up. I cannot move them.'

He stepped past her and looked cautiously out, up and down the ravine, and above on the heights; then he came into the cave again, let himself fall on the pine branches, and looked up at her curiously.

'How did you find me?'

'They said you were in the hills about here, and some one who saw you told me.'

'Who? I have seen no one.'

'But he saw you.'

'Barba Stathi, was it?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, he must have come close to the opening then yesterday when I slept, for just as I woke I heard a donkey braying in the distance, and when I looked out there was no one in sight; but I thought it could only be Barba Stathi's beast up here in the hills. It does not matter much; the old man

will never open his mouth to say a word to a stranger.'

'No; there is no fear.'

Chryssi leaned against the damp wall of the cave to rest her leg, and untied the pocket from round her waist.

'I have brought you food.'

'Bring it here; bring it here quickly then. I made Yannako from the *stani* up above give me a bowl of goat's milk yesterday, and I have had naught since.'

The girl set the bread before him on the branches, and pulled out the stopper of the bottle.

'Well,' he asked irritably after a moment's pause, 'why do you stand still and look at me? Cannot you see that I have no use of my hands? Do you expect me to browse like a goat? You were ever a slow-witted maid!'

She did not answer, but kneeling beside him, broke the bread and began to feed him with the pieces. She did it awkwardly, sometimes offering him a second before he had finished the first, and sometimes gazing abstractedly before her while he waited. Two or three times he looked towards the bottle and she lifted it for him to drink. This also she did too high or too low, and the wine trickled down his chin. At last he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and pushed away the rest of the bread with his elbow.

'Help me up if you can,' he said.

She put her hands under his arms and helped him to stand upright. His clothes were old and torn, with stains of moist reddish earth about them. In his belt was a pistol, and his burned arm was strapped to his body just above it.

The girl looked at him in silence for a few moments, and then, as though suddenly recognizing the danger of inaction, she started and said hurriedly,

'Stamati, you must not stay here. The soldiers are down in the village, four of them. They were seen at So-

tiro's. When I left, they were drinking still, but they had talked of starting.'

'Did you see them yourself, or did they tell you so?' he asked in a voice in which there was more curiosity than alarm.

'I did not see them, but I know they are there; many saw them. That old hag Kyra Marina told me of it first. She was glad, of course, because of Youla. She said, too, before all the others at the fountain, and may evil find her, she said that this man who is dead, this prison-keeper, that you killed him at night while he slept! you! you! They did not let me tear her to pieces for her lies, but I will do it yet, as sure as they call me Chryssi.'

'You need not.'

'Stamati,' she cried, 'it is not true?'

'It is true,' he answered sullenly.

'No no, not that; it is not possible.'

'It is true,' he repeated doggedly, 'and why not? The brute insulted the honor of my father before all the lads. I *had* to kill him. I could not do it the moment the evil words left his lying mouth, for the others would have fallen on me, the cowards, to curry favor, though they all hated him. Do you think, perhaps, a prison is like the village, or the hills, where you can strike when you will? At night when he slept I stuck the knife between his shoulder-blades and ran for it. Capetan Leftheri had stood treat to the sentinels and they were dead drunk.'

'You killed him,'

'He had insulted my father; I struck deep enough to have killed twenty men.'

'And he never heard you? he slept?'

'Aye, he slept well, I tell you; slept, and never woke again.'

The girl closed her teeth tightly and there was silence for a minute; then she said, 'It is all the more need that you should go.'

'Where can I go?'

'Do I know? Over the hills, perhaps, to Metochi. I can tell Capetan Leftheri, when I go back, to go there with his boat and meet you. And when you reach Katochi you can go to Yoryi the blacksmith, — Yoryi Kostopoulos, he is my mother's cousin; a good man; he will not turn you away or betray you. Also, I have brought a little money.' And she felt in the bosom of her gown for the knotted handkerchief.

Instead of answering, the man went to the opening and looked out.

'Hush,' he said. 'I thought I heard a noise in the ravine below'; then, after a moment's suspense, 'No, it was nothing.'

Chryssi touched his arm. 'You will go?' she said.

He turned on her angrily. 'You are mad! Will you tell me with your great wisdom and with your wonderful plans how I may get so far to-night, or to-morrow either, with my hands as you see them? If I stumble and fall on the way I shall stay there like a log till they find me.'

'And — if they find you?'

'They will keep me; that you may be sure of; and send me to Athens in the steamer.'

'And — after?'

He laughed harshly. 'After, it would be Nauplia, and the guillotine.'

She raised both her hands suddenly and put them round his neck as though to protect it.

'Stamati,' she whispered hurriedly, 'listen to me; there is little time left, and I am afraid. You must leave this cave now, at once; some one may know of it. You say Yannako saw you, and I am not sure of him: he would sell his mother for money. You must hide somewhere close by, and I will stay here and deceive them if they come. I will cry and say I could not find you, and they will look elsewhere. Then as soon as the dark falls you must move

on towards Metochi. As for your hands — well, God be a help!'

'How can you stay here?' he asked. 'You can never deceive them. Besides, they are four men, and they have been drinking all day; if they should maltreat you?'

'Well, and if they should — what then? You will have time to get away.'

He looked at her curiously.

'You are a brave lass,' he said, 'and we have had some good days together. Do you remember the big walnut tree by the spring?'

A light came into her eyes.

'Could I forget? I go there sometimes now, and ask the stones and the trees if they remember those days.'

'It was not written by Fate that they should last,' he said, 'but you were a good girl always, and a kind one.'

'And yet' — her voice trembled — 'there was a time when you would have left me for Youla.'

He laughed.

'A man is a man; you were a good girl, as I said, but she was a handsome one, and moreover her legs were straight.'

The girl caught her lower lip between her teeth, and her arms fell from about his neck.

'You must go,' she said again; 'you must go now at once.'

'It will be no use,' he answered; 'even if I could walk straight in the night with no hands to help, how can I lift food to my lips? how can I drink? How can I strike out against a sheep-dog if he fly at my throat? No; let me be.'

'But they will kill you if they take you,' she wailed.

'They will not kill me.'

'But if you stay here they will take you, if not to-day then to-morrow,' she persisted; 'and if they take you they will surely kill you. Did not you say so yourself?'

He looked down slowly at his belt.

'Need they take me — alive?'

'Ah!' with a smothered cry, 'Christ, and Holy Virgin! not that! not that! My Stamati, for the name of God, not that! Wait, we must think of something; let me think,' — passing her hand over her eyes, — 'there must be something else. Let me go back to Poros — now, at once. I will bring Barba Stathi, he knows the hills well, he must guide you to Metochi. We can pay him if need be. I have still some things of my mother's left I can sell. With him and the beast you can go far — and afterwards —'

He was not listening to what she said, but to something farther away. She saw it, and stopped with dilated eyes.

He left her, and going quite outside the cave, crouched down behind a big rock and craned his neck to see better down the ravine.

She waited, shivering. After a moment he came back, his teeth tightly clenched.

'Now listen,' he said, 'we must say things quickly. They are below in the ravine. In five minutes they will be here. There is one thing I ask of you — will you do it?'

She clung to him in silence.

'If they would take me and shoot me here at once, it would be well; but if they take me it means Nauplia, the open square, the public shame; and Niko Davelli's son cannot die in that way. My grandfather, you know it, was one of the few who came down from Suli with Bozzaris; my father was

a brave man. These things cannot be. If I could use my hands, it would be over now; but see, I cannot even lift the pistol, — how could I draw the trigger? But you! You are a brave girl, Chryssi, and if you have ever loved me you will do it.'

'I! Oh, my God! what are you asking of me! I? I cannot, I cannot!'

'Chryssi, my Chryssi, my Chrys-soula, you will not let them bind me and slaughter me like an ox at the butcher's? Chryssi! I hear them — Oh, Chryssi, do not fail me now! I have no one but you to do this thing for me. Take the pistol from my belt, take it. For your father's soul, for the name of God, if you have ever loved me, Chryssi, take it!'

And as she drew it from his belt he put his lips to hers.

The three soldiers with their sergeant, and Yannako the shepherd beside them, were not ten paces from the opening of the cave, when there was a sharp report and a fall.

They started forward and came face to face with a woman, who ran out and then stood quite still and looked at them with wide-open eyes.

It was no heroic figure they saw. Just the girl with her sallow face and clumsy figure, her black shawl trailing behind her, and the smoking pistol in her hand.

'You can search,' she muttered indistinctly, 'aye, you can search; you will only find a corpse for your pains.'

And as the men rushed past her, she fell in a tumbled heap among the lentisk bushes.

LEE IN BATTLE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

ANY study of Lee would be incomplete without portrayal of him in the most dramatic crises of all. For my purpose it would have been convenient if some keen-sighted journalist could have accompanied the general in his various battles and left a stenographic report of where he went and what he said and what he did. Unfortunately the many memoir-writers who were in a good position to observe, were at the time, for the most part, excellently well occupied with their own affairs. Therefore I ask in vain as to Lee's whereabouts and action at certain very critical moments.

We like to imagine the master mind in a great conflict controlling everything, down to the minutest detail. But with vast modern armies this is far from being the case, even with the elaborate electrical facilities of to-day; and in Lee's time those facilities were much less complete. Lee himself indicated the difficulty humorously when he was remonstrated with for taking unnecessary risks, and answered, 'I wish some one would tell me my proper place in battle. I am always told I should not be where I am.' And he expressed it with entire seriousness when he said, 'During the battle my direction is of more harm than use; I must then rely on my division and brigade commanders. I think and I act with all my might to bring up my troops to the right place at the right moment; after that I have done my duty.'

Some critics hold that Lee was inclined to carry the principle much too

far. What impresses me in this, as in other things, is the nice balance of his gifts. Persons by nature predisposed to direct others almost always seek to direct them in everything. How wise and constant Lee's direction was, where he thought it needed, is shown by his son's remark: 'We were always fully instructed as to the best way to get to Lexington, and, indeed, all the roads of life were carefully marked out for us by him.' Yet the instant he reached the limit of what he felt to be his province, he drew back and left decision to others whom he knew to be, by nature or position, better qualified.

The amount of Lee's direction and influence seems to have varied greatly in different battles. At Fredericksburg he adopted a central position whence he could survey the whole field. Colonel Long's remarks in describing this must have given Longstreet exquisite pleasure. 'In the battle Longstreet had his headquarters at the same place, so that Lee was able to keep his hand on the rein of his "old war-horse" and to direct him where to apply his strength.' At Antietam critics are agreed that Lee's management of things was perfect. 'He utilized every available soldier; throughout the day he controlled the Confederate operations over the whole field.' On the other hand, in the Peninsular battles, owing perhaps to imperfect organization and staff arrangements, his hold on the machine was much less complete; and at Gettysburg the vast extension of his lines made immediate personal direction al-

most impossible, with results that were disastrous.

It is at Gettysburg that we get one of the most vivid of the few pictures left us of Lee in the very midst of the crash and tumult of conflict. It is from the excellent pen of General Alexander, who says that the commander-in-chief rode up entirely alone, just after Pickett's charge, 'and remained with me for a long time. He then probably first appreciated the extent of the disaster, as the disorganized stragglers made their way back past us. . . . It was certainly a momentous thing to him to see that superb attack end in such a bloody repulse. But, whatever his emotions, there was no trace of them in his calm and self-possessed bearing. I thought at that time his coming there very imprudent, and the absence of all his staff officers and couriers strange. It could only have happened by his express intention. I have since thought it possible that he came, thinking the enemy might follow in pursuit of Pickett, personally to rally stragglers about our guns and make a desperate defense. He had the instincts of a soldier within him as strongly as any man. . . . No soldier could have looked on at Pickett's charge and not burned to be in it. To have a personal part in a close and desperate fight at that moment would, I believe, have been at heart a great pleasure to General Lee, and possibly he was looking for one.'

And I ask myself how much of that born soldier's lust for battle, keen enjoyment of danger and struggle and combat, Lee really had. Certainly there is little record of his speaking of any such feeling. At various times he expressed a keen sense of all the horrors of war. 'You have no idea of what a horrible sight a battlefield is.' And again, 'What a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and

happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world.' Yet we must remember that at the time of his great military glory Lee was not a young man, and the fury of hot blood was tempered in him. I imagine that, in Mexico, he found an intense delight, 'when the musket-balls and grape were whistling over my head in a perfect shower,' and when he was threading his way alone in night and solitude through the murky pitfalls of the Pedregal. Even at a later time one vivid sentence, spoken in the midst of the slaughter of Fredericksburg, lights the man's true instincts, like a flash: 'It is well that war is so terrible, or else we might grow too fond of it.'

As to Lee's personal courage, of course the only point to be discussed is the peculiar quality of it. Judging from his character generally and from all that is recorded of him, I should not take his courage to consist in a temperamental indifference to danger, a stolid disregard of its very existence, such as we find perhaps in Grant or Wellington. Though far from being a highly nervous organization, Lee was sensitive, imaginative; and I take it that he had to accustom himself to being under fire and was always perfectly aware of any elements of peril there might be about him. By the time the war broke out, however, he was doubtless as indifferent to bullets as to rain-drops, and went where duty took him without a moment's thought of the result.

Testimony to his entire coolness in battle is of course abundant. I do not know that there is any more striking general statement than that of Cooke in reference to the second battle of Bull Run: 'The writer of these pages chanced to be near the commander at

this moment and was vividly impressed by the air of unmoved calmness which marked his countenance and demeanor. Nothing in the expression of his face, and no hurried movement, indicated excitement or anxiety. Here, as on many other occasions, Lee impressed the writer as an individual gifted with the most surprising faculty of remaining cool and unaffected in the midst of circumstances calculated to arouse the most phlegmatic.' A concrete instance of his self-possession in the midst of turmoil is narrated by a Union soldier: 'A prisoner walked up to him and told him a rebel had stolen his hat. In the midst of his orders he stopped and told the rebel to give back the hat and saw that he done it, too.'

I am not aware that Lee was wounded at any time during the war, or indeed in his life except slightly at Chapultepec. His hands were severely injured just before Antietam, but this was by the falling of his horse. He was, however, again and again under fire. At Antietam, A. P. Hill, who was close to the general, had his horse's fore legs shot off. On another occasion, when Lee was sitting with Stuart and his staff, 'a shell fell plump in their midst, burying in the earth with itself one of General Lee's gauntlets, which lay on the ground only a few feet from the general himself.' In 1864 Lee was inspecting the lines below Richmond, and the number of soldiers gathered about him drew the enemy's fire rather heavily. The general ordered the men back out of range and himself followed at his leisure; but it was observed that he stopped to pick up something. A fledgling sparrow had fallen from its nest, and he took it from the ground and tenderly replaced it, with the bullets whistling about him.

As the following incident shows, Lee was extremely solicitous about the unnecessary exposure of his men. Once,

when he was watching the effect of the fire of an advanced battery, a staff officer rode up to him by the approach which was least protected. The general reprimanded him for his carelessness, and when the young man urged that he could not seek cover himself while his chief was in the open, Lee answered sharply, 'It is my duty to be here. Go back the way I told you, sir.' At another time Lee had placed himself in a very exposed position, to the horror of all his officers. They could not prevail upon him to come down, so finally General Gracie stepped forward and interposed himself between his commander and the enemy. 'Why, Gracie,' protested Lee, 'you will certainly be killed.' 'It is better, General, that I should be killed than you. When you get down, I will.' Lee smiled and got down.

But no protest and no entreaty could make the commander-in-chief protect himself as much as his officers wished. Perhaps the most amusing instance of this is an experience related of Lee and Davis together in the early days on the Peninsula. They were riding side by side under fire when Davis realized the danger and urged his companion to withdraw. Lee returned the compliment. Then they both forgot all about it, till A. P. Hill rode up and begged them to go back. They moved a few feet, without mending matters much, until finally Hill appeared again and insisted that they should betake themselves to some position out of range.

When things became really critical, Lee completely threw aside all caution. In the terrific battles of the Wilderness, where at times it seemed as if Grant would succeed in breaking through, the Confederate general repeatedly (on three separate occasions, as it appears) rushed to the front to rally his men and charge, like Ney or Murat, at

the head of them. 'Go back, General Lee, go back!' shouted the soldiers. But he would not go back till they had promised to do as much for him as they could have done with him. And they did as much. No men could have done more.

It was this occasional fury of combativeness which made Longstreet assert that the general was sometimes unbalanced, not by any personal exposure or excitement, but by critical situations affecting the army as a whole. Longstreet, defending his own conduct at Gettysburg, urges that Lee was particularly overwrought at the time of that battle. In what is, to say the least, peculiar phraseology, he writes of his commander: 'That he was excited and off his balance was evident on the afternoon of the first, and that he labored under that oppression till blood enough was shed to appease him.' The suggestion that Lee required blood to appease him is grotesque, and his loyal admirers ridicule the idea that at Gettysburg he was unbalanced. But there is evidence besides Longstreet's that, once in a fight, he hated to give it up, and perhaps occasionally allowed his ardor to overcome his discretion. The Prussian officer Scheibert remarks that while at Chancellorsville Lee was admirably calm, at Gettysburg he was restless and uneasy. General Anderson bears witness that at Gettysburg his chief was 'very much disturbed and depressed.'

Curious independent testimony to a state of affairs between Lee and Longstreet just before the surrender, precisely similar to what Longstreet depicts at Gettysburg, is furnished by Captain Ranson in *Harper's Magazine*, though I confess that I cannot quite adjust it to Longstreet's own narrative. The captain involuntarily overheard a conversation between the two generals. 'I must have slept an hour at least

when again I was awakened by the loud, almost fierce tones of General Lee, saying, "I tell you, General Longstreet, I will strike that man [Grant] a blow in the morning." General Longstreet again recounted the difficulties, ending as before, "General, you know you have only to give the order and the attack will be made, but I must tell you that I think it a useless waste of brave lives." And that excellent critic Colonel T. L. Livermore proposed to solve the difficult question, why Lee did not earlier abandon Petersburg, by accepting Davis's suggestion that the general's too combative temperament made him reluctant to retire from an enemy.

The most heroic picture that is left us of Lee high-wrought by the excitement of battle and determined to fight to the end, is the account, received by Henderson from a reliable eye-witness, of the chief's decision to remain north of the Potomac after Antietam. General after general rode up to the commander's headquarters, all with the same tale of discouragement and counsel of retreat. Hood was quite unmannered. 'My God!' cried Lee to him, with unwonted vehemence, 'where is the splendid division you had this morning?' 'They are lying on the field where you sent them,' answered Hood. Even Jackson did not venture to suggest anything but withdrawal. There were a few moments of oppressive silence. Then Lee rose erect in his stirrups and said, 'Gentlemen, we will not cross the Potomac to-night. You will go to your respective commands, strengthen your lines, send two officers from each brigade towards the ford to collect your stragglers and bring them up. Many have come in. I have had the proper steps taken to collect all the men who are in the rear. If McClellan wants to fight in the morning, I will give him battle. Go!' They

went, and in this case, at least, Lee's glorious audacity was justified; for he proved to all the world that McClellan did not dare attack him again.

However Lee's judgment may have been affected by the excitement of battle, it made little alteration in his bearing or manner. Fremantle tells us that the general's dress was always neat and clean, and adds, 'I observed this during the three days fight at Gettysburg, when every one else looked and was extremely dirty.' Stress of conflict sometimes seems to alter men's natures. Odd stories are told in the war books of officers quite saintly in common converse who in battle would swear like reprobates. Conversely, it is said of the great Condé that in his daily dealings with his soldiers his tongue was incredibly rough, but the moment he got under fire he addressed everybody about him with exquisite politeness. Lee's politeness was always exquisite. It was only very, very rarely that some untoward incident stirred either his temper or his speech. 'Probably no man ever commanded an army and, at the same time, so entirely commanded himself as Lee,' says the cool-blooded Alexander. 'This morning [after Chancellorsville] was almost the only occasion on which I ever saw him out of humor.'

Nor was it only a question of mere politeness. Lee was as tender and sympathetic to man and beast in the fury of combat, in the chaos of defeat, as he could have been in his own domain at Arlington. After the great charge on the third day at Gettysburg, an officer rode up to him lashing an unwilling horse. 'Don't whip him, captain, don't whip him,' protested the general. 'I have just such another foolish beast myself, and whipping doesn't do any good.' And as the tumult of disaster increased, the sympathy took larger forms of magnanimity than mere pre-

vention of cruelty to animals. There was no faultfinding, no shifting of perhaps deserved blame to others, nothing but calmness, comfort, cheerfulness, confidence. 'All will come right in the end; we'll talk of it afterwards; but in the mean time all good men must rally.' — 'Never mind, General. All this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can.'

So, with incomparable patience, tact, and energy, the great soldier held his army together after defeat and kept it in a temper and condition which went far to justify Meade's reluctance to follow up his success. Only, to complete the picture, one should turn to General Imboden's brief sketch, taken after the work was done and natural human exhaustion and despair claimed some little right over even a hero's nerve and brain. It must be remembered that this was a man fifty-six years old. Towards midnight Lee rode up to Imboden's command. 'When he approached and saw us, he spoke, reined up his horse and endeavored to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached him, he had alighted. He threw his arm across his saddle to rest himself and fixing his eyes upon the ground, leaned in silence upon his equally weary horse; the two formed a striking group, as motionless as a statue. After some expressions as to Pickett's charge, etc., he added in a tone almost of agony, "Too bad! Too bad! Oh, too bad!"'

With the portrait of Lee himself in the shock of battle we should put a background of his soldiers and their feeling as he came among them. We have already heard their passionate cry when he rushed to put himself at their head and charge into the thickest of the fight. 'Go back, General Lee!

Go back!’ General Gordon, who loved to throw a high light of eloquence on all such scenes, describes this one with peculiar vividness, giving his own remonstrance, ‘These men are Georgians, Virginians, and Carolinians. They have never failed you on any field. They will not fail you now. Will you, boys?’ and the enthusiastic answer, ‘No, no, no!’ Those who like the quiet truth of history, even when it chills, will be interested in an eye-witness’s simple comment on this picturesque narrative. ‘Gordon says, “we need no such encouragement.” At this some of our soldiers called out, “No, no!” Gordon continuing, said, “There is not a soldier in the Confederate army who would not gladly lay down his life to save you from harm”; but the men did not respond to this last proposition.’

It cannot be doubted, however, that Lee’s personal influence in critical moments was immense. On one occasion, just before battle, there was heard to pass from mouth to mouth as a sort of watchword the simple comment, ‘Remember, General Lee is looking at us.’ Stuart’s aide, Von Borcke, describes a scene which is immensely effective as showing how little the general relied on words, and how little he needed to. Lee was riding through the ranks before a charge. ‘He uttered no word. He simply removed his hat and passed bare-headed along the line. I had it from one who witnessed the act. “It was,” said he, “the most eloquent address ever delivered.” And a few minutes later he heard a youth, as he ran forward, crying and reloading his musket, shout through his tears that “any man who would not fight after what General Lee said was a damned coward.”’

Perhaps the most splendid battle-piece of Lee in the midst of his fighting soldiers is Colonel Marshall’s account of the triumphant advance on the third

day at Chancellorsville. The enemy were retiring and the troops swept forward through the tumult of battle and the smoke of woods and dwellings burning about them. Everywhere the field was strewn with the wounded and dying of both armies. ‘In the midst of this scene General Lee, mounted upon that horse which we all remember so well, rode to the front of his advancing battalions. His presence was the signal for one of those uncontrollable outbursts of enthusiasm which none can appreciate who have not witnessed them. The fierce soldiers, with their faces blackened with the smoke of battle, the wounded, crawling with feeble limbs from the fury of the devouring flames, all seemed possessed with a common impulse. One long unbroken cheer, in which the feeble cry of those who lay helpless on the earth blended with the strong voices of those who still fought, rose high above the roar of battle, and hailed the presence of the victorious chief. He sat in the full realization of all that soldiers dream of — triumph.’

This was victory. But there came a day of defeat, when the Army of Northern Virginia, after four years of fighting and triumphing and suffering, shrunk almost to nothing, saw their great commander ride away to make his submission to a generous conqueror. Their love, their loyalty, their confidence, were no less than they had ever been. If he said further fighting was useless and inhuman, it must be so.

But this very absolute confidence increased the weight of the terrible decision. All these thousands trusted him to decide for them. He must decide rightly. What the burden was we can only imagine, never know. But under the noble serenity maintained by habitual effort, good observers detected signs of the struggle that must be taking place. ‘His face was still calm, but

his carriage was no longer erect, as his soldiers had been used to see it. The trouble of those last days had already ploughed great furrows in his forehead. His eyes were red as if with weeping; his cheeks sunken and haggard; his face colorless. No one who looked upon him then, as he stood there in full view of the disastrous end, can ever forget the intense agony written upon his features. And yet he was calm, self-possessed, and deliberate.' So great was his anguish that it wrung a wish to end it all, even from a natural self-control complete as his. 'How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest. I have only to ride along the lines and all will be over. But,' he quickly added, 'it is our duty to live, for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to support and protect them?'

So the decision had to be made. And he made it. 'Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths.' His officers protested passionately. 'O General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?'—'Yes, I know, they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility.'

The scene that ensued has been described often: the plain farmhouse room, the officers curious, yet respectful, the formal conversation, as always painfully unequal to the huge event it covered, the short, ungainly, ill-dressed man, as dignified in his awkwardness almost as the royal, perfectly appointed figure that conferred with him. Lee bore himself nobly, say his admirers; nobly, but a little coldly, say his opponents. And who shall blame him? Then it was over. One moment

he paused at the door, as he went out, waiting for his horse, and as he paused, looking far into the tragic future, or the tragic past, he struck his gauntleted hands together in a gesture of immense despair, profoundly significant for so self-contained a man. Then he rode away, back to his children, back to the Army of Northern Virginia, who had seen him daily for three years and now would never see him any more.

In all this scene two figures of course stand out beyond every other, the man who succeeded and the man who failed. In some respects there are remarkable resemblances between them. Though one had old family traditions behind him and the other had not, both were absolutely simple, democratic, and indifferent to fuss, parade, or show. Both were frank and straightforward, yet both were men of extreme reticence, using as few words as possible and only for the deliberate conveyance of their purposes. Both, under a calm, if not frigid exterior, covered genuine sympathy and human kindness.

But one was a man of the eighteenth century, the other of the nineteenth, one of the old America, the other of the new. Grant stands for our modern world, with its rough, business habits, its practical energy, its desire to do things no matter how, its indifference to the sweet grace of ceremony and dignity and courtesy. Lee had the traditions of an older day, its high beliefs, its grave stateliness, its feeling that the way of doing a thing was almost as much as the thing done. In short, Grant's America was the America of Lincoln, Lee's the America of Washington. It is in part because of this difference and because I would fain believe that without loss of the one we may some day regain something of the other that I have given so much thought to the portrayal of Lee's character and life.

Long ago Milton said that he who would be a great poet must make his own life a true poem. Lee had certainly no care for being a great poet, but if ever man made his own life a true poem, it was he. Grant's career has the vigor, the abruptness, the patness, the roughness, of a terse military dis-

patch. It fits its place and fills it, and all is said. Lee's has the breadth, the dignity, the majesty, the round and full completeness of a Miltonic epic, none the less inspiring because its end is tragic. It was indeed a life lived in the grand style. Only, in these days so few people care for poetry.

A NOTE ON ROMANCE

BY PAUL MARIETT

FROM where he lay he could see, at the end of a gray, cobble-stoned alley, a vivid little picture in a compact frame of buildings — the bright blank of the wide, asphalted *Prado*, bounded on the farther side by the low iron rail of the sea-wall, sharp against the flat, staring, blue harbor; and beyond, completing the miniature landscape, the white edge of a sun-baked, tropical shore. And all this lay breathlessly still, and queerly sabbatical in aspect, except when, at irregular intervals, there came a low, monstrous sound, shaking the air like a blast of wings — the drone of far-away cannon.

A slow, methodical trickle of plaster spilled and flared from the building opposite him, and woke him from the stupor into which he had fallen. He lay against one wall of the narrow alley, in a crumpled heap, a bulky-shouldered, hard-faced man of thirty, in the dirty garb of an *insurrecto* — stout boots, khaki trousers, stained and patched, a gray flannel shirt, and a wide sombrero; around his chest was a bandola of cartridges, by his side a carbine.

He looked up to see whence the plaster had come, for, in the intense stillness, the soft rattle of its fall was strangely startling. The building he gazed at formed a high, blank wall to the alley; above the second story it was a chaotic tangle of wreckage — shot to tottering ruins by some terrific bombardment.

He dropped his eyes, uninterested. At the present moment he felt no pain, only a lightness of head and a clarity of intellect, though a soft and insidious paralysis prevented all motion in his lower limbs, and a small hole was drilled clear through his flannel shirt just above where it was tucked into his trousers, and about it was a little crescent of brown stain.

The shade of the alley was grateful after the fierce hand-to-hand struggle out yonder on the blazing *Prado*, where he and his companion *insurrectos*, under cover of a bombardment from the revolted navy, had swept up the beach, in a fanatic attempt to carry the city, and had met and obliterated the loyalist army.

Resistance had been more stubborn

than they had expected; in the *mêlée* a loyalist officer with a staring, frightened face, swerving in front of him, had shot him, so that he fell and lay prone till the loyalists broke and fled, and the whole rout swept on, leaving a deserted street sparsely scattered with dead men.

After a time he had revived, had succeeded in crawling into the alley out of the sun. He had seen enough of warfare to know that his wound was crippling but not fatal, and he was content to lie still, caring very little whether Galdés and his hired band of adventurers, of which he was one, gained the city, so long as he was not in excruciating physical pain; for he was a brave man and a cynic, as his hard face and cruel, sensual lips showed.

It had been years since he had been silent for so long, with nothing to do but think; for he was no thinker, no student — as he had proved by a wild revolt from the severe and hampered training of a New England college, to a determined pursuit of adventure.

Ah, the glamour of those first days of romance — the smell of the cattle-ship in which he had gone abroad, the boulevards and cafés of Paris, Spain and the Moors, the Gold Coast of Africa, the diamond mines, the Veldts and the Cape; furtive rendezvous, glances of humid eyes, touches of hands and lips, passionate stolen nights, fierce and bloody duels, hair-breadth escapes, all things torrid and romantic, seen with sentimental eyes, with the rosy glow of fiction over them all!

Then, the glamour waning and thinning, and the hard, ugly foundations, and the cruel and shameful retrospects, on which such a life is built, showing through, he turned to the last resort of the adventure-drugged man — war: regular war, organized war; irregular war, guerilla-war; war no casuist could have distinguished from murder. A

soldier of fortune in impossible causes, in desperate, dishonorable battles, in brief dangers, in briefer glories, — so went eight years of feverish living, — and here he was, like a rat in a hole, in an alley of pretentious, unimportant South American Aguas Calientes, for whose 'liberation' he had been fighting, along with a 'gallant handful' of mercenaries. And though he had no intention of dying, he realized, with a certain acute hatred, directed bitterly at mankind as a whole, that no one would care if he did.

Again the air vibrated unpleasantly. Another cascade of plaster slid deliberately from the ruined dwelling above him, striking him and rousing him sharply from his coma of thought.

At that moment he heard a queer little noise, which at first he could neither define nor locate. He turned his head idly and looked up the alley where the houses closed together and made of the passage a dusky *cul-de-sac*. In the dark wall there was a low servant's door, for these were dwelling-houses of the very rich on the Prado — and, as he looked, he saw a movement in this small black hole, and a little figure emerged and came slowly into the alley.

It was a very small girl, perhaps six or seven years of age. She was dressed neatly but richly in a stiff red dress which came to her knees, and under which her slim little legs moved in their tight black stockings.

She came down the alley, walking slowly, waveringly, blunderingly, and making the queer, low wail which had at first attracted his attention. On her face was an expression half of pain, half of petulant bewilderment — as though she were exhausted and annoyed by wandering a long while over a silent house, in search of the nurse or parent who ordinarily at this time did for her accustomed service, and

who was now either absent, or in a strange inexplicable attitude of calm indifference and silence.

He noted idly — for little children were nothing to him — that her face lighted up when she saw him; and she stopped her hurt, angry little wail and came straight toward him. She held one arm rigidly in front of her chest and clasped its wrist firmly with the other hand. She came to him where he crouched, and displayed the cause of her grief as if it were something he could remedy, her demand for relief completely imperious, as a child's often is — holding up to him her right hand, with the little finger cleanly shot away, and nothing left but a clotted, scarlet horror.

The ravages of battlefields and the savagery of murders he had often seen; he was hardened and calloused by blood and death; but in some manner this childish helplessness and trust stirred him. He raised himself against the wall, put out a powder-scarred hand, and drew the child toward him. The canteen at his side was full of water, and, fastened within his shirt, he found intact the small emergency packet of bandages which guerilla campaigns, with a hospital tent an undreamed-of luxury, had taught him to carry.

So, holding the child tightly against him, he washed and dressed the wound. She gave but one sharp cry when he touched it, then was silent, pressing against him and breathing convulsively. As he worked roughly, binding up this child's wound as he would have repaired the damage to one of his horses, or one of his weapons, doing a crude but effective task with no sympathy and no consideration, a strange thought came slowly and adventitiously into his mind. In retrospect this life of his was useless; not only useless — but it had a paucity which he had never

before realized. He had pursued this life madly, because it had beckoned with vistas of glowing color opening out radiantly, with strange, wild harmonies of fantastic novelties; and now it appeared very dust and ashes. He did not even possess the serenely-flowing happiness of the secure and sane life against which he had so desperately revolted. *That* was one lack, but not the ultimate lack. Also he was poor; but riches could not buy what he desired. He was homeless; but a sumptuous house could be barren and disconsolate. He was a man who had known many women, and was wifeless; had begotten children, and was childless. The glow had faded away from life, leaving it tawdry and garish; and, looking at this child he was succoring, for the first time he realized fully that he held at his side a human entity, a sentient being, a bit of passion and pain, like himself.

He had never before been in so intimate a contact with a child. Her delicate head of short, black hair was thrown back against the red shoulder of her dress. He noticed the pure curve of the uplifted little throat, and the tiny blue shadows that lay tenderly under the brown chin. Her narrow lips were smooth as a textile of some fairy loom, and the scarlet color lay evenly along them, exactly defined from the creamy olive of her skin: a thing so pure, so perfect, so matchlessly perfect, he had never seen. But it was her eyes finally that he noticed: dusky, black-brown deeps, with thick fringes of soft, smudgy eyelash, and eyebrows above like single strokes of a wide brush; in them, as they stared, fully open and unseeing, at the sky, was — pain. He realized abruptly that he was hurting her, and the knowledge unnerved him. His fingers shook a little and he hurried his bandaging; he made an effort — new to him — to be tender.

A sudden impulse to speak to her came over him; he did not know why he restrained it. Nor would he have known what to say.

When the rough dressing was completed, he found that he had retained the brown hand he had bandaged: little, exquisite piece of human clay, so feathery and wonderfully fashioned, so fine and flawless, except for the irreparable damage the afternoon's 'glory' had wrought upon it. He caught his breath sharply.

Again the air trembled with the muffled beat of cannon; and far off a faint, fierce shout capped the low thunder, like an exulting cry at a good shot. He raised himself a little, and, turning, looked eagerly down the alley at the bright, tantalus-picture of street and sea, white land, blue water, luminous sunshine.

War, Romance, Adventure, Glory, Passion, Excitement—all those fair and seductive things which had beckoned to his boyhood, captured his youth, wrecked his manhood—futile things; not only futile but disastrous; not only disastrous but horrible. Wounded children, murdered women, pillage, fire, rapine, confusion, chaos—all these followed in the train of the life he had

chosen and pursued, hard, appalling verities, in spite of civilization and the boasted progress of mankind. And this maimed child, innocent and virginal—

The child had fallen back against his breast. Wearied with pain and loss of blood, she slept serenely, her small face calm and placid. The faint, warm perfume of her, the elastic fragility of her, the touch of her stiffly-laundered red dress, her evenly-drawn breath which moved her gently against him, made him think of her oddly as some quaint, fragrant flower.

He put an arm lightly about her, and the little breast rose and fell against it rhythmically. He looked down at her. He had never had a child of his own. The thought came over him, grew upon him, choked him, overwhelmed him. He had never had a child of his own.

The little, flower-like creature sighed and stirred fretfully, and let her head fall back loosely upon his shoulder. Her unmaimed hand, traveling in sleep, crept down his sleeve, found his hand, and slid into it, where it lay content.

He gave a great gasp, flung both arms around the little body, drew it to him with infinite tenderness, and laid his lips against the nape of the slim, brown neck.

THE FORERUNNERS

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I

THE most important event of the last quarter-century has probably been the placing of socialism in a central position before the judicial mind of the age. European men of letters, ever since the Industrial Revolution, have been occupied with the quest for social justice. It should be profitable to look back, seeking to relate their message to the socialist ideal. Their voices are living yet. The melancholy music of Leopardi, Heine, Lamennais, is faint but audible; the pure accents of Mazzini, the sonorous harmonies of Victor Hugo, may be caught without straining the ear. But we are more insistently held by the mordant speech of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Suderman; while it is hard to tell whether that dubious measure of Nietzsche's, which frightens and arrests, rises from dæmonic depths or floats downward from the heights attained by the victorious superman.

Those who use our English speech — Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Carpenter, and the others — naturally speak to us most clearly; but overmastering all other tones, something of the 'large utterance of the early gods' reaches us from Russia. The great novels — Dostoiefsky's pained and poignant studies of the world's anguish, Tourguéneff's sensitive delineation of the stupor of the oppressed, and the self-consuming fever of the would-be redeemers — prepare us for the greatest of all: for the accusing, appealing words of him who so lately has passed

'to where, beyond these voices, there is peace,' Leo Tolstoï. Comprehensive study of the social message of even a few among these writers would involve more than one volume; perhaps within the compass of an article, we may offer a few hints concerning trend and affiliation.

To all these men, the social problem and the religious are blended. A metaphysical theology, peering into the sky, such as inspired thinkers from Augustine to Calvin, may still be pursued by specialists, but it has ceased to interest the world at large. Jonathan Edwards, John Bunyan, saw the soul in an awful solitude, alone with its God. But Carlyle's 'Sartor' passed abruptly from the breathless mysticism of 'Natural Supernaturalism' to a scathing study of modern helotage; the religion sought by Mazzini and Tolstoï was one that should interpenetrate social relations; to Nietzsche, denial of God brought in its train denial of democracy and pity.

Aspiration, by the prerevolutionary schools, might have been pictured as a Blake-like figure, hands clasped above its head, struggling to free its feet from earth and to sweep upward like a diver into the high heaven. Aspiration, by the nineteenth century, was seen rather as Barnard has pictured it, — two comrades, pressing through an inert mass of rock, touching finger-tips only, yet straining with a power that must prevail toward the embrace they crave. Their heads are bent earthward; when the embrace is accomplished, they may look up to-

gether at the stars. Surely, this union of religious and social passion implies one real achievement of democracy. Class-barriers, in the outer world, may be high and hard: in the world within, the oneness of life begins to be perceived, and we know that we may find God only in finding our brethren. The sense of this oneness is the very condition of our being, the medium in which we move.

II

So far so good. But when we pass further, we are disappointed. We ask from our leaders some unity in social leadership; they give us only unity in negation. It is hard to find in earlier days anything like the agreement in discontent that marks the higher reaches of nineteenth-century thought. Elizabethan England, the Greece of Pericles, the Florence of the Renaissance, felt an eager joy in life and an exultant patriotism, thinly disguised by the captiousness of social censors and leading to delightful naïve self-glorification. Complacency has not been lacking to the Age of Steam, but it has not come from the men of imagination and vision. In the utterances from every European country, restlessness deepens into dissatisfaction, and at times almost into despair.

In this discontent are two recurrent strains, — often blended, yet independent in origin. The exasperated protest of stifled individualities, that first sounded so haughtily in the verse of Byron and Leopardi, echoed down the century, demanding, and in vain, freedom to expand to the full stature, sincerity, completeness, peace. Bitter and brilliant, the hatred of convention rang through the work of Ibsen and the Northerners. It had been mild and clear in Emerson; in thought like that of Edward Carpenter, it allied itself with Oriental mysticism, paradoxically

drawing the soul aloof from the universe in the name of spiritual unity; in Nietzsche it found its apogee. The individualistic revolt! Germinated in that arrogant confidence in the sanctity of life, that denial of Sin, to which pre revolutionary thought gave birth, it entered, a strong ferment, the world of the Revolution. We were bidden to adore our own humanity: why not then indulge it? Why not resent all that fetters the free play of desire? Challenging marriage, reacting from all social forms of religion, never satisfied and never stilled, the Spirit of Revolt has roamed, an unquiet guest, through the stern ways of modern civilization. Toward restraining tradition, its attitude has been annoyed and supercilious. It has passed with alarming swiftness from literature, philosophy, music, to life, and back again. All classes catch the infection. We hear no longer the Jolly Beggars of Burns, trolling their ditty from the shelter of a barn: —

A fig for those by law protected, —

Liberty's a glorious feast,

Courts by cowards were erected,

Churches built to please the priest.

Persons of the best breeding and most delicate manners repeat in private a refined and intellectualized version of the same song. At times they use democratic language. But, on the whole, their spirit has worked against the leveling instincts of democracy, for its passion, however disguised, is separatist and hence aristocratic.

And blending with this, another strain, clear from the days of Shelley: the strain of sympathy. A force centrifugal as the other is centripetal: bringing absolution from egotism and self-absorption, through the power of a great compassion, that contemplates with heart-break not to be quieted the manifold miseries of proletariat and privileged, and cries that its brothers, rich and poor alike, are so fast in prison

that they cannot get out. Pity for humanity, vehement if spasmodic in the pages of Rousseau, subdued in the measured lines of Cowper, has from the first been latent, has become increasingly potent, in the press and clamor of self-seeking modern life. As self-assertion has exalted itself into a defiant philosophy, self-effacement has focused itself into a devoted religion. In the English school, after the days of Byron, social compunction may be said on the whole to dominate the individualistic note. In Victor Hugo and the French group of '48, longing for a general blessedness is lambent but helpless; in Mazzini, it soars in flame of political and social aspiration. So the call to sacrifice and the call to dominate met confusedly in the literature of the last century, and united to challenge civilization. Egotism and altruism were allies for the time being in revolt against the social order.

III

The critics see this order supported on the one hand by grossly predatory institutions and instincts, on the other by the preaching of resignation and inaction in the name of religion and the Church. Let us glance at one or two phases of the indictment, — most sharply defined, though not most intensely felt, in the individualistic schools.

Here is Ibsen. He passes from mystical romance to experiments in the furthest reaches of realism, yet in both mediums the spirit of negation persists unrelenting. Sympathies are always worsted by the perception of fact. Brand, refuser of compromise, dear to the author's heart as he demands 'all or nothing,' is mercilessly routed. From Julian, fine champion of Pagan glories, is wrested confession of the victory of the religion of defeat. Peer Gynt, the man capable of maintaining

his superb delusions in the face of supreme degradation, is a poor creature after all. The curious verse, hot with symbolic imaginings, yields to sardonic prose. We pass in scornful review the worthlessness of the Pillars of Society, the Doll's House where women live, the rout of idealist folly by that modern Vittoria Corombona, Hedda Gabler, and the will-o'-the-wisp aspiration that leads a Master-builder to fling himself from the apex of his own building.

Through the tame bourgeois society pictured by Ibsen in all its flatness, pulse the same demands of suffocated persons for warmth, life, honesty, that break in the Jacobean drama like a raging surf against the silence of eternal law. Only the stage has changed — surely for the worse — between *The White Devil* and *Hedda Gabler*, and the breakwater against which desire hurls itself in vain is now erected rather by Society than by Nature. Domestic amenities, political moralities, artistic aspirations, crumble to dust, touched by the finger of the satirist. What survives is a thwarted will, — one is never quite sure whether vicious or honest, — asserting itself in helpless defiance above the débris of a civilization viewed with unmitigated contempt. 'From special reforms I hope nothing,' writes Ibsen to Brandès. 'The whole race is on the wrong track.' And again: 'The State must be abolished: in that revolution I will take part.' In another passage, the emotion underlying this riot of accusation is for once allowed free vent: 'There are actually moments when the whole history of the world appears to me like one great shipwreck, and the important thing seems to be to save one's self.'

A thinker of this temper may clear the air, but will hardly help men find their way. Influenced by Ibsen, the Northern schools of novel and drama rarely get beyond him. The conflict of

an Ego that claims gratification as its right, but finds that very gratification deadly to itself as well as to others, is the recurrent theme, in realism or romance: whether seen in Magda, cruelly gentle, failing to keep her own soul alive and dubiously benefiting the soul of any one else; or in Heinrich, lured by Rautendelein, only to doom that bewitching spirit of natural joy to cold nuptials with the Nickerman, and himself to heart-break from remorse over the murder of domestic affection involved in his escape from the warm, dull ways of human fellowship. The courage of negation may be the chief virtue our times require, but it places an icy finger at the heart of life.

These later schools have of course passed under the spell of a more daring genius than Ibsen, Friedrich Nietzsche. In Nietzsche, negation certainly overleaps itself, and 'falls on the other,' into a topsy-turvy world where drastic denials suddenly appear as supreme affirmations. With how alluring a play of imagery and feeling he attacked the smug assumptions of a nominal democracy and a faded Christianity! With what audacious splendor he asserted the aristocratic ideal! and called us to burn what we had adored!

'The leveling and diminishing of man in Europe conceal our greatest danger. Having ceased to fear man, we have ceased to love him. His very aspect bores us to-day. We are weary of humanity.' 'I understood that this ethic of compassion, which was spreading constantly, was the most disquieting feature of our European culture.' When will the schools of compassion triumph in their bad work? 'When they shall succeed in forcing into the consciousness of happy people the misery of others. Away with this shameful weakening of feeling! The well can not be allowed liberty to act as physicians, saviors, consolers.'

This reversal of our moral standards carried with it the political and social implications to be expected. Was it question of the state, 'where the slow suicide of all calls itself life'? 'Open your ears, for I am going to talk to you of the death of the peoples.' And brotherhood? 'Do I advise you to love your neighbor? Rather would I advise you to flee your neighbor, and love that which is afar.' How about that 'Eldest of things, divine Equality,' so passionately hymned of Shelley? To Nietzsche, she is a poisonous tarantula with the revolutionary triangle on her back.

Let us be candid; this brutally potent and poetic reaction from the social idealism born of democracy brought refreshment, brought relief. We welcomed in it the last, bravest word of that spirit of impatient egotism that prowls in the depth of very nature as in the breadth of the civilized world.

But the relief was short-lived, for the virus of compassion that Nietzsche hated was too inward to expel. He felt this himself. 'Woe! Bitten by the tarantula, my old enemy!' he cries; 'with her certitude and her divine beauty, she has bitten my finger!' She has certainly bitten ours; no antidote avails to set our system free or to turn us into aristocrats again. The trouble with most of us is that we are mean-spirited. We do not really want to be supermen unless everybody else has a chance of getting to be a superman too. We remark with Browning: 'Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race at once,' — a phrase which Nietzsche had considered quite worthy of the half-mediæval Paracelsus.

IV

If we turn from the schools of egotism to the schools of pity, we shall find a view of modern civilization no

more reassuring on the whole. But let us call a halt, for it is dreary business longer to contemplate a world out of joint. A protest reaches us from many quarters, telling us that croaking is very bad for the vocal chords! In this world that seems so corrupt, if you take the evidence of the problem-play or the anarchist, myriads of people live healthy and happy lives.

This is true, and good to remember; but it does not silence the Voice of the Accuser. What use to tell a man whose lungs are diseased that there is nothing wrong with his digestion? In the social as in the physical body, the slightest disorder of a part involves a general distress; and while sweat-shops and child-labor flourish, we must be excused from comforting ourselves by reflections on the admirable living conditions enjoyed by large sections of our commuting population or by peasants across the sea.

There is this to be learned, however, from the protest: if we aspire to health, it is not only mournful but demoralizing to dwell on disease. There is no point to diagnosis unless it leads to remedies. And every modern social critic has a remedy to suggest. We cannot speak of them in detail, for while the indictments largely agree, the prescriptions differ. But we can group them.

Social idealism during its more positive and constructive moments has rallied around two banners. On the one is inscribed, Moralize civilization! on the other, Abandon it!

The plea to moralize was superficial enough at times. There have been many to believe, with Dickens, with Victor Hugo, that the world can be saved by the simple application of sentiment. Yet better thought, searching and rich in suggestion, supplemented by an immense amount of ardent action, has been expended in this way.

The application of moral idealism to a situation unchanged, if not unchallenged, has been looked to as the one sure path to social welfare. Carlyle had united with his vital denunciations a rousing call to act, but had given no instructions as to the way to follow. His disciples pushed his teaching further; laid down a new chivalry of sacrifice and service for those 'Captains of Industry' whom Carlyle had hailed as masters of the future; and returning to the old platonic doctrine of the elimination of wants, summoned men to refrain from luxury in the name of brotherhood. Ruskin in particular evoked for us an attractive picture: a society in layers, like Mr. Galsworthy's pagoda, where heaven-born inequalities gave scope for sweet ministries of obedience and authority, in a frame of immutable justice that knew in its manifestations neither growth nor decay.

Less logically worked out, similar suggestions inspired nearly all nineteenth-century philanthropy and reform. Mazzini welcomed indeed the democracy still viewed by England with distrust, but was preoccupied with the now superseded belief in the superiority of one form of government over another. Saturated with fine social idealism, his thought still has power to thrill; his programme is forgotten. Preaching and practice on the same lines filled the century. Let the system stand as it is; let the employer be induced to deal justly and kindly, and the employed give faithful service; let the landlord keep his property in repair, and the tenant be persuaded to become clean instead of dirty. Convert your individuals, and society as it is will be very satisfactory; leave them unconverted, and no change in system can avail.

It was simple, it was magnificent, but was it war? Many think so. Large numbers are still attacking the citadel

of ancient wrong on these lines, with unabated valor and heroic effort, believing that the conversion of the individual life within an unchanged economic order is the one thing needful. But from the first there were some to hesitate. Seeking with the greatest docility to apply these solutions, they have found them discredited by the onward movement of life, and have felt as men hurtling against vast forces, dimly desecrated, not to be routed by their gallant efforts. The number of these people is increasing every day. In bitterness of soul, they have experienced the inadequacy of philanthropy; in distressed amaze they confront, so they believe, the failure of reform. And as they reflect, it seems to them that intelligent foresight on a large scale was lacking to the teaching of the great masters, and that the positive teaching revealed in life itself laughs at their gospels.

What alternative for such as these, who turn away disheartened from the modern exponents either of philanthropy or of reform? There are teachers who bring another message. We agree with you, they say: to moralize civilization is a hopeless task. Very well; let us abandon it. 'Civilization, its Cause and Cure,' is the text of their teaching, and its burden is the 'Call of the Wild.'

Very fascinating is the message of the anarchists, from Thoreau to Edward Carpenter, as they bid us shake the dust of cities from our feet, and take on our lips the Song of the Open Road. A finer form of personal revolt inspires their plea than that which agitates the sullen ladies and gentlemen of the Ibsen drama. It is touched with poetry, with hope, with freshness, — this call to return to Nature, which ever since the days of Rousseau has echoed through myriad hearts.

And yet, the more one thinks, the

more one perceives that it is a call to fettered men.

For unless one withdrew to a tropical climate, as Carpenter once naïvely counseled, one would have to wear clothes. And every fibre in them would sing the modern Song of the Shirt, — recalling the interminable array of men and women — clerks, dressmakers, sewing-girls, factory hands, reaching back to the tenders of silkworms or gatherers of cotton — who had given life and labor, often under conditions bitterly wrong, that we might be clad. The same truth holds of all the simplest, most inalienable trappings of life. Abandon? We cannot. Our every movement precludes the possibility. Separate ourselves as we will from our brothers, we may not, short of suicide, refuse the gifts they offer. Who, offering nothing in return, can be content? Who can retire to a wholesome and normal personal existence, and rest there satisfied, refusing that reciprocity of sacrifice which is the first law of decent life?

v

And what said Tolstoï, — the sad Titan, who rises head and shoulders above all other self-constituted guides of the nineteenth century, — the one figure — if we except Karl Marx who has not yet appeared upon our scene — of international importance?

Here is a man whose searching simplicity has power to touch our most inward wounds. From the story of Lévin to that of Nekludoff, has he not writ large, with honesty only equaled by his subtlety, the spiritual autobiography of his age? In Tolstoï, all the noblest forces of the social idealism of the last century are at last blended. Here the longing for personal escape and the longing for social redemption are harmonized, for we deal with a nature whose most secret individual

craving is simply that love may be freed from remorse. A personal motive impels Tolstoi: the restive hunger for a satisfaction which the world, especially the modern world, fails to afford. But individual aspiration is woven in one strand with social compunction, and in expressing the deep and complex pain that springs from the union, he has few equals in this or any age.

Egotism here soars till it is one with altruism, in a purer air where the two constructive impulses which have severally dominated the modern seekers are indistinguishable. To moralize society was Tolstoy's central aim, but his means was to abandon it. The escape from civilization was the constant theme of his philosophy, the experiment of his noblest characters, the spur to the final tragedy. But in such escape, indefinitely repeated, he saw not only the way to personal peace, but the one hope for general social salvation. In the organic fullness of his thought, his art, his life, we find the richest teaching, apart from the great school not yet mentioned, which the last century had to offer to the social seeker.

It is in the inimitable pages of *What is to be Done?* that he most fully traces his experience — an experience common and baffling.

Who can read unmoved the graphic, naïve story: how, horrified by the pauperism of Moscow, he set himself to the work of relief, and how, having yielded to the first impulse of casual almsgiving, he felt suddenly overwhelmed with shame? 'I felt and can never cease to feel myself a partaker in a crime which is continually being committed, so long as I have two coats while there exists one man without any.' With what grave irony the tale goes on, narrating the effort to rouse the conscience of friends, the personal ministrations, the organized philanthropy,

and the startling discovery that the misery of the poor lay so deep that 'their misfortunes could not be met by exterior means'! Driven from one vantage-ground to another, helpless before Rzhanoff's tenement-house, the centre of his efforts, Tolstoi frankly faces the situation in words that have become classic: 'The theory by which men who have freed themselves from personal labor justify themselves, in its simplest form, is this: "We men, having freed ourselves from work, and having by violence appropriated the labor of others, find ourselves better able to help them." It is as if I were sitting on the neck of a man, and having quite crushed him down, I compel him to carry me, and assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him and wish to ease his condition by every means in my power, except by getting off his back.'

And the means to get off his back? It is here, when Tolstoi turns from confession to reparation, that we listen breathless; and the message we hear is definite: 'I came to the following simple conclusion, that in order to avoid causing the sufferings and the depravity of men, I ought to make other men work for me as little as possible, and to work myself as much as possible.' The old doctrine: withdrawal to country life, the elimination of wants, on the Ruskinian pattern, devotion to manual labor, the making of perishable shoes substituted for the making of immortal books.

An alluring path, but one which leads surely into the desert. And what relation has the peace that is waiting there to Rzhanoff's, left behind?

There was a relation in Tolstoi's mind. His healthy existence in the fields holds, so he believed, healing for the woes of the tenement. Let all men do likewise, — refrain from preying upon the labor of others, and purify

their lives. As first result, the crushing toil involved in the production of luxuries will be removed from the world's shoulders; then, among those subject to discipline, will be born a distaste for the possession of property; and a voluntary communism, Christian, free, and gentle, will spread till the world is redeemed.

No thoughtful man can dismiss this conception lightly. Yet the sadness that invades us as we brood over it is not wholly due to personal cowardice. It springs rather from the vision of ultimate reactions. Tolstoi does not shrink from the repudiation of art and science; he dismisses with scorn the modern conception of progress. But many of us cannot follow him. Over the suicide of civilization we pause, hesitant; the Gospels seem to us richer, wider, than in the Tolstoyan version; despite our dissatisfactions, a reverence for life in its entirety is ingrained within us. We can never believe that to abandon the world will either moralize or save it.

Moreover, the method has already been well tried. It is at least as old as the days of Saint Benedict. In its time it was a great, an effective stroke for human perfection; but that time is over. Tolstoi, driven by prescient instinct, fled at the point of death to his true home; nor has history a more impressive scene in its private annals than that which shows us the patriarch wise with all modern culture, to whom wistful pilgrims, in search of a social gospel, had come by throngs, especially from the United States, retiring at the last to those monasteries in the borderland between East and West where the immemorial tradition of purity in abnegation still holds sway, and there discoursing with his recluse sister or with ancient sages wrapped in contemplative calm.

Between the superb arrogance of

Nietzsche, and this new anarchist asceticism, so tender, so difficult, so aimless, we may choose if we will. But the fate of their exponents is not reassuring. On the one hand, is a tragic figure dying in an insane asylum. On the other, is one still more tragic: a man who for many years had been driven by perplexed affection to compromise with his conscience, who had sought in vain to attain a fallacious peace by imitating in superficial externals the life of the peasants he honored, while the real sting of poverty remained unknown, and tender ministries slipped sachets of his favorite perfume among his linen; and who *in extremis* triumphantly vindicated his spiritual honor only by cruelly violating his human ties. He died, pitifully worsted in his vain effort to escape communal guilt; most appealing, most futile figure of this strange modern world.

Nietzsche and Tolstoi each has his followers; the former, probably more numerous, were hidden things revealed. Indeed, one would not deprecate the value of any phase of the teachings at which we have glanced. At every point troubled spirits have found rest, if not healing. Throngs are still laboring valiantly, and not all unfruitfully, to moralize the present order. An occasional rare soul flees from the press, to dwell with soothfastness. But apart from these fortunate ones, how great the host of the unsatisfied! They find the aristocratic solution impossible because they are built on another pattern; the attempt to moralize, the attempt to abandon, seem to them experiments disproved. In one way or another, they believe, all the solutions offered by the nineteenth-century man of letters make the Great Refusal, — the refusal of life itself, either in its richest aspect of sacrifice or in its lower aspect of fulfillment and possession.

VI

We raise our eyes from the brilliant, disappointing pages of the theorists. We turn them to the field of life. New hope awaits us there. For instantly we perceive a force ignored by other ideals of social redemption, at work through all the century, appearing ever and again in a new guise, and constantly enriching and clarifying its formulæ. This is the force of socialism. It desires neither to moralize nor to abandon, but to transform. Its faith, based on sound scrutiny of the past, looks into long reaches of the future, and calls for constructive action on a vast scale, to be carried out, not through multiplied isolated efforts, but through the coördinated activities of a collective will. Reviewing its story, from the early days of the Utopists, past the rise of the scientific school under Marx, through the long processes of growth and conflict, we cannot fail to acknowledge its persistence, its adaptability, the singular depth of its relation to the changing order.

Here at the outset we find a striking difference between these schools and those we have reviewed. For the solutions proposed by the idealists bear no relation at the root to the particular economic conditions of their day. Describing evils, they are poignantly modern; proposing remedies, they address man as if he existed, not in time, but in eternity. Their gospels would have been equally pertinent in any age. Nietzsche's Paganism simply touched to keener self-consciousness the implicit Hellenic ideal; Ruskin, Tolstoï, spoke in the main with a wisdom known more fully to the thirteenth century. Not without meaning did Ruskin find himself in dream girt with the Franciscan cord; and pilgrims who kneel in July at the Portiuncula in Assisi, invoking the spirit of the Poverello, might

well on departing wend their way to Russia, and renew continuous devotions in that twentieth-century shrine on the estate of Yasnaya Polyana, — the hut where Tolstoï died.

All is different in the socialist movement. It, too, in its youth had dreamed ancient dreams, and joined to the full in the good old game of Utopia-weaving; in its manhood, it put away childish things. In 1848 appeared a modest, epoch-making document, *The Communist Manifesto*. No one paid much attention to it; it did not rise into the region of polite letters. Nevertheless, it marks the advent of a new force, for here at once is the frank demand for an economic reading of history, the insistence on economic analysis of actual conditions in the light of their origin as the only clue to a sound programme of advance. The ground is never abandoned. Marx was close contemporary of Darwin; and in *Capital*, whatever its blunders, the firm adherence to positive and evolutionary methods is as distinct as in *The Origin of Species* itself. In the adherence to these methods, socialism first entered the field of practical politics and became an effective force.

They were methods which the idealists of the nineteenth century always distrusted. These gazed upward into the open sky of Platonic idealism; they surveyed at times the limited horizon of the present, within which the Manchester School was pursuing its cheerful observations. Beyond this, the eye attempted no adventure. Wavering in their attitude toward democracy, they were as a rule half-contemptuous toward evolutionary theory as a whole. For they scented in it a danger of materialism, as in democracy a danger of mob-rule. Still to-day the world at large echoes them. The socialist stress on a change in the economic order as the one means to social welfare is

shocking to the ordinary mind, which insists as in the last century on attacking the problem from the moral end alone. We are aware that in the organization of a hospital or the building of a railway, moral ideals may inspire but practical forces must do the work. Yet we continue to think that in the building of the state or the care of our social invalids, the one thing needful is to rouse the conscience; and the appeal on a large scale to economic forces for the modification of economic phenomena — an appeal which is the essence of those maligned doctrines, economic determinism and class-consciousness — is still suspect. Yet the individual soul is ushered into our world by material means, and it is hard to see why the idea that the soul of a new age must follow suit should prove distressing. Reading Engels after Tolstói gives a shock, as if one had come from a church into a department store. But if we are concerned over the conditions of shop-girls, a store is a better field of experiment than a church, though it is open to us to feel that the church in the background has also a rôle in the matter.

Here, at all events, was the point of fissure between socialism and the great nineteenth-century masters. Socialism pushed to one side, with impatience, all private solutions of social problems on the lines of the moral categories alone. It insisted that moralizing things as they are is useless, because things are not going to stay as they are; and that the only method of progress is, first to discover, then to direct, the secret forces making for social change, as we do all other forces of nature. To relate social progress to reality, to knit ethical ideals into the intimate laws of economic development, is the surprising feat of that school, considered at least in its earlier phases to mark the extremity of fantastic extravagance.

Our idealists scouted the method. But of course socialism has not only a method, but a principle and an aim.

If it satisfies, where the idealists fail, the craving for a vision of a reasonable and just human future, the reason is that it strikes boldly at the foundations of society, and demands that private property be limited if not abolished. Now, this is a conception, in the immortal words of Dogberry, most tolerable and not to be endured. All liberties may be taken with an Angora cat so long as her sacred tail be not disturbed; touch that, and scratches and spitting are your portion. Handle not the principle of Property, however gently. The most fiery radicalism, from the days of the Girondists, has refrained from attacking it; modern Liberalism has regarded it with more respect by far than did the Middle Ages. To the popular mind, it is somehow involved with the mysteries of marriage and the sanctities of religion. An ideal remote from practice, but attractive in theory, floats before our minds: Justice in gain, moderation in use, generosity in expenditure, distribution. We are moved to tears when we contemplate this ideal partially fulfilled at the last point alone by our millionaires; we are sure that, were we millionaires, we should observe it. Preach stewardship as much as you like, give away all your goods if you wish. But propose no restrictions through the common will on the instincts of acquisition.

Nevertheless, the thought of the proscribed and obscure in all ages has ended by coming out into the light of day. Working underground silently in every epoch, preached from Plato on by an occasional visionary, it claims at last to be fortified by a scientific study of the actual trend of things. Dramatically, centrally, it stands before the eyes of men. They may scout and refute it as they will, they cannot

ignore it. The right to private property is no longer an assumption to build on, it is a thesis to be proved.

How is it related to that quest for social justice which we have followed through 'the wilderness of a wide world in an atheistic century'?

Here a surprise awaits us. The social critics shrank from the method of socialism: one and all, they emphatically rejected the name. Yet with its essential spirit and with its central principle, if we except Nietzsche, they prove to be so amazingly in accord, that it is difficult not to recognize in socialism the home which they never reach, but toward which they were journeying.

The socialist indictment simply gathered into one and related to a centre the impressions scattered through the vivid books of the idealists. Here is the same revulsion from a society sordid and soiled as that felt so intensely by Hauptmann in *The Weavers*, and by Zola in *Germinal*. Socialist analysis could cut no deeper than in the pregnant phrase of Ruskin, 'All social evils spring from the pillage of the laborer by the idler'; or in Tolstoi's bold words, which might have been penned by Marx himself, 'Property is the root of all evil, and at the same time property is that toward which all the activity of our modern society is directed, and that which directs the activity of the world.'

If the indictments are alike, inspiration too is similar, for socialism, like the broader movement, includes men inspired by personal revolt and those moved wholly by chivalric pity. But it is when we come to the positive side and the central ideal that the points of contact are most striking, — so striking, so salient, that the groping instincts of the leaders we have considered seem like little lanterns wandering in a fog, which yield, when united in socialism, a light strong enough to re-

veal the path that leads onward toward the perfect day.

Efforts to moralize the existing order had led even Ruskin to a faint vision of a coöperative society, although the advance toward that society was conceived in fantastic fashion, and a lingering light from the set sun of feudalism played over the country of his dreams. Mazzini, in some ways greatest among the prophets, had stressed Association with mystic intensity. The communistic state foreseen by Tolstoi as the goal of voluntary sacrifice, was the same that shines, albeit dimly, before many a socialist thinker, as the last stage of inevitable economic evolution, beyond an intermediate organization.

Points of significant prophecy press upon us as we think. Carlyle's distressful cry for Authority as he faced the riot of individualistic democracy in early Victorian days is still the question of questions: 'How in connection with inevitable democracy, is indispensable Sovereignty to exist?' Where can it be answered except in socialism, with its conception of a democracy profoundly social and organized, where the authority of the collective will shall secure from each man his due quota of productive toil and ensure to each his due reward? Matthew Arnold, silent concerning social misery and preoccupied with our intellectual defects, had harped on the need for an extension of the power of the state, and put his finger on social inequality as the source of our worst evils. 'Our inequality materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle class, brutalizes our lower.' 'Political freedom may well be established by aristocratic founders. Social freedom, equality, that is rather the field of the conquests of democracy.' Such remarks are pure socialism. Finally, did not Arnold agree with Mazzini, with Ruskin, — each more unlikely than the other, — in

turning away discomfited from the vain effort to rouse the privileged classes to moralize society, and in the title of a late essay, 'Ecce Convertimur ad Gentes,' introduce a principle of wide reach and dubious implication: the appeal to the proletariat as the leaders of the future?

It is in the most vital and constructive regions of their thought that our old leaders present points of agreement with the new school. Difference as to method, not as to principle or goal, separates socialism of the modern scientific type from the best nineteenth-century idealism. To escape from the baffling tangle of these writers into the socialist world, is to experience such relief as a trapped creature may feel when a sudden move-

ment sets his foot free and the world awaits his choosing. What if the socialists are right about method? What if they do not de-moralize the universe, but simply put moral forces in the secret, sacred place where Nature puts them? Perhaps that union of religious and social passion which we signaled at the outset as the one sure modern achievement, will be energized and liberated when socialism impregnates it with a deeper reverence for fact. Should we ever come to believe this, and to accept the socialist reading of history, we shall swiftly acknowledge that the best elements in the fine but confused social idealism of the last century are crystallized for the first time into coherent and effective form by the socialist creed.

A PRAIRIE CARAVANSERY

BY MARGARET LYNN

WHEN we left the country road and turned into the drive, on our way home from school, there was usually a moment of excited expectation among us — unless the interest of getting the tag of the neighbor-children who lived farther down the road put other matters out of mind for the minute. But generally when we entered, or more likely climbed, our own gate and started up through the maple grove, we dropped school and neighbor-children from our minds. Two far more important questions immediately confronted us, — what would old Maldy have for us to eat, and who would be visiting at the house?

There was a combination of certainty and curiosity in both matters. As for the first, we knew that Maldy was even at that moment looking at the clock and getting out something for us to fall upon. For at any time after four o'clock we were painfully, unbearably hungry, and we now hurried along the drive as if famine itself dogged our footsteps. When one came home from school one went to the kitchen-door; because somehow when one appeared in the front of the house, — if one were a little girl, — with dinner-pail on arm and hair-ribbon off and *straight* hair flying and apron mussed and hat hanging by its elastic, — *They* did not look

approving. For, after the manner of children, we gave distinct remoteness to the older generation by calling them, collectively, *They*.

Defined extensively, *They* included our parents, who both belonged and did not belong, an intermittent grandparent or two, some floating uncles and aunts, the teacher when she boarded with us, all grown-up visitors who stayed over a week at once, any preachers at the place, however brief their visit, and any one else who might be regarded as embodying Mature Opinion.

No, the thing to do was to race around to the kitchen-door and burst clamorously in on Maldy with ravenous demands for food. Maldy was sure to be cross at this time of day, and scolded us roundly as she set out her savings for us. Maldy's temper was as uncertain as her origin. What was her race no one knew, and we were afraid to ask. She had some German words of curious form and pronunciation, but when she was good-natured she called us *mavourneen*; and none of the strange men who came to the place ever succeeded in claiming her as a compatriot. But no mere American ever had the instinct for serving that Maldy had, and if she did assume the right to scold, it was as one long identified with the family and regardful of the morals and manners of its heirs. All the time she was berating us, she was setting before us substantial delights that made us quite impervious to her scoldings. And it eased the situation that, while she grumbled at us, she denounced at the same time the constant stream of visitors that came to our doors and interfered with her work and added to the cooking.

Maldy had many aversions, but the first, last, and greatest, was 'stoppers' as she called them. They were an ever-present trouble to her, for visitors, of one sort or another, were almost as con-

stant an element in our prairie home as the family itself. Towns were far apart and roads were uncertain, and it was easy to establish a tradition of hospitality. The Plantation, as for some reason they called our farm, seemed to be the right distance from every place to make it convenient for travelers to stay all night with us. This circumstance afforded the second interest that hurried our steps as we neared the house.

What sort of strangers would be there to-day? As we made the last turn in the drive, rivalry ran high as to who would be the first to see if a spring-wagon, — there were only two carriages among all our acquaintance, — or top-buggy, or even a lumber-wagon, were in sight. If the vehicle were hitched before the house, that indicated merely callers; if it stood out by the barn, some one was going to stay all night, and we opened our minds for entertainment. Visitors did not always prove entertaining, it is true, but we kept our eyes on their possibilities. We seemed to live on the edge of a stream of people, constantly passing, but pausing momentarily as they passed. So far as we were concerned, we regarded the whole thing as arranged for our benefit. In a sense, this long kaleidoscopic line of humanity, passing by and through our house, was a social world to us. Our very fragmentary knowledge of classes and varieties of people, of professions and grades and manner of living, came, when not derived from books, from our observation of the people that trickled steadily past us.

To be sure we were discouraged by *Them* from intercourse with this rather motley assortment, in which the plain respectability of our own real visitors was mixed with a medley of all sorts of wayfarers. Such variety of guests as we had! Well-dressed friends from the

east, coming out with a detached air to look over the country curiously; relatives, doubtful of the propriety of living so far from a daily paper; speculators and prospectors catching at an accidental acquaintance as a basis for claiming hospitality; prairie folk, prosecuting a newly-formed friendship with western readiness; preachers and colporteurs, and propagandists of all sorts, trying to plant their *isms* and *ologies* in a new land; candidates dashing in upon us and offering to stay all night because they were to speak at the schoolhouse; wayfarers of every sort, begging any kind of shelter and pleading the distance to the nearest town; peddlers, agents, 'movers,' cattle-buyers; and, ever and anon, passers-by driven in by the storm, or stopped by heat or cold.

The approach of a storm was commonly accompanied by a little flock of wayfarers scurrying up the drive to ask shelter. Sometimes they were overtaken and came driven in, all battered and drenched, and stood, dripping, around the kitchen stove while my mother and Maldy hunted out dry garments of assorted sizes for them. There were times when our wardrobes did not furnish variety enough. I remember one corpulent and jolly matron who sat through the evening attired in a coat of my father's and an ample gray blanket, pinned around her waist; and, on another occasion, a round-headed little urchin who spent the whole of his sojourn with us on the floor behind his mother's chair, because he was attired in my too-feminine garments. There was one time, referred to for years as the Big Storm, when the house was overcrowded and travelers begged for a place to lie on the floor. The kitchen floor looked to us the next morning — that was a great day for us children, and we rose early to be sure to miss nothing — like a picture of Mohammedans

at prayer. Maldy was crossly picking her way around among the prostrate forms, none too careful of outlying fingers, while she prepared a breakfast on the scale of a barbecue.

Haphazard 'stoppers' like these were of an entertaining quality far beyond that of the real visitors, who slept in the best bed, and for whom we had breakfast a little later than usual. We knew all about them beforehand, but these strange people who appeared suddenly at our gates and flitted in the morning, moved in a halo of the unknown. And in spite of all injunctions we would hang about and stare and eavesdrop, alert for dramatic elements. It was possible that they represented a whole scheme of life that we knew nothing about, and we were always hoping to find in them samples of romance.

There were three general classes of sojourners: those who were given the spare bed, — we had the only one within five miles, it was said; those who were put in the big bare kitchen chamber that held three beds, and was known as the Barrack; and those who were sent to the barn to sleep on the hay. This class, I must say, struck us as the most interesting of all, and only *Their* vigilance kept us from slipping out to pursue acquaintance with them. We spent a good deal of time in the unsatisfactory effort to match bits of real episodes to books, as a shopper would match goods by a sample; and were always finding misfit specimens of Dickens or Irving.

There was once an opportunity that we regarded as rare. One sleety night an unkempt little old man came driven in, asking, or rather offering to accept, supper and a bed. Maldy had my mother out to look him over, and for a moment she stood doubtful, divided between compassion and housewifely scruples. But it was a bitter night and the sleet on the window decided her.

The old man, meanwhile, stood with an air of indifferent dignity, as if waiting to see if his offer was to be accepted. It was not until Maldy had set his supper that he made his greatness known. He was, he said, appointed by the government to inspect all cases of hog-cholera in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska; and he was, moreover, next to Fowler, the greatest phrenologist on the continent. Then he looked up under his eyebrows at the little row of youngsters watching him from behind the kitchen table, and made some off-hand reference to my too-well-known dislike for home-duties. And while I blushed and the boys grinned and nudged me, the old man mentioned, with a casual air, Henry's difficulties with arithmetic; then as we stood appalled, he followed up these thrusts with other home-truths and a side reference to Maldy that made her glower at him across her dish-pan.

It was uncanny. We fled to carry the news and seek reinforcement, and before the scientist had cleared the table — he emptied every dish — the entire household was in the kitchen. Those who were not too sensitive or too squeamish had their heads bumped, while the delighted remainder commented on the results. Any witticisms or jeers from the audience were unwise, however, for they drew down on the speaker an estimate of himself expressed without euphemism or reserve. It was the first time we had ever heard of the faded-out science, and the whole affair was as marvelous to us as second-sight. For myself, I shrank from having any too intimate knowledge of my character made public, so I remained discreetly in the background, privately resolving to seek the man early in the morning to get encouragement for my modest hopes of a poet's career. But in the morning he was gone, off on his hog-cholera quest, doubtless, leaving

Maldy raging because in return for her kindness he had told her what kind of temperament she should select in a husband.

Phrenology was not the only form of knowledge that came our way. An engaging young man with a cough sat on the porch one summer night and mapped out the heavens for us, and peopled them with strange forms, until we knew more astronomy than we have ever known since. Once there came along a reverend old Jew, who asked to be allowed to spend his Sabbath with us, to avoid travel; and my father half-humorously consented on condition that he also spend our Sabbath, and avoid travel. So he stayed, and on the long Saturday and Sunday afternoons gave us children the history of his people from the restoration down. We had never heard of the Maccabees before, and had always supposed that Hebrew history ended with the book of *Acts*. In fact, we had always thought of the Jews as being merely a succession of moral illustrations; and we listened with amazement and growing delight to his long tales of romance and tragedy, of persecution and retribution and dreary suffering. It was all told with a passion and a fire of patriotism that made history, any history, for the first time a living thing to us. When he gave us his blessing and took himself and his beard away on Monday morning, we felt as if we had been on terms of conversation with the patriarchs themselves.

And once there was the most wonderful lady, the wife of a traveling preacher, who recited, or half-chanted, old ballads to us for a whole evening, until we were fairly steeped in the things of balladry. We sat up until nine o'clock that night, and then went blinking off to bed, seeing knights and outlaws and steeds shod with gold. It was with great reluctance that we let

her go in the morning. We clung to her after breakfast, and she appeased us by rattling off an Ingoldsby Legend while the men were putting on the horses, and then went gayly away. If her husband had not been there for prosaic evidence, we could never have believed she was a preacher's wife.

With preachers themselves as a class we thought that we were fairly well-acquainted. Nothing was commoner than to see one driving in on a late afternoon and announcing his intention of staying all night, saying cheerfully, 'You know we call this the preachers' hotel.' I don't know where so many preachers came from, or why they seemed to be always going somewhere. We had no conception of them as being stationed permanently in a place. There were home missionaries, and Sunday-school organizers, and an occasional circuit-rider, and broken-down ministers testing the climate, and candidates, and once in a while a colporteur who left us some new books, rather savorless for children devoted to Scott, but acceptable as being new. We found it a slight objection to the preachers that when they were asked to conduct prayers, they always prayed twice as long as was my father's custom. And just after breakfast on a summer morning, when so many things are waiting to do, almost any prayer was long enough. Children are callous little indifferents, and we were grown up before we realized how much severe effort and endurance of hard things, and how many personal tragedies, perhaps, were represented in these men. Fortunately, *They* were less indifferent, and no tired minister ever left our door at night-fall.

But on the whole, to our discredit be it said, we did not find much entertainment in the preachers. I am afraid the only one whose periodical return we hailed with delight was the one who

made faces. He seemed to have his facial muscles under control so long as he kept his eyes open, but as soon as he closed them, as in prayer, he began to make the most amazing contortions, as if his face played pranks as soon as it was out of sight. The elders, with their eyes properly closed, did not see him. In fact, the position directly in front of him was at a premium, to be schemed or bargained for, and from it we watched him in awful delight mixed with fear lest our mirth should escape bounds.

One of these same preachers was the first poet I ever saw. I had heard beforehand that this man was a poet, and I was all in a twitter to see him. I had written some experimental and carefully concealed verses myself, and I expected to find either encouragement or discouragement in the very look of the man. And lo, he was a funny little person in a queer greenish coat, and at the table — I had manœuvred to get the seat opposite him — he had a way of popping his food into his mouth as if he were secreting it, and giving a covert glance about the table after each bite. And he let my father and the candidate for Congress do all the talking.

But I still hoped. And sure enough, he finally got out a manuscript volume of poems and left it on the table while he went for a walk. Manners and poems have nothing to do with each other, and I pounced upon it. It was all written out in the finest, plainest little hand, and all paged and title-paged and everything — printing could not improve it. I opened it at random and began, 'Said the Rose so red to the Lily white.' That was not a virgilian dip. I could not exactly condemn the style, though it was not my own, but I already knew the type of verse in which roses and lilies were capitalized. I tried again and found,

Oh, had I the wings of the innocent Dove,
I know what I should do:
I'd wing my way to the skies above,
And sing my heart out in the blue.

That was not in the least like Tennyson or Moore. I learned then, once for all, that modern poetry is decadent. And when, an hour later, I heard the little man offering to read some of his poems, I slipped away and spent the afternoon in the top of a maple tree, selecting a new career for myself.

There was one group of travelers that was a constant stimulus to our imaginations — the emigrants to Kansas and Nebraska, the 'movers.' As soon as spring opened they began to pass, going hopefully westward. And until the last bright November days had ended they repassed, going back, now disheveled and worn, with signs of hopelessness even we could read. They were the objects of great curiosity to us, and more so as the abundant hospitality of the Plantation was not open to them freely. It was even an annoyance to our household that a favorite camping-place of theirs was at our gate, and that they came to the house for water, for fuel, for milk, for a quart of flour, for medicine for the baby, for apples, for 'light bread,' for every sort of provision for nomadic housekeeping. The announcement that movers were at the gate was always followed by an intermittent procession to and from the house, of lank unshaven men, attended a few feet behind by small boys, in long trousers perseveringly hitched up.

Over the fire down by the gate, dusty-haired women, with a general limpness in manner and movement and dress, were cooking sizzling things in smoke-blackened skillets. I must have seen scores of movers, but I never saw a fat one. And no other class of people could have so nearly the effect of being invertebrate. But to us child-

ren they were almost too interesting to be pitiful, and had they looked fresh and well-fed and normal, our curiosity regarding them would have been much less. As they were, gaunt, and dusty and ambitionless, slack of movement and drooping of eye, they seemed to us almost a race by themselves.

Intercourse with them was forbidden by our elders, but we managed to slip away down to the roadside to watch them, poking our respectable home-keeping toes into the cracks of the gate and chinning the top rail. We tried at first to imagine them into gypsies, heroes of our reading. But we had to give that up. There was a charm and a mystery about the movers, but it was a different thing from the gypsy atmosphere, as we knew it. Even we recognized that these people were ridden by circumstances, instead of riding them. Sometimes there was a superficial bravado about them, though I don't know that it went deeper than their grimy wagon-covers. On these used to be chalked up the last assertion of courage and gayety. 'Going back to our wife's folks,' we used to spell out; or the couplet that we did not know was already a classic, —

In God we trusted,
In Kansas we busted.

It used to thrill us with what we regarded as its daring irreverence and mocking tragedy. Sometimes the emigrants were young men, only making a throw at fortune, willing to stand the consequences. They came back, if they came, as gayly as they went. But the older men, with their wives and children along, for whom success was a matter of life and death, they went scarcely less soberly than they returned when the drought drove them back. For the stern land beyond the river was taking its pick of all that came to it, and rejecting all that were mean of

spirit or faint of resolve or slow of resource.

Perhaps they were not so pitiable a lot as they seem now to have been. But at times there was real tragedy among them. Once a wagon came that did not stop on the road, but came through the open gate, up the drive to the house. The cover was ragged and gray, and sagged between the ribs like the skin of an emaciated old horse. The horses themselves, absurdly ill-matched, were gaunt and patchy-looking. On the seat, under the front of the swaying canvas cover, sat a woman with a baby across her knees. She was driving, with an evident sense of urgency she could not impart to the poor horses, for all her futile 'Get ups,' and slapping of the lines on their skinny backs. 'Can I stop here? I've got to stop,' she said, with a mixture of shyness and insistence, the forced assertiveness of a timid woman. In the back of the wagon lay her husband, sick unto death.

For once our house was open to movers, with every resource and every help possible. The prairie was not yet educated to fear of tuberculosis. But in the morning the man died. And then presently there was a little funeral, to which a few busy neighbors kindly came, and a passing colporteur read a service, and the grave was made just beyond the edge of our lawn. To us children, hovering on the outskirts of an affair in which we had no part, it was all very strange and new. Then the baby and the mother were kept for a few days, while the baby was fed and petted and plumpened, and the poor mother was given a little room to take her grief away to. There she wrote a letter and waited for an answer to it. At last it came, and early one morning the queer horses, now fed and rested, were hitched to the old wagon, and the poor widow drove away into the sun-

rise to meet a brother who was at the same time starting westward to meet her.

There was another time, when, as I sat quietly with my mother in a summer early twilight, a great slatternly woman tore in through the open door and, it seemed to me, flung herself and a little yellow ghost of a baby on my mother's lap, moaning, 'Oh ma'am, my baby's dying, — my baby's dying!' I remember with what earnest calm my mother went about her hot baths and poultices and little doses, and how her undisturbed competence contrasted with the other woman's impotent frenzy. Finally, the baby lay quiet in a pale little sleep, and my mother put this woman and child, in their turn, into the same little room the other had occupied. If she regretted it the next day as a housekeeper, she did not as a Samaritan, and calmly made the room ready for another wayfarer. The child's father, by the way, smoked by his campfire all the evening, and received his wife on her return the next morning with merely a grunt, and she climbed into the wagon without a word. We children saw it, for we escorted our guests to the gate and hung on it to see them off, and to observe humanity.

I know there were times when jolly parties camped at our gate and kept us awake with their loud laughter and singing; and I am sure that some of those whose faces were turned westward must have looked thrifty and well-kept enough. But they were too much like the people we knew every day to make much impression on us. The novelty of the others as a class lay in their ethical and economic qualities. The prairie child has little opportunity to see either crime or real poverty. We had never seen a beggar or a thief, and we wanted to, tremendously; so the general repute in which the movers were held, only added piquancy and

a sort of literary flavor to our interest in them. We could not help having a romantic regard for the man who, though now negotiating meekly for a little corn, might be going to steal our peaches overnight, or milk a cow at four o'clock in the morning. It was the only moral, or immoral, daring we knew anything about.

There was another itinerant class of endless interest to us. It was a day of grief when the agent began to supersede the peddler. There can be no comparison between the person who hastens light-armed from town to town, enticing his customers with samples or specimen-pages or a prospectus, and the peddler, trudging the long country roads, his honest wares on his weary back. At our house we always bought something from the peddler, because we lived so far from the road and it was a pity to have him come all that way for nothing. For the same reason we gave him dinner or supper often, and even allowed him to stay all night. Those were the best times of all, for then he did not open his pack until after supper and we could all sit around and see it, the children in an inside ring on the floor. Anything out of a peddler's pack was much more desirable than an article from a store. For a store was merely a store; but this pack had been carried and carried along who knew what unknown country roads, and opened in what strange places. It had a flavor of strange regions.

The little men themselves, with their smooth commercial obsequiousness and their queer accent, had a strangeness very un-western. There was a remarkable likeness in their packs, when opened out. They always had fringed things, with red borders, towels, and napkins, and table-cloths, and always one or two good table-cloths, 'real Irish linen, madam,' and a poplin dress-

pattern, and beads, and jewelry in alluring sets, and thimbles and combs and zephyr shawls and cotton lace and bandanas and flowered silk handkerchiefs. If we could have had our way, we would have bought the whole pack of charming things outright, and sent the little man back to his mysterious source to get another. And yet the most fascinating part of the whole performance was to see the goods packed away again; we never missed watching him fit all his wares exactly and carefully into place, and tie his square of smelly black oilcloth over them.

Other itinerants claimed a momentary interest. Periodically there were candidates. I believe of all 'stoppers' they were the least interesting. We could never be enthusiastic over the fact that they had little girls at home just our size; while as for their vociferous talk about the tariff or the rights of the farmers, it was almost beneath notice. Such guests always raised the oft-recurring question, why it was so hard for grown people to be interesting. We used to stand around in the penumbra of affairs, apparently dumb with shyness, when really we were not very shy at all. We were simply summing our elders up according to our little standards; and while they were talking along so glibly, with an occasional patronizing word to us, we were sometimes wondering hazily why, if they knew so much, they did not know more.

Even Relations often proved lacking in unique attractiveness, well as we knew them — for first, last, and always, there were Relations among our visitors. Other company had periods of passage or sojourn, and came thickest in the summer months. But neither time nor season, seed-time nor harvest, affected the ebb and flow of visiting Relations. Uncle and aunt, cousin and second-cousin, came out

of the mysterious east, either to pause a few days as birds of passage or to settle down for weeks and experience the country and the climate. They came by train to the railroad station fifteen long prairie miles away, and in the dim early hours some one started with a spring-wagon to get them and their luggage. They always came in with a little flurry of excitement over the long ride and the novelty of the prairie.

A conscious spirit of adventure hung about them, especially if they were making a first visit. They knew, and they expected every one else to be aware, that they were undertaking a great enterprise in coming away out here and bringing their trunks fifteen miles from a railroad. Presently the group of children was introduced and the Relations were surprised to find how big we were and how many there were of us, and got our names all mixed up. That was an ordeal, and none of us came out of it very well. It was a very attractive Relation who kept our interest and our respect through it all. I could not even now wish my worst enemy anything more malevolent than that the whole world could see him while he was being introduced to a family of six children, the parents pervading the scene. They used to fall on me with 'And this is Mary!' with evident satisfaction in their cleverness and cordiality — and I was not Mary at all, and the real Mary was no more pleased than I was. Then the elders all talked among themselves, while we children stood around the edges of things and formed provisional opinions of them.

Some time later they turned their attention to us again. They knew the duties of a guest. On our part we were willing but unexpectant, for we had been through the experience before; but, after all, Relations should have

their chance, and the credit of the family lay momentarily in our hands. We knew what they would ask — how old we were, and how far on in school, and had we ever got lost on the prairie, and had we a pony, and *so on*. We answered politely, even fully, keeping hopeful watch for signs of originality. But expectation was really low; it seemed that Relations must always be, not only officially, but generically, Relations and no more.

One part of the interview we did hate tremendously: that was when they settled whom we looked like. We knew we must go through it with each relay of kinsfolk. And what difference in the world did it make whom we looked like? For my own part I suffered through a year of purgatory, while my plain little features were passed upon and hung up on various branches of the family tree. In our own circle it was understood that my looks were not to be mentioned. Pretty Mary did not mind the ordeal. No one ever came to the house who did not find her the exact image of a mother or a daughter or a sister. Her case was easily settled. But me, alas! no one claimed. The Marshalls remarked that I got my mouth from the Johnsons, and the Johnsons ascribed my nondescript little nose to the Marshalls. I early learned to recognize the tone of mingled toleration and superiority with which Relations spoke of the other side of the house. Finally a happy soul made the discovery that I looked like some extinct branch of ancestry, and brought out some infamous old daguerreotypes to prove it. One look at the pictures was enough for me, and I never saw them again except in dreams.

After the second day the visitors bothered us little. At least if they were ordinary negligible adults we saw very little of them, for all day long we were about our own pursuits. Of course,

sometimes they were of didactic tendencies, and then we had to defend ourselves from them. There was a sweet-looking cushiony old lady, for instance, who seemed at first sight to be the very balm of Gilead. I hung about her a good deal at the outset, for her sweet bookish language. She referred to my frock and my pinafore, and asked me to pluck her a bloom. But I found she had a way of looking appraisingly at me and saying, 'Is n't there something a little girl like you could be doing to help her mother?' That always gave me a moment of embarrassed silence before I faded away into the outdoors. Domestic duties lay strictly between my mother and me, and it was indelicate for an outsider, even if she were a great-something, to intrude.

There was a companion-piece to her, an old gentleman on the other side of the house, who used to turn on me with abrupt questions about trivial facts. He would interrupt his conversation with the elders on my approach to interpolate, 'Well, and where are the Himalaya Mountains?' or 'And what can you tell me about Hannibal?' and multiply my confusion by recalling the fact that *he* had read Rollin's *Ancient History* before he was ten. If these two persons happened to visit us at the same time we avoided the house entirely during their stay, except when we unobtrusively slipped in to meals.

Of course there were jolly young uncles who played croquet with us and gave us a hand up on the pony, and were altogether human; and young lady cousins, with pretty clothes and new hairdressing, who helped to make magazine stories realizable. And we liked the general atmosphere of company — real company — in the house. Discipline insensibly relaxed somewhat — the haphazard 'stoppers' only had the effect of making it more careful — and we were, both physically and intellectually, less the objects of conscientious attention. Guests hardly realize what a boon they may be conferring upon the children of the family.

But all these conditions of life changed even while we watched them. Neighboring places thickened up on the prairie. Towns came nearer, and bridges and roads appeared. The far horizon lost its smooth prairie-line, and was notched with houses and trees. The procession on the road was fuller than ever, but it did not pause so often. We seldom saw the rounded canvas top of a mover-wagon at our gate now, and trudging peddlers gave way to glib agents. The sudden little hurry and flurry caused by the arrival of unexpected guests or pathetic wayfarers occurred less and less often. Hospitality became a matter of choice, not a requirement of bare humanity. The glamour of the highway passed; the Road became merely a road. And we, alas and alas! grew up.

MAKING BELIEVE

BY ROBERT M. GAY

'Is all the world grown up? Is childhood dead?' It lacks less than a decade of being a hundred years since Elia protested thus against the removal of the 'four little winged marble boys' who used to spout 'ever fresh streams from their wanton innocent lips, in the square of Lincoln's Inn.' Those little winged marble boys were loved of the children, but for the adults they were childish, and therefore were removed. If childhood was dead or even moribund then, what of it now?

Some people are hardy enough to hold that childhood flourishes wherever there are children, — a traditional generalization that may once have been true, but is only seldom true to-day. Watching the children on the city streets, — they are all on the streets, for want of gardens to play in, — I ask myself continually, Have they all grown learned, worldly-wise, circumspect? do they play with a jaded air? has their talk a touch of sophistication? Something is the matter, but is the trouble in them or in me? Can it be that the children of the present generation are forgetting how to play? Can it be that they are losing the faculty of 'make believe?' So I queried to-day, for instance, when I overheard a bright little fellow of seven conversing about sal ammoniac batteries, carbon, and zinc. Shades of Jack the Giant-Killer and Jack of the Bean-Stalk! Sal ammoniac, carbon, and zinc! How long is it since this has been the language of childhood? Have chemical elements and salts supplanted the fairies, and is

infancy hereafter to prattle the jargon of the electrician? I knew that the realms of fantasy had long been almost depopulated of adults, but I had foolishly clung to the illusion that the children were still there in large numbers.

More than simplicity, more than innocence, more than vernal freshness, I had thought that fantasy was the special concomitant of childhood. It was the romantic quality, the air of make-believe, which surrounded Lamb's little marble boys, naked in all weathers in a London square, spouting endless streams, that made the children love them. Yes, and it was that, too, I suppose, that made the adults remove them. And if there is any falling off among children in the talent of making believe, unless we lay the blame upon that long-suffering phantom, The Spirit of the Age, — who is said to be scientific, rationalistic, positivistic, — there is no one to blame but ourselves. We have let ourselves grow up.

Childhood flourishes to-day, as it has always flourished, where there are grown-up people who are children. This is a complicated and paradoxical saying, but it is worthy of acceptance. There are such people. I see one now and then, and I always try to watch him when he is not looking, and drink in some of his effulgence. I remember coming upon one once, a long time ago, when I was fishing. Now, the chief value of trout-fishing is that it makes one be still for a season. One moves along like a guiltless conspirator, even the footsteps drowned in the babble of

the brook, and comes upon all manner of shy people in fur, feathers, and clothes, before they have time to assume their company manners, — a cow drinking, an otter fishing, a musk-rat lining his burrow, a blue dragon-fly poised on a calamus leaf, a king-fisher nesting, or, as in the present instance, a portly gentleman, past middle age, engrossed, in defiance of apoplexy, in building a dam. He had chosen the down-stream edge of a deep pool, thrown off coat and vest, pulled off shoes and stockings, and gone at it. He was perfectly happy. Out of the depths of the pool he heaved the fine flat slates, made by Nature for dam-building. Handfuls of dark loam scooped from the nearer shore served for plaster. In the middle he had left an outlet to be walled up last. No man ever did so neat a job without long practice. When, at last, he saw me, he blushed slightly, but offered no apologies.

‘There, sir,’ said he, straightening up, with hands pressed on an aching back, ‘how’s that for an old fellow? I have n’t done that for, — let me see, it must be — Oh, Lord, it can’t be as long as that! Why,’ — and he turned a pair of laughing incredulous eyes upon me, — ‘what fools we old fellows be, not to do it every summer!’

He had shed his years with his coat. I am sure that his grandchildren — he had six — were blest in him. We joined forces, and for two hours ‘we twa paidlet in the burn and pu’d the gowans fine’ of happy reminiscence. The dam was a great success: the pool filled superbly, and poured over the top in a cascade fully a foot and a half high. That was something; but more, infinitely more, was the picture the old gentleman presented, standing barefoot on a precarious stone, grinning delightedly, absently wiping his grimy hands on his black trousers, and whooping until the hills echoed again.

I have said that this infant of sixty-five’s grandchildren were blest in him. What grandchildren could have been anything but childlike with such a grandfather? Where he was, the world had to be young. You may say that the influence of the six grandchildren kept him young, but I maintain that if he had been a bachelor, sole inhabitant of a desert island, any chance Man Friday who had come upon him would have found him building dams with the same happy assiduity; indeed, there are no more childlike persons in the world than childlike bachelors, — witness Charles Lamb and Lewis Carroll. If those six grandchildren had any more of spring’s perennial charm than most children; if they were more redolent of the air of fairyland; if they lived more persistently in the sunny realms of make believe, they owed it, both by inheritance and by imitation, partly at least to their grandfather.

My impression is, however, that five of these grandchildren rather bored him. At ages ranging from one to ten, they were all too mature. I noticed that he dwelt with particular relish upon the sixth, a boy of nine, who belonged to another family. This youngster, it appeared, was a quiet little chap, given to lying on his stomach on floor and ground, reading, or playing with a set of chessmen, with which and a boxful of dominoes he fought over again the battles of Hannibal and Scipio Africanus. With a wooden sword and a barrel-head shield, he fought and slew great numbers of dragons, galloping grandly meanwhile and champing at the bit. He had a curious habit of personifying the most unlikely objects, such as a clothes-post or a mullein-stalk or a servant-girl. He haunted tree-tops and fence-tops and shed-roofs; and the higher he climbed, the louder he sang. His parents, I understood, were visited by vague fears that

he was a little queer. Not so his granddad. That gentleman gloried in these vagaries and, I believe, abetted him in them. I remember that Grandad himself that very day expressed a longing to climb an eligible oak tree near by, glancing ruefully down at a frontal rotundity which put it out of the question. One observation of his sticks in my mind. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'that boy is living six lives while the others are living one!'

We can picture the others, — stolid little urchins who could no more invent a game than transform the fireside rug into a magic carpet; to whom a thicket was merely an assemblage of underbrush, not a robber's cave; and a garden only an assortment of flower-beds, not a witch-haunted and fairy-denized wilderness; who were, in short, what people are fond of calling normal healthy boys and girls. They pestered their disgusted grandparent, we may be sure, for suggestions as to what to play, what to make, what to do; multitudes of complicated and expensive toys they played with for an hour and then incontinently smashed; they had no higher conception of fun than blowing a tin horn and sliding down banisters. Is it any wonder that, however normal and healthy they were, their grandfather had no patience with them? *He* never had to ask a policeman what to do next, or write to the inquiry editor of the newspaper for suggestions for passing his time. A touch of bitterness in his references to them gave me the impression that they had pronounced him silly.

Perhaps he was too hard on them. Perhaps, if he had been willing to spend a little more time over them, they might have learned to make believe, though I doubt it. They did not begin right. They were born into the wrong kind of family. There was a want in father and mother that no grandfa-

ther could wholly supply, especially a grandfather who was 'squeamish in his children.' Lacking imagination by inheritance, and confronted by none of the daily little innocent play which is the infallible mark of parents not hopelessly grown-up, how could they learn how to make believe? A litter of puppies or kittens fare better, for their mother teaches them at least so much.

It may be argued that the five unromantic children were just as happy as the sixth. But that 'remains to be proved.' There is no reliable machine on the market for measuring happiness. To me, such happiness as theirs runs thin. There is a difference between 'table claret' and Chambertin, yet they are both wine. The dam-building old gentleman hit on a truth when he said that the romantic child was living six lives to the others' one.

I watched two little girls on the street to-day. They had two strips of red and pink ribbon which they held aloft in the wind and let flutter. They were well-dressed little girls, too, and seemed quite normal and healthy. They screamed and chirruped and danced over this poor amusement during the entire period of ten minutes while I waited for a car. Evidently they thought it fun. It was, but it rang hollow in my ears. They were having such a hard time amusing themselves. In time a little boy came riding furiously on a velocipede, whistling shrilly. He was a steam engine and whole train of cars making up time. He snatched the ribbons very impolitely from the little girls' hands, shouting, 'Give me the mail-bags,' and disappeared around a corner, bound for Buffalo, leaving the little girls bereft, forlorn as two lonely freight-agents in two way-stations in a desert. There seemed to me a fulness of joy about the boy's pastime which theirs lacked. I imagine that it took them all the rest of the day to decide

what to do next. He had the advantage of a velocipede, to be sure, yet he could have impersonated the Empire State Limited almost as well on foot. His intuitions were good, even if his make-believe was not particularly original.

I have greater hopes for another little boy to whom I was introduced recently at dinner-table. He suggested cutting off all the legs of the table except the one in the middle, so that when he desired potatoes which were on the opposite side, all he would have to do would be to turn the table half-way round and help himself. I protested, pointing out that, as the table would be continuously on the move, I should have to spear my dinner as it whizzed past; and that, moreover, if I wished potatoes at the same moment that he did, the table could not possibly go in two directions at once. He considered the objections gravely, but with twinkling eyes, and then evolved an improvement. Our individual dishes were now to be placed on an immovable rim, while the middle of the table revolved. This original conception he embroidered mentally for some time, as I could tell by his gestures. He was silent for the rest of the meal, but ate with great satisfaction off a whirling table, in a union of actuality and fantasy enviable to contemplate. It is easy to see that such a child has been encouraged in these flights of fancy; that his father is not so mundane, his mother so seriously minded, as not occasionally to indulge his innocent inventions.

There was probably never a child so unimaginative that he never made believe, any more than there was ever a positivist so positive, or a scientist so scientific, that he never romantically embraced an hypothesis or romantically did to death an illusion. Realism and romance are inextricably blended in life, and the difference between the rationalist and the romanticist is sel-

dom more than nominal. The scientist, under the guise of seeking the truth or adding his mite to the world's knowledge, is really trying to have a good time within his temperamental limitations. Is it to be supposed that a man ever spent a life counting molecules, comparing fabliaux, studying enclitics, or fingering a ticker-tape, unless he enjoyed it? Why need he drag Truth into the question any more than the romanticist does? Why, above all, need we talk of the martyrdom of scientist or scholar? Does the foxhound demand commiseration if he incurs a few cuts and scratches on the trail?

The rationalist gets far more consideration than he deserves, the romanticist far less. From his childhood the latter finds the world persistently bent upon robbing him of his dreams. The fairies go first, with the giants, ogres, witches, and ghosts, in their train. Santa follows. Swans prove geese. Women do not all prove to be angels. Miracles are explained. Revelation becomes evolution. If he is a stiff-necked and incorrigible romanticist, like William Blake and Emmanuel Swedenborg, he persists in what the world calls delusion. But his race is at a sad disadvantage in argument. In a world of things-as-they-are-not, it is hard to be dogmatic; in a world of things-as-they-are, nothing is easier. And so the rationalist promulgates his inglorious successes almost unopposed. If he would confine his operations to the grown-ups, it would be bad enough; but when he militates against childhood, it is time for somebody to protest. The triumph (and tragedy) of his system is shown incarnate in the urchin who jumps from infancy into the university, leaving the whole glorious domain of boyhood untrodden. In the equation of such a life, the value of x , the factor of romance, 'approaches zero.'

In addition to our dereliction in per-

mitting ourselves to grow up, we have upon our souls the other responsibility of devising various so-called 'conveniences of modern life,' as killing to the romance of childhood 'as the canker to the rose, or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze, or frost to flowers.' Among these are numbered the apartment-house and the nurse-maid. I protest against the apartment-house because there the materials of make believe are well-nigh wanting. The dumb-waiter and the fire-escape have possibilities, and the janitor might serve at a pinch for an ogre; but these are poor substitutes for attics and cellars and gardens. I abominate nurse-maids and governesses and resident tutors, because these are usually unromantic persons. There is a tincture of bravado in any make believe carried on in the presence of an unsympathetic and pedagogically-minded guardian, be he nurse-maid, tutor, governess, or teacher. The bubbles of romance are easily punctured; the sprouts of fancy languish in a chilling atmosphere. From this arraignment, however, I must except the old-fashioned Irish servant-girl, or maid-of-all-work, if she is still in existence. The Swedes and Poles and Finns are said to have supplanted her. When they came in, and when children began to grow rationalistic, she departed, singing, like Matthew Arnold's cuckoo, 'The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!'

I must dedicate a line or two here to one of her species. Her name was Mary Flannagan. I remember her vividly: blue-eyed, pretty-faced, sweet-hearted, down-at-the-heel, with a soft burr on her tongue, and an illogical twist in her idiom, and a tousled brown head crammed with snatches of song and scraps of story. I should like to be once more, just for a night, a little tale-hungry boy, to nestle, as once, in her lap while the potatoes burned and

the steak scorched, and listen to her famous story of the Walking Coffin, with the delectable icy trickle down my back; and the ghostly stirring in my hair; or to roar with laughter with her over her rhyme of the doughty Robbity Bobbit, who ate a cow and a calf, a bullock and a half, the church and the steeple, the priest and the people, and then asked for more!

Unimaginative grown-ups thought they were paying her wages to do the sweeping and cooking and washing; but all the gold in Tir-nan-og, where happiness can be bought for a penny, would never have paid for those hours I spent with her. She might forget the cake in the oven, but she had always time to play customer at my apothecary's shop, conducted outside the kitchen window, with decoctions of violet-root and effusions of geranium-leaf for stock-in-trade. She had in her enough of the spirit of childhood to have made passable playmates of Auguste Comte and Adam Smith, and I can go no further than that.

There were soft summer twilights when she was supposed to be washing the supper dishes or sprinkling the clothes, but was really tremulously exploring the garden hand-in-hand with me, transmuting its prosaic soil into the beloved sod of which she so often sang under gentle endearing mystical names — Kathleen Ny-Houlahan and Silk of the Kine and Ros geal dhu. There was a great clump of lilacs, haunted, she was sure, by the Pooka and the Horned Women. And one night, — I shall never forget it, — there came along the gravel path an ominous rumbling and crunching and grinding. How we scampered for the kitchen and bolted the door! And how we crept to the window and peeped through the blinds to see — not the terrible Costa Bower, the death-coach with headless horses, and the Dallahan, the headless coach-

man, horribly outlined against the moon, but Jim, the hired man, rolling an ash-barrel! Ah! those were nights! but how short,—short-lived as the gay motes that people the sunbeam.

Many a good mother will protest against such pastimes, as mine did. I shall not try to defend them; doubtless the same hours spent in the society of a tutor would have been more profitable; doubtless Mary Flannagan ought to have been ashamed of herself for filling my immature head with

the terrors that fright us from our sleeps; yet it was a sad day for me when she received her dismissal, and I cannot find it in my heart to condemn her. She breathed the air of fairyland; in her Irish blue eyes I caught gleams of the sunshine of Hy Brasail; and she paid me back a thousandfold for a few wakeful nights, a few tremors in the dark, in coin that, unlike the fairy gold, has never turned to dust and leaves.

No, I would not swap Mary Flannagan for some years of schooling.

THE SILENCE OF THE SINGER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

When the summer's at wane,
Does the bird ever grieve
That it sings not again,
Morning or eve?

Song of sweet love;
Of the nest, of the brood,
Of blue sky above,
Of the green-folding wood!

Oh, happier bird,
That so well has forgot;
Its grief is not stirred
For the song that comes not!

VOL. 108 - NO. 2

THE UNITED STATES NAVY

BY SIR WILLIAM H. WHITE, K.C.B.

I

IN the following pages an attempt has been made to give a just estimate of the strength of the United States Navy, present and prospective, especially in relation to the navies of Germany and Japan. The facts and figures on which this estimate has been based have been drawn chiefly from official returns presented to Parliament by the British Admiralty: they may consequently be accepted as authoritative and impartial. The writer was personally interested in the designs of some of the earliest vessels built, about twenty-six years ago, for the modern fleet of the United States, and he has many friends in the American Navy. The same may be said respecting his relations to Japan. As regards German naval expansion, being an Englishman, he might be considered liable to prejudice; but many public utterances during the last five years furnish evidence to the contrary, and demonstrate his frank recognition of the undoubted right of the German government and people to create a naval force which shall, in their judgment, be adequate for all purposes; even if that action should involve, as it undoubtedly has done, the necessity for large additional naval expenditure on the part of Great Britain.

The writer claims to have made an honest endeavor to place before non-technical readers, in language that can be generally understood, a correct statement of the relative naval posi-

tions of the three powers as they stood about five years ago, as they stood in 1910, and as they will stand a few years hence when existing programmes of warship-building have been carried into effect. In this manner some indication will be furnished of the trend of warship-construction during the period named.

Certain technical terms must necessarily be employed in framing statements of relative naval strength, and it may be well at the outset to explain their meanings. The name 'battle-ship' has long been used to describe types of vessels which can be grouped in fleets and can work together in naval actions. The term 'cruiser' has been applied to vessels whose chief employments are service as 'eyes of fleets' (scouts) and for the protection of commerce and communications, but which are not regarded as adjuncts to battleships in sea-fights. In recent years large numbers of 'armored cruisers' have been built, and the distinction between the two types has thus become less marked than formerly. Admiral Togo, for example, used armored cruisers in the line-of-battle at Tsushima; and it is certain that many vessels of recent design, although officially classed as armored cruisers, would be similarly associated with battleships in case of war — the hybrid designation of 'battle-cruiser' having been invented to express that idea. Great Britain, Germany, and Japan are following that practice at present; in the United States the construction of

great armored cruisers has ceased for some years. In these circumstances a reversion has been made of late to the old English designation 'capital ship,' as a fitting description for all classes of war-vessels which are likely to be employed as units in fleets in future naval engagements. In making use of that term in the following comparisons it will be understood that both battleships and armored cruisers are included.

Another term that will be frequently used is that of 'displacement' tonnage. For a given ship, 'displacement' simply means her *total weight* (in tons avoirdupois) when floating at the load-draught of water for which she was designed. That weight equals the weight of the water the ship 'displaces'; hence the term. In the displacement tonnage of a fully laden war-ship are included the separate weights of her structure, armor, armament, propelling apparatus, fuel, stores, and equipment. Different navies adopt different regulations for the weights of ammunition, fuel, stores, and equipment to be carried at the designed load-draught of water: but, for present purposes, these differences may and will be neglected. Speaking broadly, the displacement tonnage of a proposed new war-ship may be described as the total 'working capital' of the naval architect; but it is obvious that the same total weight may be distributed in many different ways by competing ship-designers, whose views may differ as to the relative importance attaching to speed, armor, armament, and coal-supply.

Rival designers working contemporaneously in different countries have practically identical facilities for securing armor and guns of equal quality, propelling apparatus of the same efficiency, structural materials of the same nature, and equipment of practically uniform character. For contempora-

neous work, therefore, if the ships built by one country are of greater individual displacement, they ought to be in some way or another superior to their smaller rivals: possessing, say, greater speed, or thicker armor, or heavier guns, or larger coal-supplies, or more extensive equipment.

Other considerations may and do impose limits upon the growth in dimensions and unit-costs of war-ships: but, roughly speaking, it remains true that, in comparing rival fleets, importance attaches to the *average displacements* of the capital ships in each fleet, as well as to the *relative numbers*. This average displacement is obtained by adding up the load-displacement tonnages of the capital ships, and dividing the total tonnage of the fleet by the number of ships.

In modern days the progress of invention has been rapid in connection with all departments of warship-building. A few years suffice to secure great improvements in armor, guns, explosives, machinery, and structural materials. Consequently it becomes possible to secure better results on a given displacement tonnage for ships of later design; and when comparing rival fleets it is important to know the dates at which ships included in each navy list and reckoned effective were designed and built. That navy which contains the largest proportion of modern capital ships is likely to have the greatest fighting capability in proportion to numbers and aggregate displacement tonnage. In this respect the United States Navy formerly occupied a very favorable position, because its reconstruction on modern lines was begun at a later period than that at which corresponding action was taken by most maritime countries. At the present time Germany is well-placed in this respect, because great ship-building programmes have been undertaken

and executed since the Navy Law of 1900 was passed. Japan also has advantages attaching to the comparatively recent date at which the construction of her navy was begun, her first modern battleships having been laid down in English shipyards only sixteen years ago.

The relative fighting powers of capital ships, and their value as units in a fleet, must necessarily diminish with age, as a consequence of the construction at later dates of other vessels in which new inventions and improvements have been embodied. It is noteworthy also that during the last six years there has been an enormous growth in the displacements of capital ships; which growth ought to be, and no doubt in most cases has been, accompanied by an increase in fighting capability. In the United States an advance has been made from 16,000 tons in the Connecticut, of 1904, to 27,000 tons in the battleships last laid down; during the same period Germany advanced from battleships of 13,000 to vessels of 22,000 tons; and Japan from capital ships of 15,000 tons to a 'battle-cruiser' of 27,000 tons ordered from an English firm last year. It does not follow, of course, because increased displacements enable fighting capability or speed to be developed, that an unlimited increase in dimensions of capital ships is desirable. Other considerations may and do impose limits on the size and cost of war-ships, but into a discussion of these matters it is not possible to enter. The fact to which attention must be directed is that a gradual growth of 'obsolescence' necessarily occurs in all war-ships, the passage of time being accompanied by an increasing diminution in their value as units in a fleet.

Ships may not wear out, but an 'age-limit' must be fixed for their service on the effective list. In regard

to that age-limit, opinions naturally differ. For capital ships the German Navy Law of 1900 assumed twenty-five years as the age-limit: the amended law, passed by the Reichstag in 1908, reduced the period of effective service to twenty years; the Japanese are said to be contemplating fifteen years. In the comparisons of naval strength which follow, no capital ship has been reckoned as effective which was more than twenty years old at the date to which the comparative statement corresponds. In passing it may be remarked that, under the conditions of modern naval warfare, a 'reserve of ships' is as important as, and possibly may be more important than, a reserve of trained men. The responsible authorities of any navy ought, therefore, to consider carefully the possibility of using as 'reserves' ships removed from the effective list, before deciding to have them broken up.

Brief explanations will suffice in regard to the armaments of modern war-ships. It is usual to distinguish between 'principal' and 'secondary' armaments. Heavy guns of large calibre are included in the former category, and guns of moderate calibre make up the 'secondary' group. In the comparisons made hereafter, 'heavy' guns have been assumed to include calibres exceeding 9 inches; guns of less calibre than 9 inches, down to 4 inches, have been classed as 'light'; no account has been taken of guns less than 4 inches in calibre. This grouping is admittedly arbitrary, but it is not unreasonable; its application to the navies which are compared involves no unfairness.

The figures given in the following pages for 'horse-powers' of machinery installed in war-ships convey a general idea of the magnitude of the energy which can be developed and applied to the propulsion of the ships compared. Higher speeds than those accepted

formerly for capital ships have been thought necessary in recent years. Speaking broadly, the larger the proportion of horse-power to displacement tonnage may be in ships of approximately equal dimensions, the higher will be their speed. Rivalry in speed exists between different fleets, but no great error is involved in the assumption that fleets of capital ships designed and built for different navies at or about the same date, will be capable of maintaining approximately equal speeds.

Fuel-supplies in ships built for the principal navies during recent years are also practically equal. In all fleets the use of oil-fuel as an auxiliary to coal now finds favor. Formerly the fuel-supplies of German capital ships were comparatively moderate, but in the ships built for that navy during its recent development a new departure has been made, and the radius of action and sea-keeping capability has been brought up to an equality with the corresponding features in British and American warships. The Japanese have always followed British practice in this respect. All modern capital ships are capable of ocean-going service at considerable distances from bases of operations.

Passing from the preliminary explanations, attention will be directed to the comparative strength, in capital ships, of the United States, Germany, and Japan, six years ago. Official returns prepared by the British Admiralty are made up to the end of the financial year, — March 31, — and it is convenient to accept that date in making the comparisons which follow.

II

In 1905 Japan was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Russia. At the outset of the war she had only 6 battleships of modern type available:

the loss of one of these had been acknowledged at the date selected, and the Russians claimed that 2 Japanese battleships had been sunk by submarine mines. According to Japanese accounts, in April, 1905, that country possessed 5 battleships and 8 armored cruisers. The totals for her completed capital ships then stood as follows: 13 ships, of which the aggregate displacement tonnage was 153,000 tons, and the average displacement per ship 11,800 tons; with engines of 211,000 horse-power; armed with 21 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch) and 200 lighter guns (8-inch and 6-inch). Two first-class battleships were then being built in England for the Japanese Navy, and their construction was pushed forward so that they were ready for service soon after the war ended. Each of these ships was of 16,200 tons displacement, with engines of 17,000 horse-power, and armed with 8 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch) as well as 12 6-inch guns. This was the heaviest armament then mounted in battleships. All of the Japanese capital ships had been less than twelve years afloat in April, 1905.

At the same date Germany — which had been working for five years at the development of her navy in accordance with the law of 1900 — had available for service 16 battleships and 4 armored cruisers. These 20 completed capital ships had an aggregate displacement tonnage of 213,000 tons, and an average displacement per ship of 10,650 tons; their engines developed 246,000 horse-power, and they were armed with 78 heavy guns (11-inch and 9.4-inch) and 290 lighter guns (8.2-inch to 4.1-inch). A large programme of ship-building was also in process of execution, including 8 battle-ships and 4 armored cruisers. These 12 new capital ships had an aggregate displacement exceeding 145,000 tons, and an

average displacement of 12,100 tons: their engines were to develop 240,000 horse-power; their armament included 32 11-inch guns and 168 lighter guns (8.2-inch to 5.9-inch). No capital ship in the German list had been launched before 1896, except four vessels of the Brandenburg class which had been set afloat in 1891-92. Most of the completed ships had been launched within the period 1900-04. The German fleet was therefore essentially modern in type, and the ships building constituted a formidable addition to the force already available for service.

The United States Navy in April, 1905, occupied a very strong position relatively to Germany and Japan, both in regard to completed capital ships, and to ships building. In the former category were included 12 battleships and 6 large armored cruisers: these 18 capital ships had an aggregate displacement tonnage of 211,000 tons, and an average displacement per ship exceeding 11,700 tons; their engines developed 300,000 horse-power; they were armed with 48 heavy guns (13-inch and 12-inch) and 274 lighter guns (8-inch to 4-inch). Although the American completed capital ships were slightly inferior in numbers to the German, the foregoing figures indicate that the American fleet was more powerful, because the ships were of greater average displacement and were more heavily armed.

In capital ships then building the American superiority was marked. The list included 13 battleships and 9 armored cruisers; these 22 new ships had an aggregate displacement tonnage of 313,000 tons, an average displacement per ship of 14,200 tons, engines of 500,000 horse-power, and an armament of 68 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch) in addition to 394 lighter guns (8-inch to 6-inch). The American ships in process of construction, there-

fore, exceeded in numbers and strength the American fleet available for service, and the United States Navy occupied a favorable position in relation to the German Navy for the immediate future. In fact, the United States was then able to claim the reversion to the second place among the war-fleets of the world — a place which France had long occupied but was then letting slip in consequence of lessened relative expenditure on her fleet. This will be seen by comparing the grand totals for the capital ships built and building in 1905 for the three navies: —

United States: 40 ships, 524,000 tons aggregate displacement; 13,100 tons average displacement per ship; 800,000 total horse-power; 116 heavy guns (13-inch to 10-inch), 668 lighter guns (8-inch to 4-inch).

Germany: 32 ships, 360,000 tons aggregate displacement; 11,200 tons average displacement per ship; 488,000 total horse-power; 110 heavy guns (11-inch to 9.4-inch), 458 lighter guns (8.2-inch to 4-inch).

Japan: 15 ships, 186,000 tons aggregate displacement; 12,400 tons average displacement per ship; 246,000 total horse-power; 37 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch), 224 lighter guns (8-inch and 6-inch).

These figures illustrate also the remarkable influence which the war with Spain had exercised upon American national sentiment in favor of a strong navy, as well as the wonderful development of warship-building capability that had taken place in the United States within a comparatively short time.

In the autumn of 1904 the writer (by the courtesy of the Secretary of the United States Navy) had an opportunity of visiting most of the principal shipyards, engine-works, and metallurgical establishments in the Eastern States. Having been in responsible

charge of great British shipbuilding programmes from 1885 to 1902, and having organized and managed one of the chief private warship-building yards in Great Britain, he could look upon what was doing in America with instructed, as well as sympathetic, eyes. On returning to England he put his impressions on record, and subsequent visits to the United States have confirmed the opinions formed in 1904. In his judgment, the United States possesses resources for shipbuilding and engineering, as well as for the manufacture of steel, armor, and armaments, which are ample to meet any probable or possible requirements. This position has been attained almost entirely as the result of private enterprise, although a satisfactory return can hardly have been secured on the capital invested in these great establishments. Even when the American programme of warship-building was exceptionally large, in 1904-05, — so large that it could bear comparison as to magnitude with the greatest British programmes, — the full capacity of American private establishments was not laid under contribution. In subsequent years, orders have been few in comparison with capability for output.

No one would suggest that programmes of shipbuilding should be regulated by considerations of the possible output from the ship-yards and factories in any maritime country. On the other hand, the existence of a great reserve of productive power in the United States is undoubtedly a valuable national asset. Six years ago Germany stood much behind the United States in this respect; much has been done since 1905 to increase her possible output of modern war-ships and armaments; but, notwithstanding these efforts, the United States, in the writer's judgment, still compares favorably with Germany in warship-

building capacity, and in that respect is second only to Great Britain.

American naval architects, in 1905, were giving proof of their capacity to rival European designers of war-ships by producing designs for battleships and armored cruisers which compared favorably with the latest European types, which equalled in dimensions, speed, and fighting power the most recent British and Japanese war-ships, and surpassed contemporaneous German war-ships. The Connecticut and her sister ships had displacements of 16,000 tons, and propelling machinery of 20,000 horse-power, each vessel carrying 4 12-inch, 8 8-inch and 12 7-inch guns, well protected by armor. The German Deutschland class, building simultaneously, had displacements of only 13,000 tons, engines of about 18,500 horse-power, and armaments including 4 11-inch and 14 6.7-inch guns. In armored cruisers the American lead was still greater. The Tennessee class were of 14,700 tons displacement and 27,500 horse-power, and each carried 4 10-inch and 16 6-inch guns; whereas the largest German armored cruisers then building (Schernhorst type) were of 11,500 tons, with engines of 28,000 horse-power, and armaments including 8 8.2-inch and 6 5.9-inch guns.

No detailed comparison need be made between either the American or the German war-fleet of 1905 and the Japanese fleet of that date. The figures given above demonstrate the enormous superiority in numbers of ships and total fighting power of the former fleets. No one at that time regarded the Japanese Navy as having any claim to stand in the first rank, much less to be a possible rival to the United States for naval supremacy in the Pacific; although the events of the war with Russia had shown how well organized and efficient was the navy of Japan, how brave and capable was the *personnel*,

and how formidable a foe she was to any enemy making an attack upon her in home waters.

Passing to the consideration of progress made by these three navies since 1905, a brief summary of the principal facts and events may be of service. Germany has continued to work steadily at the execution of the shipbuilding programme laid down in the Navy Law of 1900; but by two successive laws (passed in 1906 and 1908) has introduced important modifications in the numbers and types of ships, and the dates at which vessels were to be laid down and completed. The law of 1906 provided a reply to the British challenge involved in laying down the Dreadnought and Invincible classes: it embodied proposals for a considerable increase in size, cost, speed, and offensive and defensive powers of future battleships and armored cruisers; and for the construction of six additional cruisers. The law of 1908 shortened the 'age-limit' on the effective list for capital ships from twenty-five to twenty years, and sensibly accelerated the dates at which ships should be laid down. As matters now stand, the German programme for its war-fleet — its 'Establishment', to use an old English word — includes 38 battleships and 20 large armored cruisers: that is to say, 58 capital ships, all of which are to be less than 20 years old. This great force is to have as accessories 38 small cruisers, 144 destroyers, and a considerable number of submarines. In short, Germany has resolved to create and possess a war-fleet of the first class, complete in all necessary types, and capable of playing its part against the most powerful enemy.

France has not yet responded to the effort made by Germany, although there is a widespread conviction among Frenchmen that such response ought to be made without delay. In 1909 the

Superior Council of the French Navy recommended the following standard of future strength: 45 battleships, 12 scouts, 60 sea-going destroyers, 20 coastal destroyers, 64 submarines. This scheme was not adopted, because of financial considerations, and a more modest 'Establishment' for the French Navy is contained in a *loi organique* now before the Chambers, and likely to be approved. This law provides for 28 battleships, 10 scouts, 10 vessels specially designed for foreign service, 52 sea-going destroyers, 45 coastal destroyers, and 94 submarines. Its adoption by the French government and Parliament is probable, and it will mark a definite abandonment of the position which has been long maintained, as second greatest naval power. That abandonment, one may be sure, would not have been accepted except on the ground of financial necessity, due in great measure to enormous expenditure required for the army and land defenses.

Japan has not declared its intentions for the future in the same formal detail as Germany and France have done. According to the best available information, existing programmes of shipbuilding, which are still incomplete, provide for 6 additional capital ships — 3 battleships and 3 armored cruisers — being finished within the next six years. It has been stated also that an 'age-limit' of fifteen years may be adopted by Japan, as against twenty years adopted by Germany and France. On the basis of this reduced period of service on the effective list, it has been estimated that 25 new capital ships will have to be built during the next nine or ten years; and the total cost is estimated at more than \$200,000,000. This scheme would involve a practical reconstruction of the Japanese fleet, and an unprecedented financial effort for shipbuilding purposes. Past experi-

ence, however, leads to the belief that, while caution is a marked quality of Japanese administration, if the government and people should become convinced that a certain course of action was essential to the national existence or well-being, that action would certainly be attempted, and there is a high probability that it would be accomplished.

The Finance Minister is reported to have said recently that increased expenditure on the navy was called for 'in order to avoid criticism of neglect in face of tremendous advances made by other powers.' He also dwelt upon 'conspicuous innovations' in types of war-ships which had been adopted by other powers: but was careful to add that any increase of expenditure which might be made would not be due to existing or threatened differences with other powers, but would be incurred because the government, 'while not endeavoring to compete with or surpass [the navies] of other countries, had to keep [the Navy of Japan] up to a modern standard.' In connection with the programme for supplementing and improving the Japanese Navy now in course of execution, it has been proposed to spend \$7,500,000 in the next financial year; the total expenditure on that programme during the remaining six years is estimated at \$40,000,000. Japan is working on a smaller scale than the United States or the great European powers, but she has resolved to take her share in the burden of armaments, of which the pressure continually increases, and she will not shrink therefrom.

During the last six years considerable additions have been made to the United States Navy, but programmes of shipbuilding have not been governed by any 'Establishment' or definite scheme like that of Germany. So far as an outsider can judge, no standard of strength

has been fixed for various classes of war-ships to be included in the navy, nor has any legal 'age-limit' been laid down for service on the effective list. The general impression which has been formed by the writer, after a careful study of official reports and congressional debates, is that recent shipbuilding programmes have been largely influenced by political considerations of the moment, rather than by definite schemes of naval operations, which would have to be performed in case of war if American interests and over-sea possessions are to be protected adequately against possible and probable attacks. It is well-known that this important subject has been considered and reported upon from time to time by special boards or committees appointed for that purpose by secretaries of the Navy. These reports, however, have not led to any settled policy or definite establishment for the Navy. No better fate has befallen suggestions made by secretaries of the Navy and presidential messages urging the necessity for a stronger fleet.

For several years the accepted formula has been to lay down each year two battleships, and a few vessels of minor types; but that formula does not represent any well-founded shipbuilding policy. Hitherto the 'wastage' of capital ships consequent on the attainment of an 'age-limit' has been almost negligible; but vessels of the Oregon class, launched in 1893, are acknowledged to be approaching the non-effective condition, and others will soon follow them. It is not surprising, in these circumstances, to find Mr. Meyer, in his report as Secretary of the Navy (dated November 30, 1910), saying, 'It is of great importance that the construction of the Navy should proceed on a regular and systematic plan'; or insisting upon the necessity of maintaining the relative 'position [of the

United States] as a naval power in the interest of the preservation of peace.' These are wise words, and the caution contained therein deserves the attention of all American citizens.

The latest and most authoritative official statement respecting the future standard of strength contemplated for the United States Navy is also to be found in this report. Mr. Meyer suggests that there should be 40 battleships less than twenty years old; one half of them — less than ten years old — constituting a 'first-line,' and the other half taking rank as a 'second line.' No practical importance can be attached to this proposed subdivision into first and second lines; the essential points are that there are to be 40 battleships, and that the German 'age-limit' is to be accepted.

No definite pronouncement is made in regard to the future status of armored cruisers, or as to the numbers of cruisers, destroyers, submarines and fleet-auxiliaries which should be associated with the 40 battleships. The omission is important: it leaves the question of the future 'Establishment' of the United States Navy still open. Nor is it clear upon what basis the decision has been made that 40 battleships will suffice. Mr. Meyer, it is true, makes reference to the maintenance of the relative position of the United States Navy, and says that the standard of strength to be adopted must from year to year 'be considered in relation to that of other Powers.' Such an annual stock-taking is desirable, no doubt, and there is no necessity for publication of the full programme of shipbuilding which it may be contemplated to undertake over a period of years, as has been done by Germany. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that efficient and economical administration of any navy can only be achieved when annual estimates form

parts of a complete scheme embracing the creation and maintenance of a war-fleet adequate for the defense of the country to which it belongs. That scheme may be modified from time to time, but it should be always in existence.

Mr. Meyer may have based his proposals for battleships on some definite plan of naval operations in case of war, but it is not clear from his statement that such a plan has been worked out. Moreover it must be noted that, if 40 battleships, ranged in two lines, are to represent the total future force of the American Navy in capital ships, that decision involves a deliberate acceptance of inferiority to the German Navy, which is to include 58 capital ships less than twenty years old. It is true that 20 of these German ships are to be classed as 'large cruisers,' but recent events demonstrate that they will certainly be capital ships in both offensive and defensive powers, and in addition they will be remarkably swift. These 'battle-cruisers' therefore cannot be treated as negligible quantities when comparing the strength of the two navies in the immediate future; nor can the 10 large modern armored cruisers, which are now in the effective list of the United States Navy, be set against the more numerous and powerful vessels which Germany has built and is building in accordance with the Navy Law. These American cruisers will be capable of rendering useful service for many years to come, as they were launched in 1904-06: but their designs date from an earlier period than that of the German cruisers, for which they are no match in speed or gun-power.

III

Turning aside from the consideration of recent progress and standards of naval strength, an endeavor will be

made to show briefly how the Navy of the United States now compares with the navies of Germany and Japan, in respect of capital ships available for service and in process of construction. The lines of comparison adopted are similar to those used above; and the British Admiralty returns for March 31, 1910, have been used as the basis of the figures and facts.

At the date mentioned, the Japanese possessed 13 completed battleships (5 of which had been captured from the Russians), and 13 completed armored cruisers, of which 4 were of recent construction. These 26 capital ships available for service had an aggregate displacement of 330,000 tons, and 12,700 tons average displacement per ship; engines of 460,000 horse-power, and armaments including 101 heavy guns (12-inch and 10-inch) and 386 lighter guns (8-inch to 4.7-inch). There were building in Japan 2 battle-ships, each exceeding 20,000 tons in displacement, with engines of 26,500 horse-power; to be armed with 12 12-inch guns and 22 6-inch and 4.7-inch guns. Late in 1910 an order was given to an English firm to build an enormous armored cruiser of which the displacement is reported to be 27,000 tons, the engines to be of 70,000 horse-power, and the armament 8 13.5-inch guns and 20 4.7-inch. It has been reported recently that two similar vessels are to be laid down in Japan. If these figures are compared with those given for the Japanese Navy in 1905, it will be seen that the number of capital ships has been practically doubled, and that the power of the armaments has been increased in a still greater proportion.

Germany possessed 26 completed battleships and 10 armored cruisers at the date named. These 36 capital ships had an aggregate displacement-tonnage of 446,000 tons, an average displacement of 12,400 tons, engines of

655,000 horse-power, and armaments including 154 heavy guns (11-inch and 9.4-inch) and 500 lighter guns (8.2-inch to 4.1-inch). There were building at the end of March, 1910, 8 battleships and large armored cruisers of 172,000 tons aggregate displacement, 21,500 tons average displacement, with engines of 270,000 horse-power, to be armed with 90 heavy guns (12-inch and 11-inch) and 92 6.7-inch and 5.9-inch guns. In accordance with the provisions of the Navy Law, 4 capital ships have since been laid down, probably representing at least 50 per cent of the total tonnage, horse-power and armament of the 8 other ships which were building at the end of March. Particulars for the latest German ships have not been published with official authority, but it may be assumed that the grand totals for the 48 capital ships now built and building will probably represent an aggregate displacement exceeding 700,000 tons, a total engine-power approaching 1,100,000 horse-power, and armaments including nearly 300 heavy guns and 650 lighter guns. Here again is an enormous increase in naval power as compared with 1905.

The United States Navy in 1910 possessed 44 completed capital ships (of which 15 were armored cruisers) less than twenty years old, with an aggregate displacement of 593,000 tons, an average displacement of nearly 13,500 tons, engines developing 900,000 horse-power, armed with 152 heavy guns (13-inch to 10-inch) and 696 lighter guns (8-inch to 4-inch). Comparing these figures with those given above for completed German capital ships, it will be seen that the United States had 8 more ships available for service, that the average displacement of her capital ships was 1,100 tons greater, and that the armaments were more powerful. The superiority in heavy guns was even greater than it appears to be by

mere comparison of totals, as the American ships mounted 32 13-inch, 104 12-inch and 16 10-inch guns, against 108 11-inch and 46 9.4-inch guns carried by the German ships. For lighter guns the American superiority was relatively greater.

In regard to ships building and projected, the comparison is much less favorable to the United States. Only 4 capital ships were building at the period selected, with an aggregate displacement of 96,000 tons, an average displacement of 24,000 tons, engines developing about 120,000 horse-power, to be armed with 44 12-inch guns and 74 5-inch. It has been decided to lay down only 2 capital ships in 1910-11, whereas Germany has laid down 4. Consequently the United States will have 6 ships building this year, and Germany 12 ships—a relative gain of 6 ships for Germany, representing about 120,000 tons in aggregate tonnage, 200,000 horse-power, 70 to 75 heavy guns, and a considerable number of lighter guns.

Apart from withdrawals of older ships from the two navy lists during the next three years, or the completion of any other vessels which may be laid down, Germany will therefore have practically overtaken the United States in capital ships when the vessels now building or decided upon in both countries are completed. Germany will then possess 17 vessels of the so-called Dreadnought type, as against 10 belonging to the United States; but it must be stated that the latter group will be of larger average displacement and will individually carry more powerful armaments. In vessels of 'pre-Dreadnought' types, the United States will still possess marked superiority both in numbers and in individual strength. Another fact should be noted: Germany will lay down 4 more capital ships in 1911, as against 2 contemplated

for the United States. At the end of 1914, therefore, Germany will have sensibly increased her relative strength.

The situation is clearly one which demands serious consideration if the United States authorities desire to maintain their naval position relatively to Germany, because a period is approaching when ships will have to be struck off the list on account of age. In Germany similar removals will be made under the provisions of the Navy Law, but that law also ensures that 'substitute' ships shall be automatically taken in hand at dates which will insure their completion in time to take the places vacated on the effective list. No corresponding legislation exists in the United States, nor does it seem probable that it will be passed.

Mr. Meyer, in the report already quoted, shows by a table how the proposed 'age-limit' of twenty years for battleships will create wastage amongst existing ships, and thence draws the important conclusion that 'if we are to maintain a fleet of 20 ships in the first line—and this should be regarded as a minimum—there must be authorized in addition to 2 ships per year after 1912, a sufficient number to prevent the first line from falling below 20.' Inspection of his table, however, shows that in 1911 the total number of effective American battleships will be only 31, as compared with the 40 ships stated to be necessary; and that, if 2 battleships per annum continue to be laid down, there will be only 34 effective capital ships in 1914. If the standard set up by the Secretary is right, it follows that in the opinion of that responsible Cabinet Minister the United States Navy will be kept permanently below its proper strength unless important additions are authorized immediately. It will be interesting to see whether this serious official warning produces any result.

IV

The foregoing comparisons have been limited to capital ships, although passing reference has been made to other classes of war-vessels. Command of the sea undoubtedly depends upon the action of groups of capital ships: but in all ages it has been found necessary to associate with capital ships, cruisers, scouts and other auxiliary war-vessels, in order to constitute efficient fleets, and that necessity still exists. In the operations of modern naval warfare important duties will also devolve on torpedo vessels, destroyers, and submarines, although these classes may not be attached to fleets. The protection of over-sea commerce and communications will demand the employment of cruisers as heretofore, and the need will exist for using small, lightly-armed vessels in the performance of duties, which are commonly described as 'consular' or 'showing the flag,' on distant foreign stations. In order to complete the picture of the three fleets to which attention has been directed, it is necessary, therefore, to summarize the facts in regard to these subordinate but valuable classes of war-vessels.

Taking first 'protected' cruisers and scouts less than fifteen years old, — that being the 'age-limit' accepted for such vessels, — the comparison stood as follows in April, 1910: —

Germany: 29 vessels completed, 5 building; totals, 34 vessels, 124,000 tons displacement, 450,000 horse-power, 346 guns (8.2-inch to 4.1-inch).

Japan: 8 vessels completed, 3 building; totals, 11 vessels, 52,000 tons displacement, 170,000 horse-power, 114 guns (8-inch to 4-inch).

United States: 11 vessels, 37,000 tons displacement, about 100,000 horse-power, 86 5-inch guns.

Two of the American vessels are approaching the 'age-limit' and their

removal from the effective list ought soon to take place. No new vessels are building, only three scouts have been built during the last five years, and it is now proposed to lay down two gunboats. The German Establishment of the Navy, it will be remembered, provides for 38 small cruisers; 2 new vessels of the class are laid down each year, the size, speed and fighting power being gradually increased. It is a singular fact that the United States, which has taken a distinguished part in the development of protected cruisers, and within the last five years has created a successful type of 'scout-cruiser,' should have practically abandoned systematic cruiser-construction, and left its battle-fleets poorly provided with 'eyes.' This question may well engage the serious attention of the responsible authorities. Memories are short in these days, but the incidents of the war with Spain are not forgotten. Vessels of all classes were then hurriedly purchased, adapted and armed, and enormous expenditure was incurred in providing (in many cases unsatisfactorily) for the performance of duties properly assigned to cruisers.

In regard to torpedo vessels and submarines, the action of the United States has been intermittent as compared with what has been done by Germany and Japan. Recently there has been greater activity in respect to destroyers. According to official returns of the British Admiralty, the comparative numbers of destroyers in April, 1910, stood as follows: Germany, 85 completed, 12 building; Japan, 57 completed, 2 building; United States, 25 completed, 15 building. In this department of war-ship-construction, as in others, American ship-designers and builders have proved themselves capable competitors with foreign rivals, although their opportunities have been less.

American inventors have played a

great part in the development of submarines. The names of Bushnell and Fulton represent the work of pioneers in this department; the name of Holland will always remain associated with the introduction of types of submarines adopted by the United States and British navies. After the good start on submarine construction made by the United States twelve years ago it is remarkable to note the present position of affairs. Great Britain had not then made a beginning, and it seemed doubtful if she would embark on a large programme of submarine construction, although France was pushing forward and the Holland type had been favorably reported upon in the United States.

In 1901 five submarines of the Holland type were begun in England, and after the start had been made progress became rapid. Germany hesitated for some years longer before following the lead. Japan did not move until the war with Russia threatened, and then ordered Holland and Lay submarines from the United States, which was meanwhile proceeding slowly and intermittently with its own construction of similar vessels. In April, 1910, according to returns of the British Admiralty, the following were the numbers of submarines completed and building: United States, 18 completed, 10 building; Germany, 8 completed, 16 building; Japan, 9 completed, 3 building; Great Britain, 63 completed, 11 building; France, 56 completed, 23 building. At present Great Britain and Germany are each spending about \$3,750,000 annually on submarines, and France about \$2,000,000. Germany is straining every nerve to make up arrears, and, if her present rate of expenditure is continued, will speedily attain a much stronger relative position.

There is a consensus of opinion that every first-class navy must pos-

sess a powerful flotilla of submarines, although opinions differ in regard to the range and character of their effective operations, and the most suitable types to be built. With her great length of coast-lines on two oceans, and her numerous as well as splendid seaports, it would seem that submarines might play a great part in protecting American interests. Recent increase of activity in submarine construction appears to indicate an acceptance of that view by the responsible authorities.

In conclusion, the views held by the writer in regard to the United States Navy as it stands to-day may be briefly summarized. In his judgment the United States possesses ample capability for building, arming and equipping all the war-ships which can possibly be required. American designers of war-ships and armaments have given proof that their capacity is in no respect inferior to that possessed by foreign competitors. As regards capital ships the United States Navy is well provided at present, in comparison with Germany and Japan; but the relatively small numbers of new ships laid down in the States makes it possible that Germany will have a distinctly superior force within a few years unless corresponding action is speedily taken and greater additions are made to the American fleet. It is true that the German Navy Law contemplates the laying down of only 2 capital ships each year from 1912 to 1917; but there is no certainty that further programmes of shipbuilding may not be superposed on that law, and it has been shown that present circumstances point to a strong lead being taken by Germany. In the subordinate classes of war-vessels Germany has a great superiority.

It will, of course, be understood that the writer is not laying down the principle that the United States Navy ought to be superior to that of Germany.

He is simply dealing with facts. As compared with the Navy of Japan the capital ships built and building in the United States represent an overwhelming force in numbers, aggregate displacement tonnages and armaments. In the subordinate classes of war-vessels the comparison is not favorable to the United States. Mere comparisons of numbers and types of ships do not, however, fully represent the relative conditions.

v

The naval requirements of the United States are governed by their geographical situation, and must be adequate to meet demands that may arise in both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Hitherto the task of moving a portion of the fleet from one coast to the other has been formidable, because of the great distances to be traversed. Now that the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915 is regarded as a certainty, some of the most difficult problems in American naval strategy will be simplified, if not completely solved; because it will be possible promptly to reinforce fleets stationed in either ocean should the necessity arise for doing so. The decision to fortify the Canal indicates the great importance attached to the continued maintenance of its free passage by United States vessels in case of war.

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, one of the most distinguished officers of the British Navy, and equally distinguished as a student of naval history, has written on the subject lately (see *Times*, November 29, 1910). Strongly opposed as he is to large expenditure on land fortifications considered as auxiliaries to the operations of fleets, Admiral Bridge admits that, in this case, it is desirable to protect the Canal against raids, especially those which may come overland, and so to preserve the power

of speedy reinforcement to the fleet stationed on either side of the Isthmus. His broad conclusion is that 'the completion of the Panama Canal will be strategically beneficial to the United States,' and that 'the benefit is as important as, perhaps more important than, that which would be conferred by expending the money-cost of the Canal on an increase in the number of ships.' This last statement is most striking when it is remembered that the present estimated cost of the Canal is \$360,000,000 to \$370,000,000, representing the cost of 36 or 37 capital ships of the largest size and most powerful character now in process of construction. The American tax-payer may find comfort in this authoritative utterance from such a well-informed and impartial person.

At present the principal fleet of American battleships is massed in the Atlantic, a few battleships and a powerful squadron of armored cruisers being stationed in the Pacific. This distribution of the fleet naturally does not find universal favor, especially on the Pacific coast, but it may be regarded as good evidence that the highest authorities feel no apprehensions of serious difficulties arising on that side, and consider it preferable to retain the main naval force nearer to European waters. The actual position in the Pacific has been declared most unsatisfactory, if not alarming, by American writers, who have indulged in predictions of a successful invasion by a Japanese army and have described in detail methods by which, in their judgment, such an operation could be accomplished, the American Pacific fleet annihilated, and the insular possessions of the United States captured. In England we have grown accustomed to imaginative pictures of invasions by Continental armies; but the English Channel and the North Sea are but trivial obstacles

when compared with the broad Pacific.

It causes some surprise to find the transport of a great army, with its equipment and stores, over an ocean many thousands of miles across, discussed on lines very similar to those which might hold good for transport across narrow seas. Japanese soldiers were closely packed, no doubt, when they were conveyed from home ports to the mainland during the war with Russia; but similar conditions could not possibly be accepted for a long ocean voyage. Consequently estimates which have been put forward for the number and tonnage of ships sufficient for a Japanese invasion of the Pacific coast, and of the time required for the voyage have, in the writer's opinion, been far too sanguine.

Far more weighty reasons for treating these imaginations lightly are to be found in considerations of a general character. The sagacious statesmen who guide the destinies of Japan have their heads and hands fully occupied with weighty matters nearer home, in Korea and Manchuria; they have never given cause for believing that they would dream of undertaking such an adventure, or of indulging an insensate ambition of which the advantages would be problematical, while the risks would be enormous. These statesmen have shown repeatedly, and are still showing, their recognition of the necessity for avoiding an overstrain of the financial resources of the Empire. In recent years they have been so greatly influenced by that consideration as to lengthen the period over which current programmes of shipbuilding were originally intended to extend. Alarmists may and do ignore the financial side of the subject, and convince themselves that war can be waged on credit; but that is a fallacy.

Finally, the naval policy of Japan,

and its main source of sea-power, has been and is still based on the resolve to be able to resist attacks which might be made in home waters or the China Seas, even by the greatest maritime powers. It is inconceivable that this sane policy will ever be abandoned in favor of some 'wild-cat' scheme for winning the 'over-lordship' of the Pacific, and establishing Japanese domination on the Pacific slope of the North American Continent. But while this is true, it is equally true that the United States ought to possess a fleet adequate for the protection of its possessions and interests in the Pacific as well as the Atlantic: and that, in the distribution of the fleet, the defense of the coast on both sides must receive equal and due consideration. As remarked above, the completion of the Panama Canal will greatly simplify this problem.

Renewed interest in the United States Navy has been awakened in Europe by the visit paid recently to British and French ports by the Atlantic fleet. Sixteen modern battleships composed that fleet, and it could not have been surpassed in fighting power by any fleet of equal numbers which any maritime power except Great Britain could have assembled. Its coming impressed on all who have a knowledge of naval affairs and have seen the fleet, a sense of the high place which the United States Navy has attained, the efficiency of both ships and seamen, the capacity of the fleet for distant sea-service, and the important influence which the existence of such a force must have on the protection of American interests and the preservation of peace. The previous cruise round the world (in 1908) of an American fleet of battleships was more experimental in character, although it resulted in a large addition to the sea-experience and training of officers and men. On the

later cruise the fleet was regularly organized in divisions, and its voyage may be regarded as a practice cruise such as will in future be repeated, although other ports and other countries may be visited. The fraternization which took place between American and British seamen was most pleasant to witness, and the behavior of the Americans on their visits to London and other centres of population was excellent.

Those who have followed the development of the United States Navy and were fortunate enough — as the writer was — to see the international parade of seamen at the Hudson-Fulton celebrations in New York in 1909, have been deeply impressed by the great advances that have been made in training and discipline of the rank and file of the American fleet. In regard to the training and efficiency of officers in the United States Navy, it is unnecessary to say anything. By universal consent they stand high among their professional contemporaries in other countries; and the manner in which they have met the new and great demands made upon them by the rapid development of the fleet has commanded general admiration.

VI

Every great maritime country which intends to maintain and protect its commerce and interests must possess clear views respecting the duties which its navy is expected to perform in case of war. In other words, there must exist a definite 'plan of campaign,' as well as a scheme for the numbers and types of ships constituting the navy; the number and localities of the bases of operations ought to be determined with reference to the strategical operations which are contemplated. No other procedure can secure efficiency and sufficiency for a

war-fleet. Casual and spasmodic action can lead only to wasteful expenditure and unsatisfactory results. Preparation for war on sea or on land is a very serious and special business, not to be entrusted to mere amateurs. It requires the services of trained experts, who shall study the many and difficult problems which arise, and advise the government as to the action likely to produce good results and secure the national defense. These experts must not be allowed to run riot, of course; they should be treated as trusted advisers on, not as full masters of, the situation. The subjects with which they would deal are technical and professional; and the great features of national policy, as well as international relations must be dealt with by the Government.

On the other hand, it must be recognized that programmes of shipbuilding, the provision of naval bases, methods of training seamen, strategical plans, and all other matters incidental to preparation for war, cannot possibly be dealt with satisfactorily by politicians, parliamentary bodies, or congressional committees. These persons have not the necessary technical or professional knowledge or training required, and must therefore be regarded as amateurs. Having the 'power of the purse,' Congress naturally and properly demands to have reasons given for proposed expenditure, before grants are made; but when the action of Congress, or of any other parliamentary body, intrudes into the detailed work of departments dealing with technical or professional subjects, harm is certain to be done.

The Army and Navy of any country should be kept absolutely clear of politics. One of the greatest benefits that could be secured for the United States Navy, in the opinion of the writer, would be a decision as to the 'Establishment' which ought to be main-

tained as a minimum in order that the Navy may be adequate for the performance of its intended duties in case of war: and the settlement of that Establishment depends upon the arrangement of a scheme of naval operations, which is a highly technical matter.

To a sympathetic onlooker like the writer, the methods of Congress in connection with naval matters seem to make it impossible for the American government to deal with preparation for war on equal terms with Germany or Japan, or even with Great Britain, where the power of Parliament is supreme. During a long official career the writer can recall no instance in which the British Parliament has refused to grant supplies asked for the Navy, when the government of the day has declared them to be essential to the defense of the Empire. On the other hand, it was his fortune to be in Washington not many years ago when a programme of shipbuilding for the United States Navy, which had been declared publicly by the President and his Cabinet to be absolutely necessary to the national defense, was reduced by Congress to about one-half of what had been demanded, and the decision was accepted by the government. In such circumstances it may be asked, — upon whom does the responsibility rest for the naval defense of the United States and its dominions over-sea? There should be no question in regard to a matter of such vital importance; but the answer seems to be that Congress in the case described assumed the responsibility of dealing with a subject on which it could not possibly be thoroughly informed or competent to decide.

These remarks on past events and methods of procedure are made by the writer in no spirit of unfriendly criticism, but with the honest intention of indicating what appears to him to be a

weak spot in American naval administration. The possession of an ideal establishment for the fleet of every maritime country is admittedly essential to its safety: the establishment must be based upon a settled plan of campaign. In the case of the United States, new conditions have been introduced by the acquisition of important over-sea possessions and the rapid increase in population and production. Admiral Mahan has recently dealt with the 'Interests of America in International Conditions' in a book which cannot fail to attract the attention of his countrymen, and which forms a notable addition to his previous writings on the 'Influence of Sea-Power.' The gallant officer makes it clear that the future of the great Republic, its continued development and prosperity, must chiefly depend upon the provision and maintenance of an adequate navy and of well-equipped naval bases.

As to what are necessary requirements for an adequate American navy the writer proposes to say nothing: it would indeed be an impertinence for him to discuss the subject. The United States is fortunate in possessing men like Admiral Mahan and others, whose studies of past naval history have been profound, while their knowledge of present conditions is complete; from such men the best possible advice can be obtained in dealing with a difficult problem.

From the foregoing statements and comparisons, readers can form opinions in regard to the present position and prospects in the immediate future of the United State Navy in relation to the navies of Germany and Japan. No comparison has been made with the British Navy, and that course has been taken advisedly, because the writer is one of those — happily a large and ever-increasing number in both countries — who regard the question of war between the great English speak-

ing people as lying beyond the region of probability, and therefore requiring no discussion. The recent satisfactory settlement at the Hague of the only important differences which existed between the two countries emphasizes this belief. Both countries share the desire for the maintenance of an 'open ocean,' across which commerce and communications can proceed in safety; of an 'open door' for entry of their manufactures into the great markets

of China; and their supreme interest is centred in the maintenance of the peace of the world. By united action it lies in their power to insure the continuance of peace to an extent which is possible to no other combination of powers, and they wish to attain that desirable result without injury to the interests of other nations. In these circumstances it appears to be not only undesirable, but useless, to make comparisons of their naval strength.

IN THE KEY OF CLAM

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

DESPITE the Worcester Festival and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, we had always felt that the love of music was not indigenous to New England; and we enjoyed the satisfaction of having our opinion confirmed when we moved into a back-water of New England where the inhabitants, by virtue of isolation and inbreeding, remain as nearly as possible the modern copies of their Pilgrim forefathers. The copy is a good man, but he has no music.

Certain sounds he has. A young neighbor of ours, for instance, is the proud possessor of a nondescript wind instrument on which he has learned to work, emitting on Sunday afternoons weird, unrelated bellows, like an adolescent bull whose voice is changing; but this is not music, nor is the stertorous thumping from cottage melodeons that we sometimes hear, reminding us of the souging of dropsical bass-drums.

If, we asked ourselves, music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,

what soothes the breasts of our neighbors? What keeps them from treasons, stratagems, and spoils?

The thing that keeps our primitive New Englander sweet throughout the year is the annual church clam-bake. Hard of exterior, he is very soft inside; he is only waiting for a chance to come out of his shell. It is not for nothing that his folk-song, or racial symphonic poem, is written in the key of clam.

Our annual church clam-bake is called the Knotty Shingle Bake; and the name shows the vitality of New England traditions. We are obliged to explain to the passing stranger that the neat, white, clapboarded Congregational Church that crowns the hill back of our village, whose spire is a famous landmark, or water-mark, for ships at sea, originally, beyond the memory of any man now living, was a mean structure, shingled with extremely knotty shingles, presented by a parsimonious parishioner. Even the knot-holes of

the original structure have long since passed away. Nothing remains save the old nickname, to mystify strangers, and to gratify the love that the natives have for permanence, which is largely composed of hatred of any sort of change.

The clam-bake itself has the sanction of immemorial tradition. Originating with the Indians as a pagan rite, it became a Christian ceremonial with the early New Englanders. I can imagine that, a hundred years ago, church bakes began with a blessing and ended with an exhortation; but at the present time the church bake has a great deal more bake than church about it. Even in our back-water, creeds have crumbled. Unlike city communities, we have had no opportunity to translate mysticism into applied ethics; and our churches have become largely social centres.

The Knotty Shingle Bake takes place the third Wednesday in August, when the summer heat is tempered most gratefully by the breath of the sea that draws in over our fresh-water ponds, our tidal river, our undulating, scrubby barrens, forbidding but picturesque, and through our woods which, relapsed since the first cutting into a second wildness almost primeval, are traversed by innumerable half-obliterated, romantic wood-paths leading to overgrown clearings — breathing-places for the sun — where partridges whirr up from the blueberry bushes, and an occasional deer stands startled before bounding off into a thicker covert. All the stores of the village are closed, the yellow store and the other one, on this great feast-day of the year; and the colors are run to the top of the tall liberty pole that was set up during the Civil War, and is a lasting memorial to the patriotism of the men who stayed at home.

The church and parsonage are over

a mile from the village, so that the loneliness of the spot has caused many a minister's wife to keep her husband from accepting the charge he coveted; but I confess I cannot understand such feminine exactions. The average attendance at the bake is fifteen hundred, — enough visitors, it would seem, to satisfy the most insatiable demand for society.

Of course, our village cannot supply this vast attendance. From scattering farms and distant hamlets, the people come, and from lonely roads through swamp and woodland, hermits in effect, as stubborn and knotted in character as decrepit apple trees, but humanized by the bake, harmonized by the clam tuning-fork. Even sojourners in the neighboring summer resort come with their furbelows and futilities, striving vainly to conceal their sense of superiority, whom we, in the old Puritan ideal of democracy, force ourselves to regard as equals.

The long tables are spread in the oak grove beside the church; the last preparations are completed, the men of the congregation characteristically giving money or produce, the women characteristically giving their time and work. A chowder has been made; an ice cream has been manufactured, a sort of dietetic reinforced concrete, to serve as *coup de grâce* for the banquetters; and the altar, once pagan, then Christianized, and now humanized, is ready for the sacrifice.

The last embers are swept from the bed of white-hot granite boulders; rock-weed, olive-colored, rubbery, bulbous, the delight of children at the sea shore, is spread on the stones, where it snaps and hisses a fragrant incense; and on top of this is placed the most deliciously heterogeneous collection of viands ever imagined by pagan, Christian, or common man: fish in slices, green corn in its husk, dressing in deep pans,

cylindrical sausages wrapped in paper, sweet potatoes in their native armor, and, dominating all, flavoring all, almost bursting their burlap bags, are the clams, — thin-shelled, tender, translucent, pervasive, invasive, omnipresent, omnipotent!

In effete cities, these radiant beings are qualified by the adjective 'soft'; but to us New Englanders, living on the land near the water in which they grow, any limiting adjective robs them of dignity, if, indeed, it does not take something from their actual, innate quality. To us, the four simple letters C-L-A-M mean as much as S-P-Q-R meant to the ancient Romans.

The high priest of the sacrifice, a paid functionary like most priests, bears as symbol of his office a trident, altered for terrestrial uses since leaving Neptune's hands. With this implement he covers the steaming agglomeration with rock-weed and canvas, and thereupon leaves it to its bivalvular apotheosis.

The crowd disperses through the grove, where the earthy sweetness of the trodden weed mingles with the ocean sweetness of the rock-weed, exhaling from the bake, and bustles into place at the long tables. There is a sudden cry of chowder, an impetuous rush of waitresses, the splash of dippers, the clink of spoons in plates.

Gurgle, gurgle, clatter! Sip, clink, clank! With marvelous unison and magnificent power, perfectly responsive to the twin conductors, Health and Hunger, the great folk-song or symphonic poem begins in double *fortissimo*, sounding at the outset its heavy *motif* in the major key of clam.

However much of an idealist your New Englander is, he always bases his idealism on reality, like a true pragmatist. These New Englanders have come here primarily to eat, and they concentrate their minds on eating, on the good

old Anglo-Saxon principle of making work of play. No Gallic dalliance, no Gallic wit. The pleasures of the table have now become their business; according to the new doctrine of efficiency, each strives to form a perfect union of precision and speed; and at the close of the festival, when watermelon, eaten from the hand, comes to perform the function of fingerbowls, the man who has the highest pile of clam-shells beside his plate is accounted the greatest hero, as if the seat of virtue were the stomach.

Never, perhaps, since the days of mediæval baronial banquetings, has there been such huge feeding as at these clam-bakes among the temperate Puritans of New England. Only Yankee ingenuity could have discovered how to pluck pleasure without pain. The clam is the only stimulant known without a reaction.

The symphony does not end with a full burst from the orchestra like most symphonies. Repletion is suggested by an irregular *rallentando*, a dauntless *diminuendo*. After the watermelon melody, the dominant key of clam is again sounded by the mightiest virtuosi of voracity in the orchestra; and the symphony closes with an exquisite tinkle of the last clam-shell on the highest pile.

The gastronomic grove is now dedicated to the social graces, or to as much social grace as the unregenerate New Englander, with his instinctive distrust of anything approaching the æsthetic, will permit himself. The men assume a gruff exterior, their pleasantries taking the form of a rude raillery that belies their kindly hearts; or else they are humorously silent, gaining the guerdon of men who shrewdly look wise and say nothing. As always in social gatherings, above all other sounds are heard the voices of women, rising and falling in unconscious rhythm,

shrill, insistent, maddening as tom-toms. The voices of the children have a sweeter shrillness, vying with the birds; and the scene gains its ultimate, human touch from the dogs, their enthusiastic souls well-nigh bursting their little bodies, bright exemplars of pure joy to their less canine brothers.

Youth will have its fling, even in New England. Several games of baseball have been improvised, the young men ruthlessly bedewing gaudy suspenders and lavender neckties with the sweat of sport. Old men, whaling captains turned farmers, leaning on their sticks, watch this sport with the pretty, childlike pleasure old men take in watching; or greet one another after many days, or many years, like ships speaking in mid-ocean, never, perhaps, to meet again. These men have sailed the seven seas; they know China, India, Cape Horn, Kamchatka. In a true sense, they are men of the world; and as they talk with you of crops or clams, their blue eyes seem fixed on far horizons. Soon they shall be called to sail the longest and the most adventurous of their voyages; but they are incurious of death, with the merciful anæsthesia of approaching dissolution.

Beneath all the festivity, there is an undertone of sadness, neither pessimistic nor expressed. These people have wrested a meagre living from the soil or from the sea; and they bring their worries with them. They cannot cry, 'One day to madness and joy!' with an Eleusinian abandon. Serious, clumsy, often crabbed, hard to start, but harder to stop when started, this is the race whose magnificent momentum has conquered continents and muddled through to make a Shakespeare.

It is only a step from a festival to a funeral; the cemetery adjoins the clam-bake grove. Trees, God's green monuments, have been rigorously ex-

cluded from God's acre. The place is thronged with an overflow of persons from the bake, who admire the ugly stones, gaze pensively at the graves of arrivals since the previous August, or wander idly about in the half-holiday spirit that cemeteries seem to evoke. Never is the village of the dead so full of living people as on this day.

But the young have scant interest in mortuary memorials. They pass on into the woods beyond, which in June are gloriously aglow with mountain laurel. Insensibly, — who knows how? — by instinct or the will, the couples disperse and disappear. They need no laurel. Unconsciously, they are seeking the blue blossom that blooms everywhere miraculously, to wither or bear sober fruit. Without knowing it, they are treading something far different from silent, deserted wood-paths. They are entering a region they can pass through, but never wholly banish from the memory, a region where the minutes are as hours, the hours as minutes, where they discover anew the truth, older than Copernicus, that the universe centres in two loving hearts. A moment since, and it was only the Knotty Shingle Clam-bake, and a holiday; now, it is a holy day, indeed; and all the future shall be dated from this hour.

The impatient automobiles have taken the sojourners at the summer resort back to their city life at the sea shore. In the aromatic August dusk, passionate buggies rush by with their freight of love. Democrat wagons amble past, loaded with parents and children, as easy-riding and as unexciting as the domestic affections. The colors float majestically earthward on the liberty pole. Both the stores are opened; and the loafers congregate to talk things over. They infest every place of comfort; they stretch and puff their pipes. They are not given much to

generalization; but they agree that the bake was a great success; and they feel a pleasant fatigue after their enjoyment, and bask in a virtuous sense of having played a noble part. Meanwhile, the women of the congregation are busy on the hill, washing the clam-bake dishes, — a labor too hard for men.

The Knotty Shingle Clam-bake is a thing of the past for another twelve-month; but its influence will be felt throughout the year, permeating the

whole countryside like a gentle fructifying inundation. To swamp road and wood-path and sandy barren, has come a year's supply of styles and scandals. A thousand new anecdotes have been caught in the tenacious New England memory. Imaginary card catalogues have been written up to date with recent deaths and births that are imminent. The first steps have been taken toward many marriages and some divorces. The whole region has been made sweet by the salty tang of clam.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LURE OF THE WASTE-BASKET

PERCHANCE this title is unwisely chosen for an article seeking publication, too fraught with evil suggestion to him who sits in the judgment seat, surrounded, if Tradition lie not, with these over-hospitable bits of office furniture; but let him stay his impetuous hand: this screed deals with the domestic, not the editorial, waste-basket. Let us affect the near-dramatic form for our contribution — thus: —

Place : a library.

Time : after breakfast.

The scene is temporarily clear of husbands, children, cooks, and all others who 'just want to know about something.'

Dramatis Personæ: You, and the Waste-Basket.

You pick up your morning mail and, neglectful of a neat silver envelope-opener, tear open the topmost letter with your fingers. It is from The Boy-away-at-School. The waste-basket knows it will get not even the envelope

and, lurking, bides its time. Having grasped and memorized your son's latest wants, you open a long envelope which contains a cordial invitation to make a tour of the world in a luxurious steamer which will do all the necessary tipping for the trip, while you, surrounded by 'highly cultivated fellow passengers,' will find yourself eagerly awaited at each landing-place by patient donkeys, lofty camels, nimble jinrikshas, experienced guides, etc.

How small the compensation demanded for these privileges! How few the weeks required for a journey which will transform you from a home-keeping drone of homely wit to a person who can toss off such phrases as, 'When I was last at Rangoon,' or, 'Does n't this remind you just a bit of Nagasaki?' Oh, of course you can't go. You waste no time in sentimental pity for those highly cultivated passengers who will be forced to make the trip without you; but you do glance admiringly at the illustrations; until a voice chirps out from a place at your feet: —

W. B. Just hand over those folders to me, please. I am positively famished — have n't had an old time-table even since last night.

You. Why should I give you these perfectly good and improving illustrations of mosques, dancing-girls, elephants bathing in rivers, pyramids —?

W. B. (interrupting rudely). What will *you* do with them?

You (in a superior tone). The Youngest can cut them out and make a travel scrap-book. This will cultivate in him manual dexterity, neatness, a feeling for architecture, a sense for geography —

W. B. (in icy tones). You may possibly remember the last time that the Youngest made one of your educational scrap-books. Did he, or did he not, on that occasion, dip his mucilage-brush into your ink-bottle? And did you, or did you not, use that same ink to autograph a copy of your book which an admiring and wealthy friend had actually bought?

You (depressed by the recollection). You are never fair to The Youngest because he likes to play football with you. Now Froebel says —

W. B. (cynically). Did Froebel ever have to clear up the nursery afterwards? Come, hand me those folders and get on with your mail.

You surreptitiously slip out a particularly appealing picture of a venerable Mohammedan, and throw the rest into the waste-basket, which snaps viciously at them.

The next envelope has a festive and crested exterior. Unconsciously, before you open it, you ask yourself what you shall wear. It comes from a pretty lady whom you know slightly. You read from it as follows: 'Whenever I have spoken to you of our "Home for Insatiate Inebriates" you have been so sympathetic that I am now venturing to ask you to become one of our

annual contributors for ten dollars or more.'

W. B. (chuckling hoarsely). Say, I want that. I like that new form. 'So sympathetic,' were you? That sweet smile of yours is a source of crushing expense to your family.

You (indignantly). I was *not* sympathetic. I don't remember ever hearing her speak of her Insatiate Inebriates. I shall certainly not send her ten dollars, — but perhaps I ought to send her something; she gives such pleasant parties, and she is such a sweet —

W. B. (with intention). You'd better not decide that question till you have opened those bills. Give me that note, it will be a good nerve- tonic for me.

You. Just let me have the crest for The Eldest's monogram book.

W. B. snorts at this allusion and devours letter with relish.

The next missive is directed to 'Mr. and Mrs.' and suggests a wedding, or even a ball. As you open it, four tickets are disclosed.

You (angrily). More tickets for that Charity concert, and I sent back eight only yesterday!

W. B. (eagerly). Yes, and you said that the next tickets that came without a stamped envelope for return you'd give to me, — you know you did.

You (weakly). It's only a matter of two cents; politeness is cheap, you know.

W. B. But postage stamps are not. (Vindictively.) Think how many you have to send out with those manuscripts of yours that are always coming back!

The tickets slide into the waste-basket, and you murmur, 'Perhaps she'll think they went astray in the mail.'

The waste-basket munches happily while you read two letters from blessed friends who don't want a thing.

You have now opened all your mail except the bills, which you always leave for the last, but not because you lack eagerness to pay them, — perish the thought!

Au contraire, you have a hobby, an expensive one to be sure, and that is to pay all bills before the twentieth of the month in which they are presented. Your only collection of curios consists of packages of original bills receipted 'with thanks,' not a 'bill rendered' among them. Nevertheless, on this especial morning it is a *bill rendered*, marked 'pleaseremit,' which greets your astonished eyes.

The waste-basket with its usual uncanny extra sense instantly grasps the situation.

W. B. (whispering). Tear it up fine and pay the original one.

You. But I have a New England conscience, and the receipt would not have the same value to me as a collector.

W. B. Nonsense, you have no secrets from me. I've seen you cheat yourself at solitaire at this very table under which I live. What matters a bill a month old anyway? Waste-baskets that belong to my club tell me that they actually burst their ribbons the first of every month in trying to contain all the 'bills rendered' fed to them. (Coaxingly.) Don't spoil your unique collection of receipts for a mere scruple. Give me that bill and a dried leaf off the rubber plant. I'll not ask for another morsel until the next mail-delivery.

You (generously). Take it then, my friend; but I do not understand how I could have forgotten to pay it, since the article purchased was one without which life would be too complicated for endurance, which lightens our labors by cheerfully assuming half our burdens, and —

W. B. (with curiosity). Is it a bill

for a social secretary or for a vacuum cleaner?

You. Ah! neither. It reads thus: 'For one wicker waste-basket, slightly damaged — 79 cents.'

EMPLOYERS PAST AND PRESENT

THE morning paper had been read and thrown aside, but a folded page of advertisements winked at me, and as I toyed with a last piece of toast I read the column idly. 'Wanted, Female Help: high wages, no washing, no children, small family, small flat, all conveniences.' Thousands of worried housewives materialized before me, kneeling in rows as it were, imploring the services of women-servants on their own terms. How little these would-be employers have in common with the mistresses of old times! Even poor Jane Eyre, in her two-room cottage, ordinarily dismissed her little servant 'with the fee of an orange,' while on the day of great cleaning, 'scoured floors, polished grate, and well-rubbed chairs,' a penny of pay gave ample satisfaction. The mere word 'dismissal' has disappeared from the palimpsest of domestic service. 'Give notice' is writ large in its place. Mr. Spratt and his wife clean the platter, not because the victuals are nicely apportioned to their respective appetites, but because the cook deprecates picking and choosing.

How others see us is an invariably instructive subject, often amusing and sometimes disciplinary. Horace Walpole relates how Mrs. Herbert, going in a hackney chair, found that her chairmen were excessively drunk. After tossing and jolting her for some minutes they set the chair down, and the foreman, lifting the top, reproached and warned her thus: 'Madame, you are so drunk that if you do not sit still it will be impossible to carry you.' Our

domestics doubtless regard many of our conventions and artificialities as sheer intoxication. 'Madame,' said a sensible cook to her mistress who was in mourning, 'if you must eat one of these days why not to-day?' One of my friends, whose servants' quarters are sunny, roomy, and delightful, has a maid who rents a dark little room in an alley flat, where she keeps a piano and some shabby furniture, and there in solitude she spends her weekly afternoon out.

No man is a hero to his valet: not because the hero is no hero, but because, in Mr. Crothers's phrase, the valet is a valet. I remember how, in a moment of exasperation, after a whole flower-bed had been ruined, I burst out that it was maddening to have a servant with no judgment. 'If John had judgment along with his many good qualities,' said my wise old father, 'you could not keep him. He would be a capitalist, and you possibly his stenographer.'

Thus to the opinions that employer and servant hold of each other must be added that with which outsiders regard our team-work. Lady Holland took such good care of her servants that it used to be said that they were better off than her guests; and when coy Mrs. Winthrop refused to trouble her servant to light Judge Sewell home, he performed that perilous passage of old Boston streets angrily, 'by starlight, Jehovah Jirah!' The Prince de Ligne threw up astonished hands on learning from Catherine the Great that she had made her own fire that morning in order not to oblige her attendants to rise so early in the cold; and a countess entering her Majesty's bedroom was amazed to find her alone, half dressed, with arms folded in the attitude of one patiently waiting because she was obliged to wait. 'My maids have all deserted me,' the Em-

press explained; 'I had been trying on a dress which fitted so badly that I lost my temper, so they left me like this, and I am waiting till they cool down.' Madame Geoffrin's lecture to Fontenelle, when he was nearing his hundredth year, is well-known: 'My friend, it is disgraceful that you have never made a will and thus are exposing your old servants to the risk of starvation.' Whereupon she huddled him into her carriage, drove him forthwith to a notary, and dictated a will that seemed to her suitable. 'Madame is always right,' the old man murmured, 'but she is right in such a hurry.'

Probably the truest test of character is supplied by enforced association with those we govern or serve. Whether we wear a dictatorial maid like a hair shirt or like an old shoe, her grain of ingredient will somehow alter the whole chemical compound of our character. The de Goncourts had a maid, Rose, bequeathed to them by their mother. She watched over them twenty-three years. In her fatal illness, they took her to the best hospital, Jules carrying her in his arms to the cab. He kissed her before leaving her. On her death they felt orphaned anew. 'What a blank in our home! The whole of our life was known to her. She opened our letters in our absence. She had charge of our keys, and for five-and-twenty years tucked us up in bed.' After her death it was proved that she had run up debts and carried on astonishing deceptions. Probity most entire and rascality most complete were the two hands of her service. The de Goncourts never quite recovered their faith in women. Two years later they wrote their novel *Germinie Lacerteux* about her. Kant's dissertation on a faithless servant was briefer. 'Remember,' he noted in his diary, 'remember to forget Lampe.'

The lifelong habit of regarding those

who served him as unfortunate friends made Philip Debarry, in *Felix Holt*, treat a servant more deferentially than an equal. On the other hand, Beethoven, who rose from the people, maintained deplorable relations with his servants, the continued misery he endured finding expression in scores of his letters and in not a few of his musical scores. He could make friends with his social superiors, but not with his inferiors.

Even so dogmatic a character as Doctor Johnson stood in awe of his servants, or vicarious awe. He used to go himself to buy oysters for his cat Hodge, lest the maids, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. When the personification of eighteenth-century dogmatism thus bent before the dominant domestic problem, we weaklings may be excused for occasionally quailing.

THE FATHER-TONGUE

FOR the past three weeks my table companion at a London boarding-house has been a cultured English woman. We talk a great deal together. I have been in England before and have studied the peculiarities of the spoken language. My companion has American relatives who visit her frequently. I think I know English, and she thinks she knows American. And yet, if either one of us speaks rapidly when the other is off her guard, even though it be but to ask for the marmalade, or to cast doubts on the candor of the weather-man, it is ten chances to one that the remark will not be understood.

Such an experience makes one realize how minute are the factors upon which depends an instantaneous, involuntary apprehension of the vernacular. An accent here, an inflection there, a trifling pause before the cadence, — these

are some of the ancient landmarks by which we recognize instinctively the verbal path. These failing, we are for a moment bewildered and think we have missed the way. There is a multitude of such slight differences between English and American speech, but of them all, the differences in modulation, in the so-called 'speech-time,' are perhaps the most disconcerting. The normal American modulation of a simple assertive sentence may be represented thus:—

warm
 rather
 is
 weather
 The
 to-
 day

That is, the voice, beginning at the tonic, ascends gradually in pitch for about a major fourth, to and through the word 'warm'; then drops back in the word 'to-day' to the tonic. That is all the tune there is. Usually the words are spoken unemotionally, somewhat monotonously, perhaps in a sort of recitative, with a rather dry, sharp articulation, especially if the speaker is from the middle West.

But my English friend, speaking the same words, with the same thought behind them, uses a quite different intonation. To my American ear her speech-tune seems highly emotional, highly complex. The variations of pitch may be represented thus:—

r
 e w
 h a
 t r
 the a m
 w r t y
 e is o a
 a r d
 t e
 h

This, however, is a conventionalized diagram; it does scant justice to her sentence-modulation at its best. When she is in fine fettle her voice is as erratic

as an aeroplane in a gale of wind. It shoots madly from one extremity of the vocal gamut to the other, usually with a leap skyward on the last syllable that is at worst a kind of shriek, and at best a forcible and eager interrogation.

When I am unexpectedly addressed, or sung at, in this fashion, I am simply thrown on my beam-ends. My mental processes, if they could be registered, would probably show the following sequence:—

'Weather — she is talking about the weather — evidently greatly excited — must be something very interesting and horrible — no, can't be a tragedy, because she is smiling — concealed joke, perhaps — and it's a question — what *does* she want to know? — Well, I give up — I'll have to ask her to repeat.

And I do.

A COMPLAINT OF THE IMAGINATION

I CANNOT make my imagination grow up. My dreams are the dreams of a child. I cannot live down the Fairy Prince and the Golden Slippers, the Magic Tree and the Swan with a wizard's voice in his long white throat.

I wonder if my imagination ought to grow up along with the rest of me. There is nothing, to be sure, that I can do about it. I cannot say to it, 'Go to now. Grow up.' It has its own manner of life, wherein it will doubtless persist to the end of time.

I was thinking to-day, 'If I want to, I can fill this room, most commonplace and cheerful, with Fairy-Tale People and Fairy-Tale Things.' So I tried. The first result was a row of gnomes, sitting on the rail of the brass bedstead. A green gnome, a purple gnome, a russet gnome, and a scarlet gnome: there they were. One fiddled; one had a flute

and puffed his cheeks to play. One was pulling at a spider's web (it was clear silver). One was yawning so that he almost tipped over backwards. I saw no reason for their existence, nor for their occupations; but there they were.

Then I stopped paying attention to them, and looked at the couch in the opposite corner. On it lay a beautiful woman, not a princess. Perhaps I am half grown-up or it would have been a princess. She was asleep. Her face was very pale, and the eyelids were almost luminous. She nearly smiled, not quite; and in not quite smiling, seemed infinitely sad. She had dark hair coiled and coiled above a quiet forehead. She was covered with long folds of heavy dull green, silver-broidered cloth. And she would be asleep till the end of Time. I knew no more about her; she was beautiful, and I desired to kiss her eyelids. But she would not have awakened, for me.

I glanced from her to the doorway, for in it stood a very tall and very young man, with a bush of hot yellow hair. He was clad in dull green, and carried a willow wand in one hand. He laughed, showing splendid teeth. He was not paying any attention to me; he was just *there*. I gathered that he was an out-doors sort of person; the kind that sleeps under hedges and haystacks, and knows more about the snaring of rabbits and foxes than about the philosopher's stone. The air was fresher because of him. But he did not seem to realize that. He did not even notice my beautiful sad lady.

Just then the Silver Shadow fell through the window. I must explain about the Silver Shadow. I dreamed it in a true sleeping dream, once, and sometimes it returns to me. It is the shadow of a dove, passing outside in the strong sunlight; but it is all of silver. I see every feather wrought in

hoary glistening tracery that flashes over the floor and is gone. A mystic with whom I once held converse told me that the Silver Shadow meant 'The Shadow of the World. It is fleeting, yet weighs upon the soul.' I do not know how that may be, but I am glad of the Shadow for my eyes' delighting. To-day it came, and made me forget the gnomes, the lady, and the youth. But when it had passed, I became aware of a rosebush in the corner by the desk. It bore roses of saffron, yellow, small, starry, sweet with briar-scent. A butterfly balanced on the topmost spray, and his wings shone as heavy with gold as the Shadow had shone delicate with silver. He opened them out to the sunlight, showily, luxuriously; and I saw that they were freckled with sapphire moons and spots. His antennæ were bright and fringy. Altogether he was a butterfly *de luxe*, even for a fairy tale. And there he sat, on a yellow rosebush, beside my desk.

There were other things in the room by this time. A green-and-blue dragon had gotten himself under the couch, and was thrusting out a slender shiny-steel tongue to catch innumerable ruby-bodied flies. They resembled a shower of crimson beads, pierced one by one on that dragon's needle tongue. He was a pleasant-featured dragon, and did not disturb me. And the lady did not awaken because of him.

Also I saw that in the Morris chair a simple-faced old man in not over-antique garb was sitting. He had a Bible on his knees, and smiled gently at what he read. I should not have expected the society of gnomes and dragons to suit him, but he did not appear to notice. That is a property of my make-up people and things: they are detached entities. They never notice — me or each other.

The room seemed rather full, and I

looked out of the window to see what could be done with the courts. Red brick city courtyards they are, graced with washing on a Monday. This was Monday, and zero weather. I had to work a little over them, but the result was fair. I managed apple trees in full pink bloom, with a blue bird in the nearest. There was a fountain in a green plaisaunce. It could not have been zero weather, or the water would have frozen; whereas it was glimmering in a silky rainbow web of light; and in the porphyry pool at the base, two curly little boys sailed bits of vessels, and spattered the water like sparrows. Doves waddled and cocked along the rim; their necks shone. There was a peacock out beyond: I heard him scream. Through the rosy trees I caught the marble apparition of a nymph's limbs. And down a path all flickering with sun and shadow, all aflurry with petals, strolled a very youthful pair, the morning in their faces, enchantment over their clasping hands.

I could not manage much more with those courtyards, although I tried moonlight on them and liked it fairly well. I also tried a convent garden, where blue nuns were pacing prim paths and the chapel bell was tinkling for Vespers. Then I tried a wicked garden, where closed shutters, dusty lattice, overgrown fleshly flowers, a certain opulence coupled with barrenness, suggested clandestine love and transgression. But the apple trees pleased me best.

Just as I had come back to look at the lady asleep on the couch, and to see the yawning gnome (he was the purple one) slip back till his fat knees caught on the rail, and the green one and the scarlet one had to drop their flute and fiddle to pull him up, the front-door-bell rang, and the landlady's knock on my door reminded me that I

was grown up, even if my imagination was not.

The person who called on me never guessed that when she began to sit down in the Morris chair, the old gentleman with the Bible slipped out with a courteous but wholly detached bow, and continued his researches standing near-sightedly by the window. Nor did she notice how carefully I sat on the edge of the couch, being in some fear of disturbing the lady.

The young man in green had gone out when my guest came in. I knew that he was up on a windy hill-road by this time. It was just as well, after all, that he had gone, as it was also well that the green-and-blue dragon drew in his head and went to sleep, and the gnomes had grace enough to stop their capers and reedy fluting and fiddling. For my guest might not have understood their presence, exactly, and I might not have found explanations easy.

She glanced out of the window. 'Clothes drying!' she commented. 'Ugh! how cold those brick walls look! And the coal smoke! — Isn't the city the ugliest, at this time of year?'

The butterfly on the yellow rosebush opened his glorious wings suddenly, and sailed straight out of the window-crack into the blue. My eyes followed him, till he was only a speck of sunny light.

'Oh, I don't know,' I answered vaguely. For I saw that the old gentleman with the Bible had edged to the door, and that the gnomes had climbed down puffily and were playing silent tag after him. When I turned to look at the lady, only the pale mask of her lovely features appeared for an instant on the pillow, then flickered and went out.

And the Silver Shadow passed.

Then I began to entertain my caller with a truer attention. I had been in

danger of becoming one of those dream-people, and of taking no notice. And when one is grown-up and has an unfading inconvenient body, one must take notice.

But the trouble is not with taking notice or with the callers. The trouble is that my imagination is not grown-up as much as I am, or ought to be, and I cannot see that it ever will be. For it is not concerned with deep eternal things or fierce human things. It is probably no imagination at all, only fancy. And no one who understands the difference ever says 'fancy' without a bit of a sneer.

I wish it were not so. I should like to have a constructive piercing vision into the middle of everything. I should like to fashion the wedding garment or the shroud of humanity, as it were; and I can only embroider the hems of its dancing dress. I should like to know unity, and I know only division.

Sometimes when I see the Silver Shadow, I have more hope for my imagination's maturity. 'The Shadow of the World. It is fleeting, yet weighs upon the Soul.' The Silver Shadow means more to me than my gnomes and ladies and butterflies. Yet it does not mean enough to satisfy the part of me that is grown-up.

For I have known joy and sorrow, wealth, and meagreness of spirit. I am aware of high nobility and of deep crime. I have felt the hand of Greatness and the breath of Holiness. These things I know with my mind. But with my dreams, which are the happiest part of me and the part I can use the best, I know Fairy-Tale People and Fairy-Tale Things; shapes and colors and gleams; apparitions, not realities.

So my imagination is not grown-up. And I cannot help it, though my hair shall presently fade and be gray.

Yet, — oh, lack-a-day — how I love it all the same!

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

[THE last contribution from Mr. W. Martin Swift, a discussion of the cost of present-day living, printed in the issue for April, 1910, called forth a large number of letters. In the present issue it seems worth while to publish one of these letters, which may prove interesting to those readers of the *Atlantic* whose margin of receipts over expenditures is one of the serious problems of family life. The name of the writer and other marks of identification have been altered.

THE EDITORS.]

—, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MY DEAR SIR, — I was interested in reading Mr. Swift's article in the April *Atlantic*, and as my problems in relation to the cost of living are somewhat similar to those of the man of whom he wrote, it may interest you to know how I have grappled with them.

I have spent all my life thus far on railroad work. I graduated from a prominent scientific school in 1888, and the next year I began work in the engineering department of the — — Railroad and there I have remained, having now reached the rank of resident engineer.

I have always kept strict account of receipts and expenditures; but as I was not married till 1902 we can with profit study only the records of the years 1903 to 1909 inclusive. The largest item of expense has been that for food, which was \$231 for 1903, and \$296 for 1909. It needs to be said that while our family averaged two persons in 1903 the average in 1909 was four and a half, so that the expense per person has decreased during the period. This would show but little in regard to the cost of

food-stuffs, for several reasons. First, the cost per person would naturally be less as numbers increase, and secondly we have two young children who of course eat less than adults. On the other hand, there was serious illness in the family during 1909, which necessitated most of the cooking and serving being done by hired help, and that is not conducive to economy.

The item of rent would be represented by insurance, taxes, and upkeep of my house and grounds. The figure for 1903 was \$124, and for 1909 was \$127; the average for the period being \$119. To be fair, I suppose I ought to add four per cent interest on first cost, and this would make the yearly average \$241. Our clothing bill was \$87 in 1903 and \$99 in 1909, with a yearly average of \$88. Of course this item is increasing, and must continue to increase as our children become older. The outlay for fuel has averaged \$83 during the period, and has shown no tendency to increase. Our contributions for church and charitable purposes are \$50 per year, and are naturally pretty well in our own control, although some years they have been considerably more than this.

Articles of house-furnishing cost us \$56 in 1903, but this item has grown smaller, so that the yearly average has been \$40. Medical expenses have varied greatly from year to year, and average \$61; but until the year 1909, when the amount was \$193, the average was \$39. Our expenditures for books and papers were \$24 in 1903, and \$35 in 1909, with an average of \$30. The outlay for life and health insurance has increased from \$24 to \$35 during the period, but the increase is partly due to additional insurance. Our traveling expenses have averaged \$23 per year,

with no apparent tendency to increase.

Finally comes the item of 'miscellaneous,' including laundry, domestic service, stationery and postage, presents, funeral expenses, lighting, entertainments, children's toys, and unclassified expenditures. This has varied from \$66 in 1903 to \$183 in 1909, but the high figure for this latter year was due to the great amount of sickness of which I have written, — the amount for 1908 being \$64, almost the same as at the beginning.

Now, to sum up, it appears that my expenses for 1909 were \$1128, excluding interest on first cost of house and lot. If we reduce the expenses for sickness down to an average of the seven-year period the total would be practically \$1000. My wages for 1903 amounted to \$1020, and this was increased to \$1200 for 1909.

In order to have a reasonable margin between income and expenditures I have resorted to several expedients. I keep my residence in the country, though most of my work is in the city. This enables us to have a good vegetable and fruit garden, and to keep our expenses for clothing within reasonable limits. I sell from the garden enough to balance the money outlay on it, and thus our food bill is quite a bit smaller

than it would be if everything were bought. I improve every opportunity to increase my income by extra work, such as executing deeds, wills, and other legal instruments. I also hold the position of treasurer of the town school-board, and this helps out the income a little. These additions, if we include interest on money in the savings bank, will aggregate from \$150 to \$200 per year.

When all is reckoned up I think I can say that we have satisfactorily solved the problem of living on a moderate income in such way as to secure for ourselves all the reasonable comforts of life, with something to spare for a rainy day. This means, of course, that a man must be fairly active and find profitable use for his spare time. My time of rising in the morning is seldom later than five o'clock, and during the busy season — say from May till August — it is often nearer four; but more men are worn out by keeping late hours at night than by early rising in the morning.

I hope you have not been wearied by this long letter, and I assure you my story has been written from facts and not imagination.

Very truly yours,

EUGENE M. TRACY.